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New Hampshire State Magazine

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IN THIS ISSUE:

THE DANIEL WEBSTER HIGHWAY

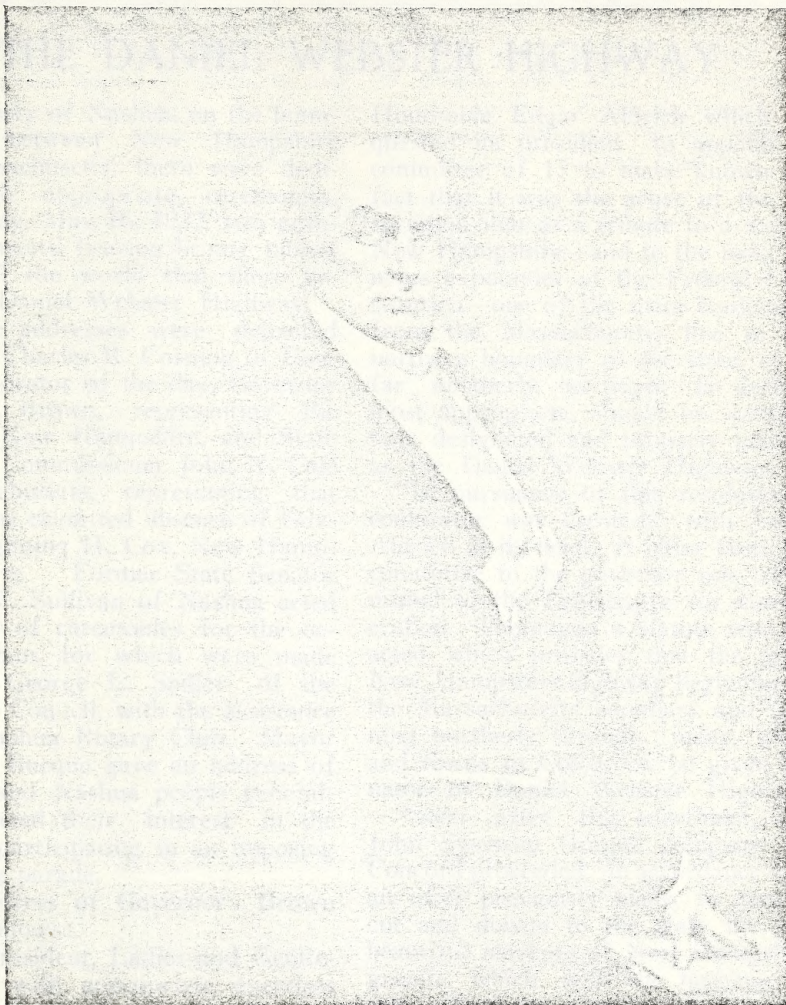
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DANIEL WEBSTER

The Pope Portrait, presented to Dartmouth College by Edward Tuck,

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV. JULY, 1922 No. 7.

THE DANIEL WEBSTER HIGHWAY

In the city of Nashua, on the boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, there were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Tuesday, May 16, 1922, two granite monuments, bearing bronze tablets which tell the world that there begins the Daniel Webster Highway.

Notable addresses were delivered by Judge Charles R. Corning of Concord, the orator of the day, Governor Albert O. Brown, representing the State of New Hampshire, and State Highway Commissioner John N. Cole of Massachusetts, representing that state in the regretted absence of Governor Channing H. Cox, New Hampshire native. Former State Senator William F. Sullivan of Nashua acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion, plans for which were made by Hon. George L. Sadler of the Executive Council, with the assistance of the Nashua Rotary Club. Mayor Henri A. Burque gave an address of welcome and Nashua people generally manifested their interest in the event by participating in an imposing automobile parade.

The address of Governor Brown was as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: As with appropriate exercises we dedicate the monuments the state has set up to mark the beginning, within New Hampshire, of the great highway to which, by legislative enactment, she has assigned the name of her foremost son, it may be well briefly to recall the events which have led up to this celebration.

"The New Hampshire Bar association at its annual meeting in 1920 passed a resolution presented by the

Honorable Edgar Aldrich which requested its president to appoint a committee of 15 to make known the fact that it was the sense of the association that as a tribute to a son of New Hampshire—and to the most famous expounder of the Federal Constitution—one of the main boulevards from the Massachusetts line to the northern boundary of the state, or as far northerly as might be deemed most appropriate, should be statutorially designated and properly marked as the Daniel Webster Highway.

"In pursuance of this resolution a committee was created, with Judge Aldrich at its head. A letter from the committee to the governor was transmitted to the Legislature for consideration. Thereupon a statute was enacted which provides that the great New Hampshire highway beginning at the Massachusetts boundary and running northerly through many cities and towns to Colebrook be given the name of Daniel Webster Highway.

"Soon after this enactment, The John Swenson Granite company of Concord proceeded, in accordance with an offer previously made, to quarry, cut and donate to the state the two beautiful markers of New Hampshire granite, which, with the highway itself, afford the occasion of our coming together.

"The bronze tablets were cast by William Highton and Sons company of Nashua. The foundations were laid and the monuments placed in position by the Highway Department of the state government.

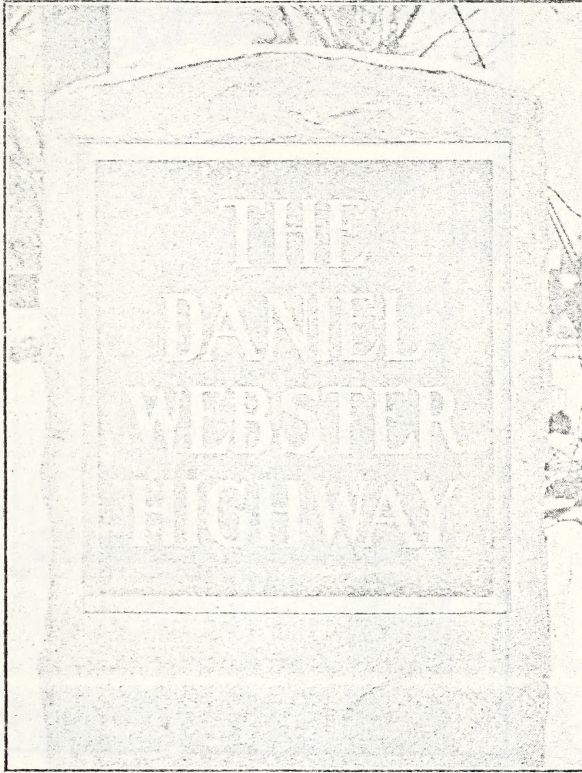
"The state can pay no higher tribute to her most illustrious son than to name for him her greatest avenue of

travel. Over it he journeyed, for many years between his home in Massachusetts and his home in New Hampshire. He always admired it as he went, and well he might.

"It lies in the broad basin of the Merrimack; it follows the indented shores of the lakes; it winds in and out among the foothills; it ascends the steep valley of the Pemigewasset; it threads the Franconia notch; it

Hampshire and gave to her such noble features. It is nature, the painter, that, in the course of each revolving year, illuminates those features with all the colors of the rainbow.

"Over this road, in wagons and in sleighs, once went the commerce of the north. Then it sought the river and the rail. Now, with the improvement of the road bed and



passes close to the Flume, the Pool, the Old Man of the Mountain, Echo Lake and the giants of the Presidential Range; it crosses the rich intervals of the Connecticut, and is lost among the green hills of Vermont. In short, for nearly two hundred miles within our borders, it traverses a region of unequaled and magnificent beauty. It was nature, the sculptor, that fashioned New

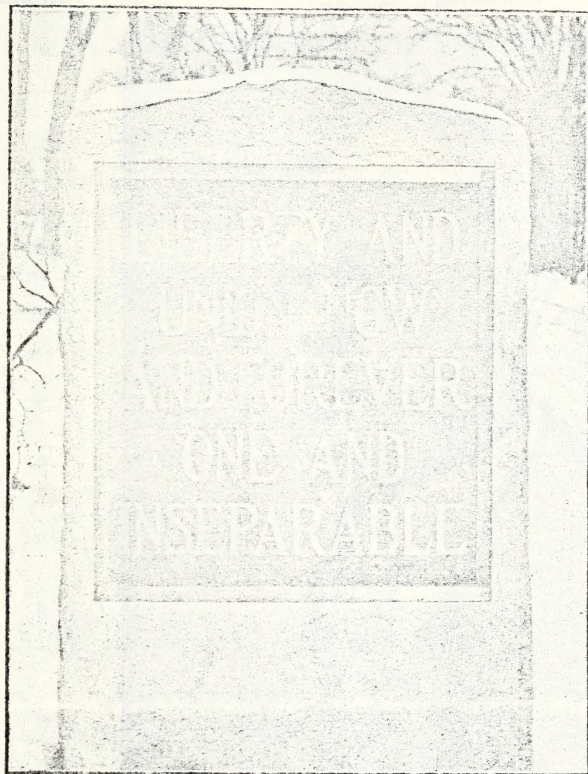
the advent of trucks, it is coming back again.

"It will doubtless remain and increase. Here will pass at least the local traffic of the future. Over this road, too, during each vacation season, there will come, as there does at present, a multitude of people from every section of our own country as well as every quarter of the globe. It is

assuredly fitting that the state should dedicate this great highway, now properly designated and suitably marked, to the memory of him whom she gave to the country to be its foremost lawyer, orator and statesman.

"This occasion should not be allowed to pass without some tribute to the distinguished jurist who so ear-

no similar evidence of another habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan at 20 and later received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution as well as from Dartmouth college. To him belonged the unique distinction of admission to the bar



nestly sought the legislation that has resulted in these exercises. He was born in the northernmost town in the state and within a few miles of the line established by that capital achievement in diplomacy, the Webster-Ashburton treaty. He could say of his father's house, substantially in the language of the great statesman he desired to honor, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was

before the constitutional age of 21.

"For nearly 25 years he practiced his profession with conspicuous success. For 30 years he graced the bench of the Federal Court for the District of New Hampshire, devoting most of his time, however, to the work of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston. It is safe to say that no judge ever administered the affairs of the court for this district with greater tact, dignity and ability

than did Edgar Aldrich. And when upon a recent date his death was announced, it was universally felt that a capable lawyer, a competent judge and a public spirited citizen had been called to his reward."

The oration by Judge Charles R. Corning, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, was as follows:

Nearly seventy years have passed since the burial at Marshfield, yet criticism continues to take liberty with his memory, biographers are not of one mind, and even historians find the scales difficult to adjust. His character has been summoned before the judgment seat of the anti slavery period and a verdict rendered followed by criticism as bitter as it is persistent. To many of us all this



GOVERNOR ALBERT O. BROWN

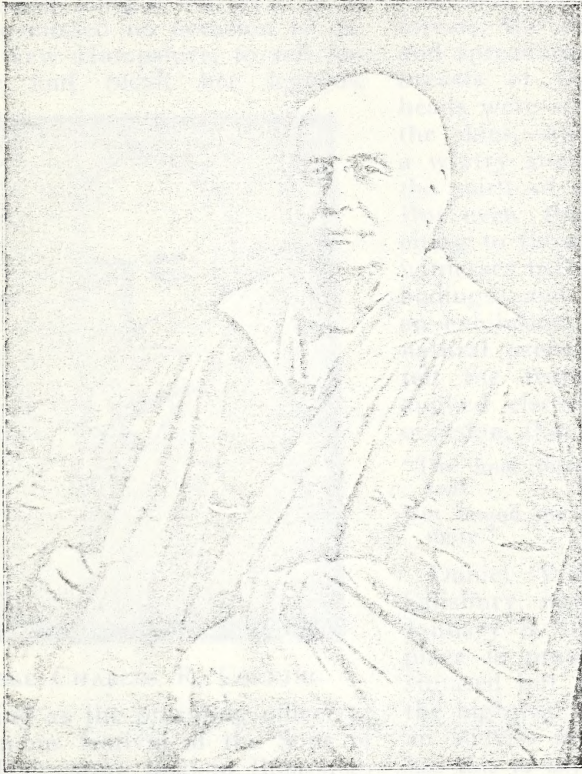
It is a pleasure and an honor to be asked to speak of Daniel Webster at any time but it is a peculiar gratification to speak of him on an occasion like this. Moreover, this is a representative gathering of New Hampshire citizens which Mr. Webster so loved and welcomed. Some of his most felicitous remarks were made at gatherings of this kind.

is explained when we consider that at the time of the Seventh of March speech in 1850, the public mind of the North had ceased to regard slavery as an economic question, and looked upon it as a great moral issue. Webster's death two years later had no effect on partisan rancor; his was an ever open grave.

At a memorial meeting in Concord

assembled in the Representatives' Hall on Monday, the day after his death, Franklin Pierce then in nomination for the Presidency, uttered these impressive sentiments: "How do merely earthly honors and distinctions fade amid a gloom like this! How political asperities are chastened—what a lesson to the living! What an admonition to personal malevolence, now awed and subdued,

Franklin Pierce and yet Daniel Webster lives. He lives in our imagination and we sons of New Hampshire cherish his memory and love to recall his great career with its splendid achievements. My purpose today is not to speak of Mr. Webster as a public or professional man but as a nature lover. He frequently remarked that he ought to have been a naturalist and written a work describ-



THE LATE JUDGE EDGAR ALDRICH.

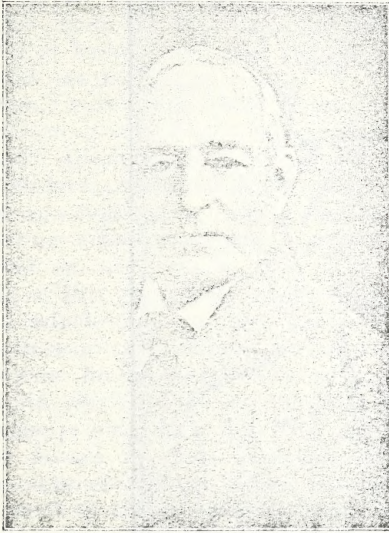
as the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave." Alas, these words spoken by a life-long political opponent, sweetened with an appeal for Christian charity, fell upon the unforgiving and caused the flame of passion to glow and sparkle.

More than two generations have gone since the eloquent words of

ing the varied scenery of New Hampshire and the awful majesty of the ocean. His love of nature attended him through life and no visitor was more welcome than Mr. Audubon, the ornithologist. Consequently the Daniel Webster Highway impresses us as a singularly appropriate name to bestow on this picturesque thoroughfare. Through those granite por-

tals shall pass countless thousands during the years to come eager to behold the gentle valley of the Merrimack, the rising foot hills beyond comely Kearsarge, the serene and manifold charms of Sunapee, of Squam and of Winnepesaukee onward to the eternal White Hills which Webster knew so well and loved so dearly.

Our State always found a warm and earnest eulogist in Mr. Webster, he missed no occasion to describe New Hampshire, to tell her history and recall her legends.



JUDGE CHARLES R. CORNING.

Speaking as the presiding officer at the famous festival of the Sons of New Hampshire held in Boston in 1849, he painted this picture of our little state—"We value it for what Nature has conferred upon it, and for what her hardy sons have done for themselves. We have not forgotten that its scenery is beautiful; that its skies are all healthful; that its mountains and lakes are surpassingly grand and sublime. If there be anything on this continent, the work of Nature, in hills, and lakes, and seas, and woods,

and forests, strongly attracting the admiration of all those who love natural scenery, it is to be found in our mountain State of New Hampshire." "It happened to me lately to visit the northern parts of the state. It was Autumn. The trees of the forests, by the discoloration of the leaves, presented one of the most beautiful spectacles that the human eye can rest upon. But the low and deep murmur of those forests, the fogs and mists, rising and spreading, and clasping the breasts of the mountains, whose heads were still high and bright in the skies,—all these indicated that a wintry storm was on the wing; the spirit of tempests would speak. But even this was exciting; exciting to those of us who had been witnesses before of such stern forebodings, and exciting in itself as an exhibition of the grandeur of natural scenery. For my part, I felt the truth of that sentiment, applied elsewhere and on another occasion, that

"The loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,

But bound me to my native mountains more."

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, now a part of Franklin, January 8, 1782, where his birth-place is preserved and cared for, situated but a short distance from the highway bearing his name. In an address at Saratoga in 1840, he has this to say of that spot. "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist, I

make it an annual visit." When Daniel was a child his father moved to the farm three miles to the East known for many years as the Elms, and in our day as the Webster Place now owned by the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. There Webster grew to youth and amid the invigorating and inspiring great out-of-doors which created an admiration and love that grew stronger with advancing years.

date always appealed strongly to his sentiments and affection and there he spent many happy and carefree days year after year, his last visit being a few weeks before his death. Horace did not love his Sabine farm more passionately than Daniel Webster loved his paternal acres at Franklin. Perhaps Mr. Webster idealized his possessions as this letter to his friend Blatchford might suggest. Here it is:



COUNCILOR GEORGE L. SADLER.

The Merrimack was only a few yards away and the foot hills of the White Mountains were in plain view. The Pemigewasset "the beau-ideal of a mountain stream, cold, noisy and winding" as Webster called it, a mile or two distant never lost its charm to the boy or the man.

(Elms Farm, which came into Mr. Webster's possession at an early

Elms Farm, October 23, 1850, Tuesday morning before sunrise.

My dear Sir:—
This castle has a pleasant seat; the air kindly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses—

"Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it; rhubarb, senna, nor a purgative drug."

But Dunsinane was a poor, foggy, sickly spot, compared with Elms Farm; nor did Scotland ever see such a forest prospect as the sun at this moment begins to shine upon. The row of Maples, by the side of my field, for half a mile, shows like a broad line of burnished gold; and the hill-side, west of the house, displays every possible variety of tint, from the deepest and darkest evergreen to the brightest orange. In half an hour I shall be ascending some of the hills. It seems to me the finest morning I ever saw. "Chips" enough; and, by the looks of John Taylor's larder, we can "laugh a siege to scorn."

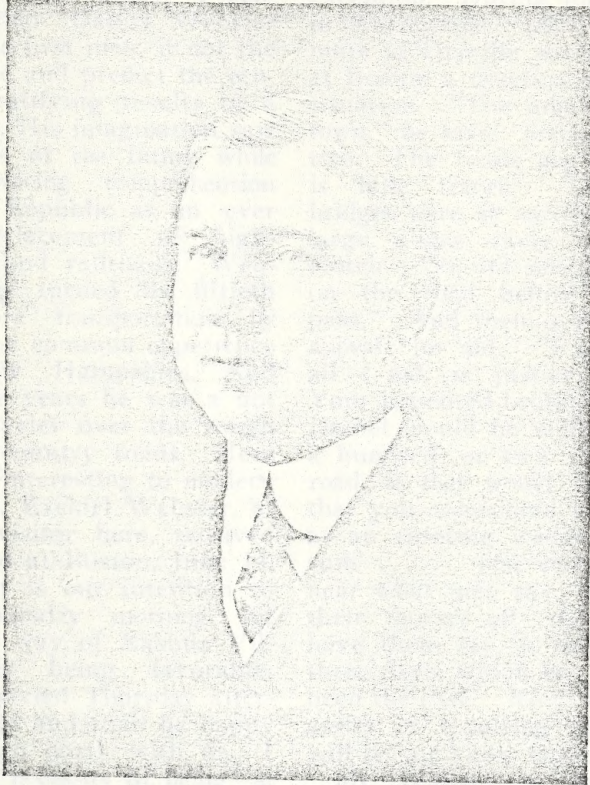
John Taylor was head farmer at the Elms, a friend and companion, between whom and Mr. Webster a tender and confidential intimacy always subsisted. His familiar letters to Taylor about planting, harvesting and cattle and sheep, filled with practical suggestions and embellished with pertinent quotations from Virgil show the great man at his best. Horses and dogs Mr. Webster never particularly cared about but big and sleek cattle found in him a passionate lover. On the Elms Farm a hundred head of those creatures grazed silently under the eyes of their devoted master. The neighborhood, its legends and its inhabitants were dear and interesting to him, he loved to talk with the farmers and their wives, he gained strength by his walks along the old paths and hilly highways. A fisherman all his days from Punch brook with its trout to Marshfield with its cod, he took a lively delight in the placid water of Lake Como, as he called the picturesque body which we recognize in our day as Webster Lake, some three miles from the Elms. There he kept a boat for himself and his angling friends. To meet him in those days of rec-

reation was to see a man in farming clothes, a white slouched hat, carrying a stout stick, looking like a stalwart drover or a well to do farmer. And yet, the impressive presence of the man arrested one's attention, instinctively suggesting that he was typical of the scenery surrounding him. In a letter written in 1845 Daniel Webster has this to say about his New Hampshire home.

"This is a very picturesque country. The hills are high, numerous and irregular—some with wooded summits, and some with rocky heads as white as snow. I went into a pasture of mine last week, lying high upon one of the hills, and had there a clean view of the White Mountains in the northeast, and of Ascutney, in Vermont, back of Windsor, in the west; while within these extreme points was a visible scene of mountains and dales, lakes and streams, farms and forests. I really think this region is the true Switzerland of the United States." Whether or not that reference to Switzerland originated with Mr. Webster, I am unable to say, but it has always appeared to be an exuberant expression scenically delusive when we consider that New Hampshire possesses no Alps and Switzerland has no sea coast. We cannot picture this sincere and devoted worshipper of Nature and its majestic mysteries without associating him with another spot he dearly loved and constantly longed for, Marshfield. And in this connection I am certain that I express the lively hope of all people of our state that the Daniel Webster Highway, beginning at the last home of Webster may wend its way across the old Commonwealth to these granite posts, thence along the serene river valley to the birth place and then northward to the unchanging peaks. "Marshfield and the sea, the sea,"

was his only home during the last twenty years of his life. It was there that he entertained his friends and indulged in the pleasures and perils of the gentleman-farmer. To breed fine oxen was his passion, he gloried in their sturdy patience and power and in his last hours we see the dying man seated at the window feasting his fad-

the limitless sea, amid brown marshes and sand-dunes, where the sense of infinite space is strongest." "I take to myself the wings of the morning," he used to exclaim when oppressed with public labors and his thoughts flew to Marshfield, for there he said he grew stronger every hour. "The giants grew strong again by touch-



HON. WILLIAM F. SULLIVAN.

ing eyes on the sleek herd driven slowly by for his inspection. In the words of Senator Lodge: "He loved everything that was large. His soul expanded in the free air and beneath the blue sky. All natural scenery appealed to him,—Niagara, the mountains, the rolling prairie, the great rivers—but he found most contentment beside

ing the earth; the same effect is produced on me by touching the salt Seashore."

In these days of costly construction and expensive maintaining of our state roads suitable for the travel thereon, as the legal phrase has it, let us think back a hundred years more or less and try to picture the means of communication

during the greater part of Webster's life. It is interesting to recall that the railroad from Nashua to Concord was built only ten years before Webster's death. We know from his letters and speeches to what extent Mr. Webster travelled up and down the highways and turnpikes of his day and we know from these sources what he thought about good roads. I venture to say that Daniel Webster was one of the first men, if not the first, to foresee and predict the economic and gratifying results of a good highway. His imagination saw the possibilities of the future while his all embracing comprehension pictured the Republic as an ever growing interlacement of highways, canals and railroads. Webster had long turned his fiftieth birthday before transportation by steam became a common experience even in New Hampshire. And from his early years he was a not infrequent traveler over the rough and toilsome country roads. Here is an incident interesting to modern Nashua. Mrs. Ezekiel Webster, at that time a visitor here, received this note dated at Boston, June 14, 1831. "*****it is our intention to set off on Thursday morning for Boscawen, by way of Nashua Village. Weather being favorable, we may be expected Thursday afternoon at Nashua and shall be happy to have you go north with us. I am under the necessity of being at Concord, at noon on Friday; so that I shall be obliged to put you to the distress of an early rising on that day."

The time enumeration may seem curious to us motor car enthusiasts but we should bear in mind that in the year 1831, methods of public travel had not changed much since the Golden Age of Rome.

The incident I shall now mention affords interest and mild amusement concerning the subject of

good roads. It appears that along in the eighteen twenties Mr. Webster was an owner of a domain consisting of wild lands somewhere in the region we in our day know as Dixville Notch. But a century ago a landed proprietor in that remote part of New Hampshire was an object of commiseration rather than of envy and Daniel Webster was no exception. During the longest day in midsummer 1829 Mr. Whittemore at Dixville wrote to Webster at Boston a description of the local situation. "The inhabitants of this town," he says, "are now reduced to two. The roads are so bad there is little travel. Last year the bridges were all carried off, and two large slides came down in the Notch. We did seventy days work on the road before teams could pass." And then is added a direct appeal for aid. "I am no beggar all I ask is justice among men. Your lamented brother told me that Daniel would be willing to lay out a hundred or two dollars on the road, if that would satisfy me, but that you considered such sum only as an entering wedge for a larger sum you can guess pretty near what men say, when they get their horses off the Notch, and have them lay in the gulf two or three days, which has several times been the case. Now, sir, if you will assist in repairing the road, you will let me know how and when."

Mr. Whittemore signs his letter as 'your long neglected and humble servant.' What effect that had on Mr. Webster's sense of responsible proprietorship is not disclosed among his correspondence. But we possess proof that good roads was a subject of frequent thought and consideration to him all his life long.

In my collection is a letter to Israel Kelly, written April 16, 1835, apprising him of a visit to his old home: "I intend to go to Franklin

soon, but am willing to delay for a little while, in hopes of better weather and better roads."

In August 1847, the Northern Railroad was completed as far as Grafton, where a celebration was held bringing together a large number of persons, for it was understood that Mr. Webster would be present. In that informal address he recalled his early associations with the surrounding country, its localities and its inhabitants and furnished us with an account of the early conditions as he had known them in his youth. No where in all his Works and Letters is there anything more historical in incident or more appropriate to be repeated on this occasion. Listen to what Mr. Webster had to say about himself and his experiences during the early years of the last century.

"In my youth and early manhood I have traversed these mountains along all the roads or passes which lead through or over them. We are on Smith's River, which, while in College, I had occasion to swim. Even that could not always be done; and I have occasionally made a circuit of many rough and tedious miles to get over it. At that day, steam, as a motive power, acting on water and land, was thought of by nobody; nor were there good, practicable roads in this part of the State. At that day, one must have traversed this wilderness on horseback or on foot. So late as when I left College, there was no road from river to river for a carriage fit for the conveyance of persons. I well recollect the commencement of the system of turnpike roads. The granting of the Charter of the fourth turnpike, which led from Lebanon to Boscawen, was regarded as a wonderful era. I remember to have attended the first meeting of the proprietors of this turnpike at Andover. It was difficult to per-

suade men that it was possible to have a passable carriage road over these mountains. I was too young and too poor to be a subscriber, but I held the proxies of several absent subscribers, and what I lacked in knowledge and experience I made up in zeal. As far as I now remember, my first speech after I left College was in favor of what was then regarded as a great and almost impracticable internal improvement, to wit, the making of a smooth, though hilly road, from the Connecticut River opposite the mouth of the White River, to the Merrimack River at the mouth of the Contoocook. Perhaps the most valuable result of making these and other turnpike roads was the diffusion of knowledge upon road-making among people; for in a few years afterward, great numbers of people went to Church, to electoral and other meetings, in chaises and wagons, over very tolerable roads." Toward the close of that impromptu speech Mr. Webster introduced a touch of humor. "Fellow citizens, can we without wonder consider where we are, and what has brought us here? Several of this company left Boston and Salem this morning. They passed the Kearsarge on the left, the Ragged Mountains on the right, have threaded all the valleys and gorges and here they now are at two o'clock at the foot of the Cardigan Hills. They probably went to the market this morning, ordered their dinners, went home to a leisurely breakfast, and set out on their journey hither. By the way, if they had thought fit, (and it would have been a happy thought) they might have brought us a few fish taken out of the sea at sunrise this morning, and we might enjoy as good a fish dinner as our friends are now enjoying at Phillips's Beach or Nahant. This would have been rather striking; a chowder at

the foot of the Cardigan Hills would have been a thing to be talked about."

And so during his life Daniel Webster availed himself of fitting opportunities to express his love of New Hampshire and his appreciation of its serene and rugged scenery.

To a man with an imagination so strong and vivid the opening of the railroad with the immense possibilities awaiting its extension moved him profoundly and caused him to look into the future with prophetic vision. His mind comprehended the whole Republic. I do not venture to say that the railroad inspired him with awe but its swiftness of communication as compared with the methods of his youth and middle age never ceased to impress him. In a note written from Elms Farm a year or two before his death we detect this thought. He writes: "I am here, in two hours and three-quarters from Boston, ninety-two miles, without fatigue, and feeling pretty strong." In a little note containing fewer than fifty words, his love of Nature and homely comforts are delightfully disclosed. "The weather cold—a little cloudy—heavy frost yesterday morning. The foliage *indescribably beautiful*. John Taylor straight up. Henry and I his only guests, and three glorious chip-fires already burning. Can you resist that?"

Sydney Fisher, one of the fairest of biographers, says that Webster's mind and memory evidently worked entirely by the picture method. His knowledge was all pictured concretely in actual scenes, usually from nature. One sees this constantly in reading his speeches. He seems to be walking among these scenes and fields of his memory and picking up the information which he describes from its locality.

Nature in every form appealed and spoke to Mr. Webster all his life long

and the writing of a book on the subject of Natural History was never wholly absent from his mind. What the result would have been it is idle to discuss, yet where was there a man better equipped by observation and love of Nature than Daniel Webster?

One more quotation and I am done. Surely a man who in a letter to a friend describes one of the most sublime spectacles in the pageantry of Nature as Webster described Niagara Falls removes our doubts concerning his competency as an author. Nearly a century ago Mr. Webster, with Judge Story, visited Niagara and this is Mr. Webster's picture painting.

"Water, vapor, foam, and the atmosphere are all mixed up in sublime confusion. By our side, down comes this world of green and white waters, and pours into the invisible abyss. A steady, unvarying, low toned roar thunders incessantly upon our ears; as we look up, we think some sudden disaster has opened the seas, and that all their floods are coming down upon us at once; but we soon recollect that what we see is not a sudden or violent exhibition, but the permanent and uniform character of the object which we contemplate. There the grand spectacle has stood for centuries, from the creation even, as far as we know, without change. From the beginning it has shaken, as it now does, the earth and the air; and its unvarying thunder existed before there were human ears to hear it."

The likeness which I have tried to present to you is of the man Webster, who interpreted the meaning of the sun, the moon, the stars, the restless ocean, the valleys, the hills, and the mountains, the brooks and rivers, the lakes here and everywhere, whose wonderful mind loved to contemplate the homely life of our ancestors and to invest their annals and legends with a living reality. I have spoken of Webster as one of us; not as a

giant genius apart but as a New Hampshire man whose great nature overflowed with love for his native State. And so may we not all agree that the Daniel Webster Highway is

not a meaningless name, and may we not hope that Divine Providence permits Webster's spirit to look down upon us to-day with benign approval.

LODESTARS.

By Fanny Runniells Poolc.

SHE

Here where the Sea glows like an amber wine,
Here let us rest, your head upon my knee;
Here where your eyes more softly-radiant shine,
As if for love of me.

Because so great a love hath made you wise,
Perchance you know the secret of the Sea,—
Some mystery that in her bosom lies,
Which pray reveal to me!

HE

Greater than Love no mystery abides;
But would you brave the deep beyond the bar,
Fix not your faith upon the changing tides,
But on your guiding star.

Each heart must bear the joy and pain of life;
Heaven grant us power to wrestle with the tides,
And faith, above the peril and the strife,
To find the star that guides.....

And if my whole heart hath gone forth full fain
To twin-lights in one angel-woman's brow,
Guidance that should be Heaven's, do I in vain
Entreat such guidance now?

SHE

Forgive me, Love, that I have been too proud
To own myself the recompense you prize.
And as to lodestars, though a myriad crowd,
Mine long have been your eyes.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

IV.

A report made in 1771 by the Society's Missionaries in Massachusetts and New Hampshire gives us an outside glimpse of the parochial school in Claremont. It is to the effect that "Mr. Cole's School, lately established by the Society at Claremont, answers their expectation. He has near 30 constant Scholars, besides some children of Dissenters."⁽¹⁾

Of the next letter of the Schoolmaster we have only the brief abstract in the *Journal*, Vol. 19, p. 245.

Meeting.....15 May, 1772

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, N. E. dated Nov'r 4, 1771 acquainting the Society that there has been an addition to his school from the Dissenters and the whole number is now forty.

In teaching forty children, if he had nothing else to do, our aged schoolmaster must have been exceeding busy; but Samuel Cole, Esquire was farmer as well as schoolmaster. This we learn from private marks of owners of cattle, sheep and swine, recorded in the Town Clerk's office in 1771. The "Salary of £15 per ann." had apparently proved insufficient to keep body and soul together.

The day's work in chill December began long before the light of day, by a candle's struggling rays emitted through holes punched in a sheet-iron cylinder, for such was the lantern of the period. The

early work done in this precarious light was the feeding and care of domestic animals. Then after shovelling paths, carrying and piling the day's supply of wood by the home hearthstone, and a hasty breakfast in the kitchen, came the hurried tramp to the schoolhouse. There, with perhaps the aid of an older boy, more wood to be carried and piled and the fire started in the great stone fireplace against the coming of the children. Then, maybe, a path to be shovelled through the drifted snow.

The children come in groups of twos and threes or more, with perhaps a frosted ear requiring immediate attention. The little tots, with their well thumbled primers, place their low three-legged stools nearest the fire. The long plank benches are drawn up and quickly filled behind. Furthest from the fire, and where little of its friendly warmth reaches him, the kindly old schoolmaster reads the morning prayer, hears and explains answers in the Catechism; and then three hours of earnest work broken only by a short recess. Faint hearts struggling with the alphabet and words of one syllable are to be encouraged; those in various stages of the three R's, to be helped along; the spelling classes for the older boys and girls excite interest and emulation; and then, perhaps, comes the teaching of a little Latin, Greek and mathematics to an older boy, ambitious to enter "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover."⁽²⁾ In the afternoon

(1) See *Historical Magazine* (Morrisania, N. Y.) Vol. VII, Second Series, p. 358. The only clergymen of the Church of England at that time, 1771, in New Hampshire were the Rev. Arthur Browne of Portsmouth and the Rev. Moses Badger, Itinerant Missionary of the Society in this Province.

(2) The name Dartmouth College, in honor of its benefactor Lord Dartmouth, had been given in the charter granted by Gov. John Wentworth, acting in the name of George the Third, December 13th, 1769. But as "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover" it was known to many for a considerable time thereafter.

three hours more, much the same, ending with the singing class trying some old Christmas Carols, anticipatory of that festal day and Christmas Eve with its evergreens and many candles. As the children leave for home the childish trebles of the carol continue sounding 'neath natures beautiful cathedral, the tall, columnar, snow-laden pines. But the farmer-schoolmaster's labors are far from finished, for all the home chores of the morning must be repeated before the old man's day's-work is done.

The abstract of the next letter to the Society is short. (Journal, Vol. 20, p. 96). Some information may, however, be gathered by reading between the lines.

Meeting.....18 March 1774

A letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, New Hampshire, May 26, 1773 in which he writes that the people are impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit and have made good progress in the building of their Church. The town increases. There are in it 78 Ratables, in which is included 23 Conformists. Some families border in principle upon the Seventh Day Baptists. The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and *Delano's Plea*, are industriously spread by the Dissenters notwithstanding which the Church of England encreases.

The Mr. Cossit mentioned is the Rev. Ranna Cossit who had been appointed by the Society to the parishes of the Church of England at Haverhill and Claremont. He was at the date of this letter at his home in Connecticut, or, perhaps, still on the long voyage back from England where he had been ordained by the Bishop of London. The words, "impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit," indicate that he had been in Claremont before, which seems not unlikely for his brother, Ambrose Cossit, was one of the early settlers.

The statement in this letter of May 26, 1773 that "the people..... have made good progress in the building of their Church" indicates that probably it was begun in 1772; for

the difficulty of carrying on building operations in the winter, especially digging for foundations, and the almost impassable condition of the roads in the spring, render it unlikely that much progress could have been made in the latter days of May, if the work had been begun in 1773.

"Ratable" is a term still used in England to designate a person having property sufficient to be assessed for taxes.

The "Seventh Day Baptists" are distinguished from other Baptists mainly by the observance of the seventh day of the week,—Saturday, as their day of worship, instead of Sunday. They have the words of the fourth commandment to back them, and probably use the argument that Sunday, (the Sun's day,) was originally the title of a pagan holiday; an argument somewhat weakened by the fact that the names of the six other days are also of pagan origin. The Puritans of the Bay Colony, under the leadership of the Rev. John Cotton, got over this difficulty by a compromise, making their holy day from Saturday evening to Sunday evening.

"The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters," referred to as "industriously spread," is in full title "The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and a Postscript in Answer to Mr. J. White on that Subject," signed "A. Dissenter," but known to have been written by one Micaiah Towgood. This book was published in numerous editions in London, and in several in New England. The "Letters",—and those to which they reply,—are typical of the dreary, yet pungent, controversies that theologians of the eighteenth century indulged and delighted in. Almost unintelligible today, their sole interest is in showing the indigestible nature of the intellectual pabulum our forefathers were expected to study and assimilate.

"De Laune's Plea," also "industriously spread," was likewise controversial. The full title is "A PLEA for the Non-Conformists; Shewing The true State of Their CASE." "By Thomas De Laune." The first edition was published in 1683. It was reprinted at least six times before the vigorous Preface written for the edition of 1706 was added. This was contained in all of the many subsequent editions in England and America. Much of the argument of the "Plea" is so confused that it is impossible to follow it. We are, however, left in no doubt that the Reverend author disagreed with somebody about something.

It may be suspected that the Preface, written by Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and the added "Narrative of the Sufferings" of De Laune in prison, were of far more effect than the "Plea" itself. Defoe, himself an active dissenter, here belabors the established church in lucid and lively style; he also scores the dissenters for their parsimony in refusing to subscribe £66 to pay the fine, and procure the release of their champion from the prison in which he died for his belief, "in the Days of that Merciful Prince, King Charles the Second."

Aside from the household of the schoolmaster, and the homes of those of the supposedly learned professions, the books mentioned in the foregoing letters, together with a smoke-begrimed and tattered almanack hanging by the fireside, and possibly a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*, are about all in print that would have been found in the homes of the early settlers in Claremont, and of pre-Revolutionary settlers in nearly all of the smaller New Hampshire towns. The toil required to gain shelter, fuel, food and clothing,—the care of domestic animals included,—left little time for reading, even to those who were thus

inclined. The quaint and often blurred print of these old books rendered them not easy reading in the dim light of a pine knot or of a sputtering tallow candle.

The next and last letter received by the Society in London from Mr. Cole is abstracted in its *Journal*, Vol. 20, p. 351, as follows:

Meeting.....April 21, 1775

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, dated Dec'r 26, 1774, apologizing for his not writing before on account of the difficulty of getting a letter transmitted to Boston. He has met with rough treatment from the Mob, having been threatened and seized, but was rescued by the friends of Government. The fury is little abated. He taught in his school last winter the usual number. The Selectmen of the Town have all signed the Solemn League and Covenant. He shall always serve the interests of Learning and Loyalty to the utmost of his power.

If it was difficult to get a letter transmitted to Boston in 1774 how much more difficult must it have been after the fight at Lexington and Concord a few months later.

An entry in the Society's *Journal* in 1776 records that "very few letters have been received from the Society's Missionaries in New England"; and in 1779, "The situation of affairs in these [New England] colonies hath cut off almost all correspondence with the Missionaries."⁽³⁾ This fact and the fact that Mr. Cole did not long survive the outbreak of the Revolution accounts for the failure of the Society to hear from him again.

We may imagine something of the excitement in this sparsely settled frontier town when, months before the fight at Lexington and Concord, a kindly old gentleman who for five years had taught the children, at no cost to their parents, "met with rough treatment" at the hands of the people, necessitating his "rescue by the friends of the Government," that

(3) See *Historical Magazine*, Vol. VII, New Series, p. 359.

is, by the Loyalists. We may, however, rejoice that the treatment of Mr. Cole and of other "friends of the Government" was no worse, and that New Hampshire was not disgraced by the cruelties so frequently perpetrated in Massachusetts at about this time.

The "Solemn League and Covenant" which Mr. Cole tells us had been signed by all the Selectmen of Claremont,⁽⁴⁾ it probably had also been signed by many others in the town,—had its origin in the Boston Committee of Correspondence and was promulgated in June, 1774. It was drafted by Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill. It began: "We the subscribers.....Do in the Presence of God, Solemnly swear and in good faith Covenant and Agree, with each other" etc. It provided for the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until the act blocking up Boston Harbor had been repealed. This was the "Boston Port Bill," closing the harbor until that town should pay for the tea thrown overboard, and the King should be satisfied that thereafter the people would obey the laws. The subscribers to the Covenant agreed not to purchase or consume any goods, wares or merchandise which should arrive in America from Great Britain after August 31st, 1774, and to break off all commerce and dealing with all who should continue to import goods from Great Britain, or should purchase from those who did so import, and finally to purchase no articles of merchandise from those who have not signed this or a similar covenant. Copies of this document were circulated in

the New England Provinces, and signed very generally in the Massachusetts towns, also to a considerable extent in the adjoining Provinces. A Committee of Correspondence was organized at Portsmouth in June, 1774, and the covenant, in a somewhat modified form, was sent to all towns in New Hampshire with a letter requesting the "utmost Endeavors that the Subscription paper" be signed by "all adult Persons of both Sexes as soon as possible." The principal modification was in excepting from the prohibition of purchase "such articles as shall be adjudged absolutely necessary by the Majority of the Signers hereof." That the document should have reached small, recently settled towns in western New Hampshire attests the activity of the Committee which so soon had been organized in Portsmouth, the town which, only four years before, had been in such disfavor because some of its merchants had bought English goods. In Concord, N. H., the covenant was signed, with the modifying clause, by seventy-three of its inhabitants. It closed with the following: "Lastly, We hereby further engage, that we will use every Method in our Power to Encourage and promote the Production of Manufactures among ourselves, that this Covenant and engagement may be as little detrimental to ourselves and Fellow Countrymen as possible."⁽⁵⁾

The documents sent out from Portsmouth must have been carried by special messenger, for it was before the days of Post-riders in the interior.⁽⁶⁾ Of what interest it would be had this messenger kept a diary

(4) The Selectmen of Claremont in 1774 were Thomas Gustin, Matthias Stone and Stephen Higbee.

(5) See *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 35, pp. 188-196. The Concord Covenant is the only one in New Hampshire of which the original has been preserved. Not even a copy of any other has been found.

(6) The House of Representatives at Exeter, on Sept. 18, 1776, "Voted, To establish a Post rider to ride weekly from Exeter to Charleston (No. 4) and back again to carry letters to & from the Northern Army." A committee was at the same time appointed to determine the route and compensation to be paid. *N. H. State Papers*, Vol. 8, p. 339. This was the first provision for a post rider in the interior. For later provisions, see *N. H. Hist. Society Proceedings*, Vol. 7, pp. 211, 263; *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 52, p. 54; *History of Amherst*, pp. 446-7.

of the incidents of his journey; described the condition of the bridle paths; told where he had to look out for blaze-marks on the trees; noted the inns and farmhouses where he slept the night, or where his couch was under the stars in field or forest; and, most interesting of all, if he had written of his reception in the villages when he told of the "Boston Port Bill," and explained the purpose of his mission. Had he done this his name, now unknown, would long be remembered in New Hampshire history.

All drafts of the Covenant contained a reference to the "Act for Blocking up the Harbour of Boston," but in few places was the language quite so vigorous as in the town where it originated, which was natural since Boston was the chief sufferer.

"On the first of June, 1774 the blockade was proclaimed, and the ruin and starvation of Boston at once began. The industry of a place which lived by building, sailing, freighting, and unloading ships was annihilated in a single moment. The population which had fed itself from the sea, would now have to subsist on the bounty of others, conveyed across great distances by a hastily devised system of land-carriage in a district where the means of locomotion was unequal to such a burden. A city which conducted its internal communications by boat almost as much as Venice, and quite as much as Stockholm, was henceforward divided into as many isolated quarters as there were suburbs with salt or brackish water lying between them."⁽⁷⁾ "The law was executed with a rigor that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River; the fishermen of Marblehead, when they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were

obliged to transport their offerings in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles. The warehouses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharfs, which extended so far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were become solitary places; the harbor, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war."⁽⁸⁾

The King took "infinite satisfaction" in this work, for he hated Boston, seeing red whenever he thought of it. "The capital of Massachusetts, in the eyes of its Sovereign, was nothing better than a centre of vulgar sedition, bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brickbats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun, and his friends in tar and feathers."⁽⁹⁾ The passage and enforcement of the "Boston Port Bill" caused as much joy to George as it did indignation and suffering in the classic but insubordinate town which he was determined to subdue. Never in history has the malice of an individual had such wide reaching effects.

For further information respecting the first schoolmaster and happenings in Claremont before or at the beginning of the Revolution we must look elsewhere than in his correspondence with the Society in London. The records of Claremont reveal that at its fourth Town Meeting, held at the house of Captain Benjamin Brooks⁽¹⁰⁾ on March 12th, 1771, Samuel Cole, esquire was chosen Town Clerk, an office to which he was re-elected in 1772 and 1773. He had been appointed a Justice of the Peace,⁽¹¹⁾ an office of some distinction at the time, entitling him to be addressed as Esquire. Originally in England the title Esquire ranked next in degree below that of Knight, being given to

(7) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. 1, p. 180.

(8) Bancroft's Hist. of the United States, Vol. VII (7th ed.) p. 57.

(9) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. 1, p. 10.

(10)-(11) See following page.

the eldest sons of Knights. Before the Revolution it was not in such general and misapplied use as later. In the several contemporaneous lists of early residents of Claremont this title was added to the name of Samuel Cole only, and to his name it was invariably appended. Of military titles, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Ensigns, there were a plenty, but only one Esquire.

At a meeting of the vestry of the Church of England in Claremont

held in November, 1773, Samuel Cole, Esquire was appointed Clerk. This was the first meeting after the coming of the Rev. Ranna Cossit as rector. A coming which brings into the annals of a little settlement in the upper Connecticut River valley a story of intrigue, great risk and daring now buried in the vast accumulation of unpublished manuscripts in the archives of the British Museum.⁽¹²⁾

(10) In this house, on March 8th, 1768, was also held Claremont's first Town Meeting. See Waite's Hist. of Claremont, pp. 39, 31. The Brooks house was built on land now a part of the Upham homestead farm, a few rods west from the Great Road and a short distance south from the woods skirting the beautiful, deep ravine. This ravine is crossed by the Great Road about half a mile south from Lottery Bridge, at the foot of a steep pitch and high above an old stone culvert built when the road was built, probably in 1768. Near it the writer found a fine, old strap-hinge and some other iron work, probably hammered out by Benjamin Tyler or one of the blacksmiths in his employ. A part of the Upham farm consists of Lot No. 4 and the greater part of Lot No. 3, both being of the "First Division of Fifty Acre Lots" as shown and numbered on the "Proprietor's Map" of Claremont, drawn on a sheepskin in 1765 or 1766. These lots were divided by the literal drawing of lots by the original grantees of the town. We are enabled to fix the location of the Capt. Brooks house by the language of a deed of Lot No. 4, made by Ebenezer Rice to Beriah Murray, Shoemaker, dated July 8, 1768, describing it as "Butted on the North by the lot Capt. Benjamin Brooks now lives on.....South and East on Highways."—see *Cheshire County Records*, Vol. 4, p. 546. The highway on the east is the Great Road, that on the south the branch leading west to the now Upham and Jarvis homes. The "Proprietors Map" shows Lot No. 3 adjoining Lot No. 4 on the north; that Capt. Brooks owned it is shown by his deed of the entire lot to Levi Pardee "except one acre sold to Benjamin Towner at the North east corner."—*Cheshire County Records*, Vol. 9, p. 109. Careful surveys show that this acre was just north of the ravine and that the cellar hole of the Towner house is that near the Great Road and just south of the branch leading to the summer home of J. Duncan Upham. From this little house Benj. Towner Jr. was one of the first to shoulder his rifle and march away to join the Continental Army. Fifty years ago a then nearly filled depression showed the outlines of the large cellar of the Capt. Brooks house at the place first above indicated. Capt. Brooks was a large landowner, a man of considerable means, and his house, in 1768, probably the largest in the town. He was a loyalist, and so much disturbed by consequent annoyances that he returned to his former home, in New Haven, Conn., soon after the beginning of the Revolution. His departure was a distinct loss to the town. The frame of the Brooks house was probably used in some one of the many old buildings now or formerly standing on the Upham or Jarvis farms.

(11) The office of Justice of the Peace is more ancient than the English Bible. In name it dates back to an Act of Parliament in the reign of Edward III; but in the substance of the office, to the time of William the Conqueror, or perhaps even to the Roman age in England. "The whole Christian world," said Lord Coke, "hath not the like office as justice of the peace if duly executed." In Colonial days it was an office much less frequently bestowed than at present, and to hold it was consequently more of an honor.

(12) Steps have been taken to procure from London copies of these papers which pertain not only to the history of Claremont during the Revolution but to that of other towns in the upper Connecticut River valley. The name of our friend the schoolmaster will appear in the story; but at a time subsequent to the fight at Concord and Lexington, which period does not properly belong under the title of this series of articles. Hopes are entertained of obtaining further information about Samuel Cole, Esquire and his school at Claremont. Should these be justified a concluding article will be published at some time in the future.

THE DANGER FACING NEW ENGLAND

By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.

[Editor's Note—An article by Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountainview, Ossipee, in the April issue of the Granite Monthly entitled "What of New England's Future!" created much favorable criticism, because of the fearless expression of the writer's views and the courageous presentation of a situation which threatens the future prosperity of New England in general and New Hampshire in particular. Numerous persons desired to hear from him again and he was induced to prepare a second article, which here appears.]

Dr. Hodsdon was educated at Dover High School, Phillips Exeter Academy and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.]

Why is New England decadent?

What is the remedy for a situation which threatens to further lessen prosperity, happiness and contentment?

No thoughtful, patriotic son of New England should fail to grasp that there is a deadly menace to this once favored section of the land in the far-flung, wide-spread, fallacious exploitation of the poisonous propaganda that "this is the time for easy money and extravagant living."

Everywhere should the tongues of men and the voices of nature proclaim that, unless a remedy for New England's threatened danger is quickly put into effect, ruin is likely to stalk throughout the region.

We have at present our forsaken farms and deserted industrial villages, by far too many, but they are as nothing compared to the desolation of deadly lethargy certain to encompass energetic municipalities should the downward course of industry persist—thriving towns and cities, which, despite adverse conditions, prevail in many parts of New England today.

I am not writing as an alarmist. Gladly would I favor an eight-hour day and prompt payment of proper charges for all members of the medical fraternity, but I maintain it would be no more unreasonable and improper for me, as a physician, to refuse to respond to the call of a patient fatally ill after the clocks struck the hour of 4 p. m., than for the wage-earners in New England to insist that they shall no longer give more than eight hours of their daily time to keep sustained a decadent realm of industry on whose prosperity depends their own welfare and that of many thousands of others.

So, too, I firmly believe that industrial employers must be governed in their attitude relative to wages and hours wholly by economic conditions. When prices of manufactured commodities were abnormally high, as during the World War, wages far above the usual scale were paid and weekly hours of employment were materially reduced without lessened compensation. With the resumption of the ordinary business status and the return of millions of men to the paths of peace and the production of fabricated merchandise, readjustment was essential, and readjustment means absolute obedience to the laws of healthy business and economic conditions and the dissipation of all extravagant, unreasonable and improper theories and notions. Now these laws cannot be lightly cast aside or resented in any community which would continue to provide comfort and good living for its inhabitants.

It is lamentable and unfortunate that these economic laws will not permit the wearing of silk stockings and fur coats for adornment and at the same time provide comfortable conditions of living for the family

of an average wage-earner in New England. Neither do they provide the means for the possession and maintenance of an automobile by every wage-earner's family; yet, he who declares that the material welfare of wage-earners in New England has not been above that of the average workers in this country and Canada knows not whereof he speaks, with wages higher and hours of labor lesser.

"You cannot eat your cake and have it." That is an old-time aphorism. It is also one of the soundest economic laws ever enunciated.

Compare the lot of the textile workers of Canada and the South with that of New England mill employees. Consider the welfare of the boot and shoe workers of the West with that of the great Eastern centres of manufacturing like Lynn, Haverhill, Manchester and Brockton. No one should question—no reasonable person does question—that in all circumstances the situation of the New Englanders has been vastly superior.

Can that situation continue?

Not until the deadly menace created by the persistent propaganda of easy money and extravagant living is forever silenced and the remedy of frugality and the recognition of unassailable economic conditions applied.

Some years ago Mr. Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston & Maine railroad, told me there was nothing in the way of prosperity for New England between lumbering and the development of manufacturing. Before his death he noted the wide-spread cutting of timber, but he did not live to see the decline of industrial activity. What would he have said and thought could he have witnessed the driving away of manufacturing from New England?

This fertile and favored region is dependent upon its railroads for the maintenance of a semblance of its former prosperity. Yet, far-seeing men know that, unless the threatening

danger is recognized and remedied, our present railroad systems cannot continue to exist. The railroads' unfortunate situation is universally understood and lamented, but how much worse will it be with a further falling off in manufacturing.

There is not sufficient business in hauling freight to the seaboard, even with preferential rates, to make them prosperous. This line of traffic helps wonderfully in swelling the gross receipts, it is true, but the railroads' continued prosperity and the progress and development of the communities they serve must depend on the transportation of raw material to the manufacturing centres of New England and the distribution of the manufactured goods to the waiting markets of the nation and the world.

If the South takes the raw cotton and fabricates textiles and the West absorbs hides from the stock yards and makes boots and shoes, what traffic will the railroads then have except to distribute in New England the almost infinitesimal percentage required for consumption when the manufacturing industries are still further lessened?

What can New England do with its railroad systems in a still more precarious situation?

Of what avail will it then be to insist on having 48 hours of labor a week, or silk stockings or fur coats.

Consider the boot and shoe industry.

It does not flourish like the lilies in the field.

In the memory of the present generation practically all the boots and shoes used in the United States were made in New England, while millions of pairs were sent to Canada.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes made in this country.

The firm of which Former Governor Rolland H. Spaulding is a partner produces, among other things, vast quantities of fibre shoe counters. Two

and three years ago two-thirds of the production of the firm's New England mill was sent to factories of this section; to-day two-thirds of the production goes to western locations.

The normal output of boots and shoes in this country is approximately 1,000,000 pairs a day. At present only about 500,000 pairs are completed every 24 hours. Of this number, two western concerns, the Endicott-Johnson Company and the International Shoe Company, make about 235,000 pairs, nearly one-half.

A revival of business in this industry is anticipated, but it may be regarded as certain that an amply proportional part will go to the western houses.

Give a glance at affairs in Lynn and Haverhill, formerly among the world-famous shoe manufacturing centres. One of the leading business men of New Hampshire, a man of great wealth and marked ability, told me recently that, if he held any boot and shoe property in either of those cities, he would dispose of it immediately if anything approaching a fair offer could be received.

Dwell for a moment on the matter of the New England textile industry, which is of particularly vital interest to the people of New Hampshire. In order that there may be no suggestion of local prejudice, I am quoting an editorial from the New York Herald, one of the admittedly great newspapers of the United States, entitled "New England's Textile Industry." It follows:

"The prolonged strike in the textile mills of New England has aroused Southern business promoters to seek supremacy in this great industry for the Southern States. Since their labor troubles began mill owners in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire have been fairly inundated with letters from Southern boards of trade, chambers of commerce and commercial organizations setting forth in general terms the ad-

vantages of the cotton belt region over New England for manufacturing plants, and, in some instances, making tempting specific proposals.

"The chaos into which labor troubles and abnormal market conditions have plunged the New England textile industry has offered a promising field for this form of enterprise. That in this intelligent activity, and the causes underlying which make its opportunity, there is a menace to New England's continued leadership in an industry on which its prosperity largely is dependent is a fact widely recognized.

"As an offset to alarm created by this campaign it has been asserted that the Southern bid for mills is being used by New England manufacturers to scare the public into support of the mill owners' attitude toward labor. It has been declared that Southern mills are in reality the property of Northern owners and that the actual trouble is the result of the work of Northern owners who, by creating a low Southern wage scale, are trying to beat down the Northern mill pay to the same level.

"In answer to this the New England mill owners have recently presented statistics, as to the accuracy of which they invite inquiry, which show that one-half the cotton spindles in the country, roughly speaking, are now in the South. Of this number less than 3 per cent. are owned by Northern mills, while only 8 per cent. are owned by Northern money. This means that about 89 per cent. of all the Southern mills are owned and controlled by Southern capital.

"The arguments being pressed upon Northern mill owners to induce them to remove to the South, or at least to establish branches there, are alluring. They are supported by facts that are hardly open to question. Cheaper cotton, cheaper fuel, less fuel required, lower transportation costs, lower cost of living and consequent

willingness of workers to accept lower wages—these are among the inducements offered for Northern consideration. Southern mill operatives, who are described as '100 per cent. American,' gladly work from fifty-four to sixty hours a week for 25 per cent. less pay than New England operatives demand for from forty-eight to fifty-four hours. And the crowning argument of all is that the Southern operatives are free from the pernicious influence of the labor union politician. Strikes such as are now paralyzing so many New England mills are economic factors that may be ignored in the South.

"These are formidable arguments. How long strike ridden mill owners, with geographical and other handicaps, can be deaf to them and keep on doing business at the old New England stands is a question which seems to be pressing rapidly to the front."

To revert to the imminence of changing conditions and the wake of financial and development disaster which may be left in the path of events of like character, attention is called to an able and convincing, yet conservative, editorial which appeared in the Manchester Leader June 3 last. Here it is:

"Time was when iron ore was got in a swamp just below Mr. Gordon Woodbury's homestead and when the proprietor of a forge standing just across Chandler brook opposite the Porter farm on the River Road in Bedford, offered to contract for all the cannon balls needed by the Continental army. Gilmanton Iron Works recalls in its very name the old New Hampshire iron industry. Franconia had a considerable iron plant. Sometimes we wonder whether or not the men in these plants really grasped the idea that conditions were changing until they had completely changed and their industry was a thing of the past in this part of the country. The question is suggested by a similar one: Do we

of to-day, in Manchester, grasp the change which is taking place under our eyes?

"Not so many years ago Manchester newspaper reporters went out once a year to report the 'mill meetings.' There were meetings of the Amoskeag, the Manchester, the Stark, the Amory, and the Langdon to 'get.' In those days, too, as fine a steam fire engine as ever pumped water was made here, and a locomotive of superior quality. All this has passed away. The Manchester Locomotive Works held out for a long time, but in the end the American Locomotive Company bought it out, and both steam fire engine and locomotive making went where they could be carried on economically. One by one the lesser textile concerns succumbed to relentless economic laws, most of them being absorbed in and, in at least one instance, salvaged by the Amoskeag. The Stark was taken up into the American Cotton Duck. Now the Amoskeag stands alone in Manchester's last ditch fight to hold the textile industry.

"Superior management, a working force of highly skilled, industrious, temperamentally stable and home-building workers, and several other advantages, including that of the youthfulness of distant competition, have combined to make it possible for the Amoskeag and the city to grow and prosper in face of the very forces before which other industrial concerns have been driven from the field. Now it absorbs the Stark, and the great corporation of which the latter was a part frankly gives up the fight and goes South where it already has large plants. The Amoskeag remains, elects to continue the struggle, is making changes calculated to minimize its dependence upon prohibitively priced coal. But it has a fight on its hands.

"Meanwhile the shoe industry has come and has grown. But it, too, is having its troubles. The old comparatively easy going days are be-

hind us in both industries. Southern competition is pressing hard on the textile industry, Middle Western competition on the shoe industry. Manifestly, for both workers and management there is a struggle ahead if these industries are to be maintained in this part of the country—not a struggle as between themselves, but a struggle together against the economic pull which is drawing industries nearer and nearer to the source of supply of raw material.

"It was a hopeless struggle in the case of the old iron industry. It was not hopeless for the locomotive and steam fire engine industry for a long time. Gradually, however, with the demand for heavier locomotives and for corresponding changes in plant, with the growth of mighty plants elsewhere and nearer the raw material sources, with the competition of quantity production, it became hopeless. It is nowhere nearly hopeless for the great New England textile concerns as yet, and need not become hopeless if conditions other than those fixed by raw material are equalized. And legislation is steadily tending towards their equalization, albeit the process is slow. But until legislation relating to hours, working conditions and child labor, does do this, there must be a real struggle for existence—a struggle, let us repeat, not between management and workers, but between these together and the competing forces elsewhere."

The loss of ship-building, due to changed conditions, was not felt in Manchester, but it was a serious blow to many other parts of New England.

The problem must be met.

If it is solved correctly the future of New England, with its manifold interests, is secure. Such a correct solution means the security of your homes and your property—if it is incorrect the desolation of your home is imminent. Every New Englander's prosperity is at issue; it is

a case of common weal.

Not by insistent determination can what is best be brought about. It is reported that the agent of a mill in Suncook, N. H., offered, if his employees returned to work under a reduced scale and 54 hours weekly labor, to abide by whatsoever result was arrived at when the strike ended. If the strikers gained their point they would be paid any difference in wages and for the extra six hours weekly, dating from the time of return to work. In case the manufacturers' plan was accepted, they would have the advantage of continued employment. There was no chance for the employees to lose, but the proposition was rejected.

The remedy?

Hard work, frugality, a cessation of oppressive restrictive legislation, reasonable limitation of weekly working hours in accordance with conditions which prevail in other manufacturing sections that are in direct competition with New England, and recognition of the utter fallacy of the propaganda of "easy money and easy living."

New England has suffered from our forefathers' lack of foresight in failing to recompense the soil, from the indiscriminate cutting off of our timber supply, from the ruthless destruction of game and from the devastation of the ocean's gifts. While production from these sources has decreased woefully, some measure of rehabilitation may be found by intensive cultivation of the soil, the fixing of timber reservations, the establishment of game preserves and protective laws and the rigid restriction of wasteful fisheries.

Not so with our manufacturing industry, however.

Once the peak of progress is passed and the downward course of retrogression is thoroughly established the beginning of the end has come.

Industry never will return and intensive cultivation will be of no avail.

RESISTLESS APPEAL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Charles S. Tapley.

It has been my good fortune to spend a part of every summer of my life within the confines of Old New Hampshire. I am familiar with every section of the state. I love its scenery and its people. New Hampshire people regard their visitors as friends to be welcomed and not as pigeons to be plucked.

The first few summers of my life were passed in the little village of Bradford, at the foot of southern Kearsarge. It is a charming town, noted for its dignified homes, its open-hearted hospitality and its total absence from the thriftlessness which disgraces so many towns. No section of New Hampshire affords more abundant facilities for hunting and fishing than in the vicinity of Bradford. Black duck, partridges, raccoons, dace, pickerel, trout, foxes, etc., make the Bradford woods and streams their rendezvous.

I later became a visitor to the beautiful Whittier country and still later knew the northern country when a student at Dartmouth.

When the social whirl of the city winter becomes too frenzied, when the tired brain and the jaded nerves behind the desk need refreshing, when life in town seems narrow, crowded, oppressive, I like to go to New Hampshire. There the still air snaps and sparkles, the whip-cracks of the wind stir to rapt the strengthening pulse beats.

I am firmly convinced that one has missed a height of human pleasure who has never coasted down a New Hampshire hill—and climbed its steep incline again—with a merry party under the light of the full moon; who has never heard the cling of the steel skate blade on the frozen bosom of the lake or river; who has

never donned the snowshoes, our Indian inheritance. In place of the exquisite green of the spring birth, the fuller bloom of mid-summer, or the gorgeous reds of autumn, we have winter's white of wonderful witchery, of gleaming, glittering beauty.

I cannot boast New Hampshire ancestors. The vicinity of Salem is my ancestral home. Every summer I yearn for the New Hampshire hills. I am proud that Massachusetts has a New Hampshire son as governor, especially such a governor as Channing H. Cox.

Fortunate are they whose leisure permits them to linger among the hills of New Hampshire through the dreamy Indian summer of October, and watch the flush of autumn deepen over the forests. The climate is then at its best. The days, if ever, are perfect. The hillsides, ablaze with crimson and gold, mirror their glories in the motionless lakes.

The majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the lakes, the charm of the seacoast.

So much of sheer beauty is crowded into this remarkable state that one gazes about with a quick indrawing of breath—scarce believing that his eyes have served him aright.

Against a back-ground of towering mountains, deep masses of purple shadows, crowned with the pure white of everlasting snows, shines forth the startling beauty of New Hampshire, a beauty so clear, so natural, so delightful that there is no resisting it.

Whittier wrote,

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

What is so rare as a fair day in June was the 1922 version of James Russell Lowell's famous line as rendered by the thousands of alumni, alumnae, graduates, undergraduates, parents and friends who attended Commencement at New Hampshire's colleges and schools during last month. However, this inopportune

Dartmouth College graduated a class of 233 and New Hampshire College, one of 122. At Durham honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws were conferred upon Governor Albert O. Brown, President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, Judge George H. Bingham of Manchester, Chairman James O. Lyford of the



PRESIDENT GUY W. COX OF THE DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

display of the vagaries of New England weather did not reduce the quantity or quality of the graduating classes; prevent the attendance of any of the recipients of honorary degrees; or otherwise detract from the more serious and essential features which attend the close of the educational year.

state bank commission and Clarence E. Carr of Andover. Prof. Herbert F. Moore of Northwestern University, a distinguished alumnus and native of New Hampshire, was made a Doctor of Science, and the degree of Master of Arts was given Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia, member of the state board of education

and past president of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The distinguished list of recipients of honorary degrees at Dartmouth included Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, LL. D.; Prof. Henry M. Russell of Princeton and Gen. George O. Squier, Doctor of Science; Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the Boston Herald, Doctor of Letters; Rev. John T. Dallas of Hanover, Rev. Charles C. Merrill of Chicago and President Benjamin T. Marshall of Connecticut College for Women, Doctor of Divinity; Harry Chandler, native of New Hampshire and publisher of the Los Angeles Times, Superintendent William F. Geiger of the Tacoma, Washington, public schools and Principal Charles A. Tracy of Kimball Union Academy, Master of Arts.

New Hampshire was honored at Hanover in that both the retiring and the incoming president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association were of Granite State connection. Merrill Shurtleff, '92, of Lancaster, presided gracefully over the annual Commencement Day dinner, and the choice was announced as his successor of Guy Wilbur Cox, '93, born in Manchester, January 19, 1871, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn M. (Randall) Cox and the brother of Walter R. Cox, the famous horseman, Judge Louis S. Cox of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and Governor Channing H. Cox of the Bay State. President Cox was the valedictorian of his Dartmouth class and its most talented musician as well as mathematician. He subsequently graduated magna cum laude from the Boston Law School and has been highly successful in the practice of his profession in Boston for a quarter of a century, being a member of the firm of Butler, Cox & Murchie. He was a member of the Boston city council in 1902; of the state house of representatives in

1903-4; of the state senate in 1906-7 and of the constitutional convention in 1917-18. In this last body he was chairman of the important committee on taxation as he had been previously in the senate. He was chairman of the Massachusetts tax commission in 1907 and was recently the head of the like committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation issued recently the following statement upon taxation:

From 1910 to 1920 the taxes collected in towns and un-incorporated places, increased by 142%, and the valuation increased 100 per cent. The average rate of taxation went from \$1.60 in 1911 to over \$2.38 in 1920. The majority of the farming communities pay more than the average rate. Realizing these facts, the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation has made an investigation of tax conditions, covering the last ten years. The Committee formed for this purpose under the chairmanship of Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass, and including Ex-Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, and Frank H. Pearson, has submitted a preliminary report, a summary of which is here given.

The Special Tax Commission, authorized by the Legislature of 1907, found that real estate was valued at about 70 per cent, livestock at 55 per cent, stocks in trade at 55 per cent, industrial and mercantile corporations at 34%, timberlands at about 30 per cent, while nine-tenths of money and taxable securities escaped entirely. Railroads were then assessed at barely more than 1-3 of the market value of their securities apportioned to New Hampshire and about 40 per cent of a valuation reached by capitalizing their earnings at 5 per cent.

This led the Legislature of 1911 to create the present Tax Commission chiefly for the purpose of rectifying these inequalities which obvi-

ously placed an unfair burden on the farmer and small householder.

From 1910 to 1920 the total valuation of all taxable property in the state, except savings bank deposits, increased about 92 per cent, whereas property locally assessed in cities and towns increased 100 per cent.

Lands and buildings, found in 1908 to be the most highly assessed, increased 85 per cent in valuation. Livestock, from 1910 to 1920, increased per head, by various percentages; cows, 169 per cent. Yet in 1908 livestock was second in its high rate of valuation as compared with other classes. These should be compared with the average of all property, 92%. Such increases seem entirely disproportionate and unfair when compared to some other classes.

Real estate in general was in 1908 assessed at about 70% of true value, while timberlands were then assessed at about 30%. A study of representative woodlots in southern and central New Hampshire, made by John H. Foster, now State Forester, showed average increases in assessed valuation of 161.7 per cent from 1908 to 1914, bringing them in that year to about 75% of actual value. These tax values have been largely increased since 1914.

During the period, 1910-1920, the average tax value per acre, in unincorporated places increased 143%. If that were all that had happened, the tax valuation would have risen from 30% of the true value, to 73% of the true value. But in the meantime the market value had greatly risen. The increase in tax value of wild lands has only kept pace with the phenomenal increase in pulpwood value. The disparity which existed in 1908 between these timberlands and ordinary lands and buildings, (30 to 70) has not been equalized, and those classes which have been brought fully or nearly to actual value are still bearing a disproportionate share of the entire tax burden, and

besides that, paid in 1920 on a \$2.38 average rate, while unincorporated places paid on a \$.48 average rate.

The Committee believes we need a new scheme of timber taxation. So long, however, as we continue the present tax system, it should be impartially and equally enforced in respect to all classes of property.

From 1910 to 1912 the increase in the valuation of public utilities was equal and proportionate to all other property. Since 1912, other property has shown a steady increase, while the valuation of public utilities has shown a marked decrease.

Except for the Manchester utilities which seem to be assessed at full value, the valuation fixed by the Public Service Commission, is generally marked higher than, and in some cases double, the assessed valuation.

From 1911 to 1920, the assessed valuation of the railroads dropped from \$59,876,000 to \$45,935,800. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recently announced a tentative valuation of the steam railroads in New Hampshire as of June 30, 1913, placing it at \$61,000,000, to which must be added the portion of their equipment properly assignable to New Hampshire, thus bringing their total value to about \$70,000,000. In 1912, the United States Census valued these properties at \$76,000,000. The tax valuation in 1913 was \$44, 520,000.

It may be contrary to the public interest to increase railroad taxes just now. But it is equally important that the resulting loss of public revenue should not be made up by increasing the burden of property already fully taxed and no better able to bear it than the railroads. This applies to farm property, whose tax valuation has steadily gone up, instead of down; and yet farm mortgages in New Hampshire have in ten years, increased 2 per cent., while the number of operated farms has decreased 24 per cent.

Equalizing of taxation depends not

only on equal valuation, but also on not allowing any property to escape. In 1920 more than \$20,000,000 of industrial property was exempted.

Intangibles. Although other inventoried property increased 100 per cent in ten years, this class was in 1920 only slightly greater than in 1910. The amount of intangible property in the State has been repeatedly estimated by officials and students of our tax system, at several hundred million dollars. Only a minute fraction pays any tax whatever. The man who owns a farm or who owns his home and works for wages, pays a heavy tax, while the man who derives his income from intangible property contributes little to the cost of the Government. An equitable tax on intangibles would give substantial relief to those kinds of property which are now fully taxed.

Deposits in Savings Banks is one class of intangible property (amounting in 1920 to \$142,000,000), which has continuously paid a substantial tax. They represent the hard-earned accumulations of people of small and moderate means. The

average deposit is less than \$500. In the case of a 4 per cent. bank, the tax equals an income tax of 15 per cent. There is no justice in collecting such a high tax on small savings, while big investors are for the most part allowed to escape all taxation.

Stock in trade of merchants and mills and machinery were assessed in 1908 at 55 per cent and 34 per cent respectively of true values. By 1920 the valuation of these classes were increased about 200 per cent. In spite of this increase, there still exists serious undervaluations in the opinion of the present Tax Commission.

Farms and the ordinary home are still heavily overtaxed in proportion to other property. The condition is serious, both to individual and the State. The important industry of farming has shown a serious decline. A change in our tax system can only come as a result of general public understanding. There should be a campaign of public education. The Farm Bureau should prepare a constructive program for action by the next Legislature.

THE WHITE FLOWER.

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

I wandered lone upon the desert strand,
And found a flower white upon the sand.
"Mine, mine thou art" I said, "e'en from this hour,"
I knew not then, 'twas Love that was the flower.

Gone is the flower from the desert place
The heated winds are blowing on my face
But yet the desert is not wholly bare,
The perfume of the flower lingers there.

EDITORIAL

We hope there is foundation in truth for the rumor that former Governors Rolland H. Spaulding, Robert P. Bass and Samuel D. Felker, former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, former State Senator John G. Winant and other men of prominence in state affairs will become candidates for the House of Representatives in the New Hampshire Legislature of 1923. Every man who is Chief Executive of the state for two years gains thereby experience and knowledge of great value to the commonwealth, but which in the past has very rarely been made of such use as it might be.

In recent years retiring Governors have sent messages to incoming Legislatures which contained recommendations and suggestions based upon facts, not theories, which the new law-makers would have done well to heed. But it is the Chief Executive just inaugurated, not the one giving up the chair at the head of the table, who has the greater influence in molding legislation. From most aspects this situation is right, just and desirable. It does, however, retard the continuous onward march of the state because of a lack of mutual understanding between the executive and legislative branches of the government as to the point of development which has been reached in state affairs, what the next steps should be and how they should be taken.

The larger the number of members of the lower house who have had previous experience in higher positions, the broader its view will be and the greater the likelihood of early and effective co-operation with the new leader of the state.

A conspicuous national instance of such service comes at once to mind in the case of John Quincy Adams of

Massachusetts, who, as an ex-President of the United States, was a very influential and useful member of Congress until his death.

Of former Governors of New Hampshire now alive only two, Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder of East Andover and Hon. Henry B. Quincy of Lakeport, are enjoying the leisure of well-earned retirement. Others who are active, but not eligible for service in the New Hampshire Legislature because of other engagements, are United States Senator Henry W. Keyes, First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett and Chairman Charles M. Floyd of the New Hampshire State Tax Commission. Governor Albert O. Brown, who will be an "ex" after the convening of the next General Court, doubtless will give that body as much benefit from his experience of two years as can be contained in a valedictory address, but it would be of very great benefit to the state if his services could be further enlisted in some way for such important tasks as the preparation of the budget bills and the revision of the tax laws.

With our very large Legislature and our insistence upon rotation in office, New Hampshire comes nearer than any other state in the Union to giving all of its citizens a direct share in the state government. This approaches one of the ideals of democracy and has both a theoretic and an actual value in advancing interest in, and knowledge of, public affairs among the mass of the body politic. But it also has its manifest disadvantages and some of these can be overcome or alleviated by the leavening of the legislative mass with the experience, good sense and forward look of such men as those named above.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Mr. Brookes More, whose friendly interest in the *Granite Monthly* is reciprocated, we feel sure, by all its readers, is engaged in the interesting and congenial work of turning Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into English blank verse. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, issues in attractive form the first fruit of these labors, Book I, including "The Creation," "The Four Ages," "Giants," "Lycaon Changed to a Wolf," "The Deluge," "The Pythian Games," "Daphne and Phoebus" and "Io and Jupiter." This neat volume is listed at \$1.25 and is to be followed by a larger edition, now in process of preparation, which will include the first five books and will be published at \$3.50. Mr. Frederick Allison Tupper, in a brief, but appreciative introduction, predicts that Mr. More's work will become "the standard translation of Ovid for the English-speaking world," because in it "the unparalleled felicity of expression and the matchless fluency of the classic poet find in Mr. More an interpreter so competent, so loyal and so felicitous."

So-called vital problems of government are sadly plenty, just now, not only across the water, but in our own country. Some of these troubles may be bogies, without foundation or substance; but some of them are not; and one of those which we are sure is not is the question of what to do with and for our railroads. The governors of all the New England states are so sure that this is a real problem of immediate insistence that they have appointed special commissions to co-operate in trying to work out a special plan for the transportation and traffic salvation of this corner of the nation; and Governor Brown of New Hampshire has succeeded

in securing for our contribution to this conference the valuable services of Lester F. Thurber of Nashua, Arthur H. Hale of Manchester, Benjamin W. Couch of Concord, Clarence E. Carr of Andover and Professor James P. Richardson of Hanover. Doubtless all of these gentlemen and the other members of the coming conference as well, have read a book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, this year, at \$2.75, entitled "Railroads and Government, their relations in the United States, 1910-1921." But if any of these conferees or any other person who wishes to be well posted on the railroad problem has missed this volume the lack should be remedied at once, for it gives the best back ground possible for a constructive study of the future of our transportation machinery. It is easy to read and to understand, yet it is thoughtful, thorough, and complete. It is straightforward and plainspoken, and yet it seems to us fair to all concerned. The author, Frank H. Dixon, now professor of economics at Princeton University, held a similar position at Dartmouth College for 20 years. He knows whereof he writes and if what he has written is a textbook, it is one which should be studied in every business office as well as in every class room.

The tragic note in "Dancers in the Dark," one of the most talked about books of the year, is furnished by Sarah, who was the first Woman of the World Joy Nelson ever had known; but who, Joy found out later when she learned to call her Sal, came "from a little New Hampshire town, was the village belle, wore spit curls, rhinestone combs and all that sort of things till some underdone Dart-

mouth freshman took her to Winter Carnival and she saw she'd found her lifework." What that lifework was Miss Dorothy Speare, who is, we think, one of our Lake Winnepesaukee summer residents, describes very frankly, giving a word painting of our younger generation taking the easy descent to Avernus with a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other that is almost shocking. That it isn't quite so is because we know so many college boys and college girls who do not bear the slightest resemblance to Jerry and Sal and Felicie, to Packy and Twinky and Dum, and because we think the latter are very much in the minority in spite of the tremendous amount of publicity given the foolish "flappers" and their kind. Miss Speare writes well. She has created one character, "Jerry" that will stay in the mind longer than most figures of modern fiction. Her descriptions of Bohemian Boston are almost duplicated by newspaper reports of recent investigations by coroners and detectives at the Hub. So we cannot take many exceptions to either her material or her manner of using

it save to say that we hope her next story will have a less lurid and more convincing background. The George H. Doran Company, New York, publishes "Dancers in the Dark" at \$1.75.

Uncle Mary by Isla May Mullins (Page, Boston, \$1.75) is announced as "a novel for young or old," and those in both classes who have enjoyed the half dozen stories from this author's pen previously published will welcome her new work. Those who have made the acquaintance of "Uncle Mary" before will be glad to hear that her wedding, in the next to the last chapter, was "the biggest doings that Sunfield ever saw."

The St. Botolph Society, 53 Beacon Street, Boston, has issued a new edition of "Omar the Tentmaker," the historical romance by Nathan Haskell Dole first published in 1898. When one thinks how few of the thousand books that saw the light in that year still retain life, the evidence of the merit in Mr. Dole's story is realized.

DAY DREAMS.

By Sarah Jackson.

In summer when the sky is bright
The sea pounds up with all its might
Upon the beach of beaten sand,
As if it quarreled with the land.

I seem to hear it hiss and roar
As if to scare the helpless shore,
But after all is said and done
The quiet shore has really won.

STORMS.

By Ruth Bassett.

I've listened to the wind to-night and heard the rain-
 drops tear
 Against the window where I sat and leave a message
 there;
 While thro' the howling of the storm, the church-bells
 called to prayer.

And this I prayed—that should you hear, wherever
 you may be—
 The sobbing of the wind to-night, so wild and mourn-
 fully—
 It is my own voice calling you to hasten back to me.

The arms of night are my two arms reached out across
 the years;
 You'll find the dark enfolding you with trembling
 hopes and fears;
 And feel the rain against your face and know it is my
 tears.

THE TEAR THAT SAYS GOOD-BY.

By Frank R. Bagley.

Child of emotion, without taint of passion, leagued
 with the heart alway.
 Ever on edge when sentiment's in action where purity's
 the order of the day.
 Responsive never to a pang that cheapens; quick to
 arise, leap forth and brim the eye
 When the heart calls, then the tear falls,—the tear that
 says good-by.

O symbol of the best that lies within us, born of a heart-
 throb when a loved-one's dying!
 The last, long kiss, and then the pure drop welling,—
 the overflow of grief too deep for sighing.
 The love of Christ himself is in thy making, the purity
 of angels hovering nigh,
 When from a chamber of the soul thou stealest,
 O loyal, yearning tear that says good-by!

TO A HAMADRYAD.

By Walter B. Wolfe.

Since none will listen to my verses
I shall garland the slender birch tree
Standing at the edge of the meadow
With a crown of flowers and fillets of wool
And sing my merriest songs
To the smiling hamadryad
Whose laughter I have heard often
In the high green branches....

SUMMER TIME.

Mary E. Partridge.

Butterflies, Roses, and Sunshine,
Brooklets that sparkle and flow;
Birds in the treetops are singing,
Meadows are all a-blow.

Dew drops a-quiver on clover,
Swallows are circling the sky,
Fairies and fireflies are dancing
Wherever the moonbeams lie.

Summertime, Summertime's coming,
Murmuring of insect and bee.
Softly the south wind is bringing
Its message to you and me.

AS A TIEL TREE AND AN OAK.

(Isaiah—6:13)

By Eleanor Kenley Bacon.

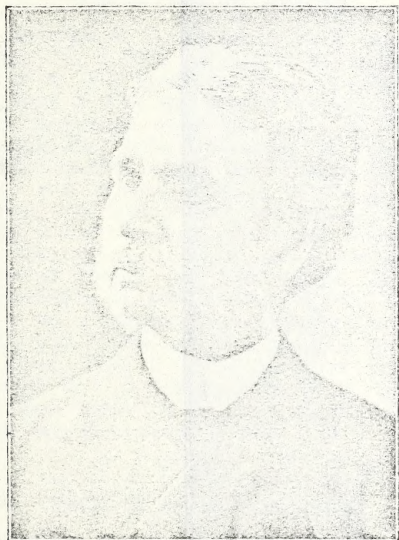
Lord, as a tiel tree and an oak
Whose substance is in them—Invoke
In me the perennial power to cast
Off useless leaves that clog my past—
And let me stand unfettered, free
My future dedicate to Thee.

Give me the guerdon best on earth
That lovely lucre, inward worth,
Heaven's currency! The only gold
That man in innocence can hold.
And let me spend my spirit's hoard
Only to magnify thee, Lord.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SAMUEL E. PINGREE.

Samuel Everett Pingree, in whose remarkable life and record New Hampshire and Vermont took equal pride, was born in Salisbury, August 2, 1832, the son of Stephen and Judith (True) Pingree. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1857 and was the permanent secretary of his class. He was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1859, settled in Hartford, Vt., in 1860, and there resided until his death, June 1. He was town clerk throughout his residence in Hartford except for the time spent in the army during the Civil War, for which he enlisted as a private on the call of President Lincoln in Company F, Third



THE LATE GOVERNOR S. E. PINGREE.

Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. He was promoted to lieutenant, captain, major and lieutenant colonel. On April 15, 1862, at Lees Mills, Va., he led his company across a deep and wide creek and drove the enemy out of the rifle pits, which were within two yards of the farther bank keeping at the head of his men until he had received two severe wounds. He was sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, but rejoined his command as soon as permitted. For his gallantry in that fight he was given the Congressional medal of honor. On his return to civil life, in July 1864, Colonel Pingree resumed the practice of law, and from 1866 to 1869 as State's attor-

ney for Windsor County. He also raised the 8th Regiment of Vermont, organized militia, and was continued as its colonel until it was disbanded. He was always a Republican, although not very active until, in 1868, he was chosen as a delegate-at-large to the National convention at Chicago which nominated General U. S. Grant for his first term as President. In 1882 Col. Pingree was elected Lieutenant Governor, and in 1884 he was chosen Governor by the largest vote ever given to any candidate for that office up to that time. At the end of his term, in 1886, he was appointed to the newly created office of chairman of the State Railway Commission, a position which he held eight years, retiring in 1894. He was an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was one of the founders of the Reunion Society of the Vermont Officers of the Civil War, and its president for a long term of years.

September 15, 1859, he was married to Miss Lydia M. Steele of Stanstead, P. Q., by whom he is survived, with one son, William S. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and of Phi Beta Kappa.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams was born in Dublin, October 18, 1827, and died in Peterborough, March 22, 1922. His education was gained in the town schools, in which he himself was subsequently a teacher for some years. He was for many years selectman of Peterborough; member from that town of the legislature of 1885; member of the school board for several terms. Since 1906 he had been president of the Peterborough savings bank and was also a director of the national bank there. His vocation was that of a farmer and during his active life he was a member of the Grange. He belonged to the Unitarian church and the local historical society. A daughter, Mary M. Adams, is the only survivor of his immediate family.

WILLIAM H. MANAHAN.

One of the most picturesque and potent personalities in the New Hampshire of the past half century was William Henry Manahan, who died in Hillsborough June 13. He was the youngest and last of a family of eight children, the son of John and Lucintha (Felch) Manahan, and was

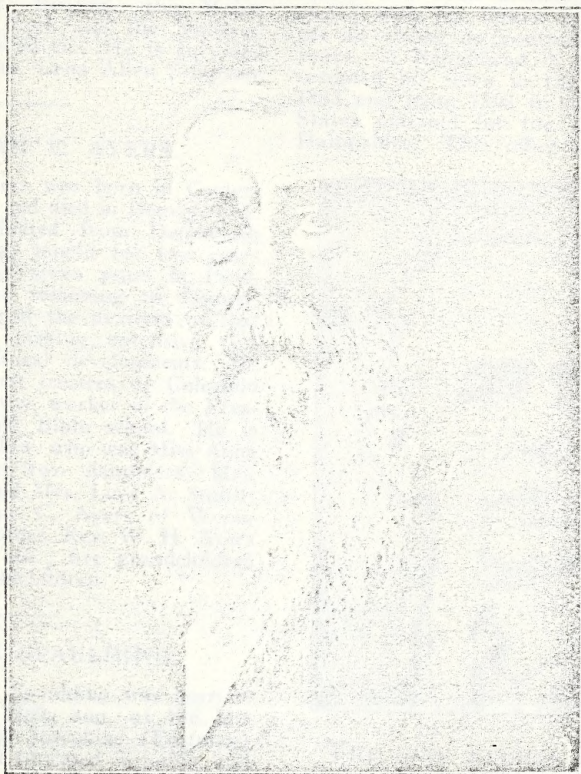
born in New London March 31, 1840. In addition to his town school education, he was a student at Colby academy and Eaton's Commercial college at Worcester. He learned the machinist's trade, later becoming a practical draftsman, which he followed for a number of years.

In 1862 he located at Hillsborough Lower Village, engaging in the lumbering and milling business, later adding furniture manufacturing. He also engaged in real estate operations and from this took up

In 1889 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was the first Republican elected to the Legislature in 114 years. He was town moderator for 12 years.

Mr. Manahan possessed a large stock of historical anecdotes which, combined with his pleasing oratory, made him eagerly sought as a public speaker at all town celebrations.

March 31, 1862, he married Fannie Harriett Chaffin of Holden, Mass., who sur-



THE LATE W. H. MANAHAN.

public selling in which profession he became one of the best known auctioneers in New England. His specialty was timber, which he could estimate very accurately, farm, city blocks and beach property. He conducted sales in all the New England states and made several trips to the South for this purpose. He possessed a commanding figure, a fine voice and an unusual command of language.

In 1885-86 he represented his town in the Legislature and here his command of oratory made him prominent as a debater and as an advocate of conservative legislation.

vives him. On March 31, they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary as well as Mr. Manahan's 82nd birthday.

He leaves three children, Mrs. Josephine Fuller of Hillsborough, Mrs. Gertrude Adams, wife of Dr. Adams, of Wollaston, Mass., and W. H. Manahan, Jr., of Hillsborough.

JAMES C. SIMPSON.

James Clifford Simpson was born in Greenland, May 27, 1865, and died at his residence in New York City June 11.

He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1887 and took up educational work, serving as principal of the high school at Bellows Falls, Vt., as superintendent of schools at Portsmouth and as a trustee of the state normal school at Plymouth. In 1897 he entered the employ of the educational publishing house of D. C. Heath & Company and since 1910 had been its vice-president and a member of the board of directors, acting as general manager of the New York office. Mr. Simpson was a Mason, a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity and of the University Club, Boston, the Maine Society of New York and the National Educational Association. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lena Allen Simpson.

JEREMIAH E. AYERS.

Jeremiah E. Ayers was born in Canterbury, Feb. 2, 1838, and died in Denver, Col., May 4. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1863 and taught for two years in Portsmouth and seven years in Pittsburgh, Pa., before removing to Denver, where he was one of the pioneers of that city and vicinity, making extensive real estate and agricultural developments. He was one of the first trustees of Colorado College and an active worker in the Presbyterian church and Bible school. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Anna Rea of Pittsburg; two daughters, Mrs. Harry C. Kiddle and Mrs. Lucy A. Smith; a sister, Miss Lucy C. Ayers of Woonsocket, R. I.; a brother, Rev. W. H. Ayers of Los Angeles, Calif.; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

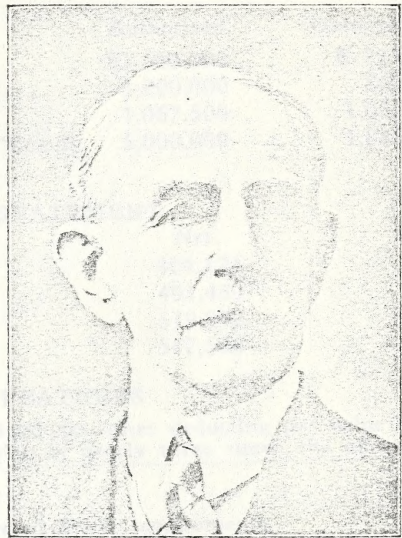
GEN. W. E. SPAULDING.

William Edward Spaulding was born in Nashua, Dec. 13, 1860, son of the late Mayor John A. and Josephine (Eastman) Spaulding. He was educated in public and private schools of that city and early entered the employ of the First National Bank, of which his father was the head, and of which William E. Spaulding was for many years cashier. He served in the city council, as city treasurer and for 40 years as treasurer of the Wilton Railroad. He was an officer of the crack City Guards military company of Nashua, was at one time adjutant of the Second Regiment, N. H. N. G.; and served on the staff of Governor Charles H. Sawyer. He was a member of the Algonquin Club and the B. A. A. in Boston, where he died on May 22 and where he had been engaged in the antique business for some years. His widow, who

was Miss Florence Dexter of Windsor Locks, Conn., a son, Dexter Edward, and a daughter, Sylvia, survive him.

EUGENE P. NUTE.

Eugene P. Nute was born in Farmington, June 14, 1852, the son of Congressman Alonzo and Mary (Pearl) Nute, and died in the same town May 16. He was educated at Colby academy, New London, and Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., and upon attaining manhood engaged with his father in the manufacture of shoes, so continuing for twenty years. A Republican in politics, he represented his town in the Legislature of 1883 and from 1898 to 1914 was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire. This office he resigned to



THE LATE EUGENE P. NUTE.

become secretary of the New Hampshire board of underwriters, a position which he filled with great ability until his last illness. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, of the Masonic order and of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Nute married June 4, 1881, Nellie S. Parker of Farmington, by whom he is survived, with their two sons, Stanley and Harry, and one daughter, Molly; and a brother, Alonzo I. Nute. Few men had as large an acquaintance in New Hampshire or as large a number of friends as did Mr. Nute. His kindly helpfulness was un-failing; and his dignified, yet genial, personality was most attractive.

262

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PAR VALUE \$100

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Dividends Payable Quarterly, Feb., May, Aug. and Nov. 15th

The Equitable Trust Company of New York, Registrar and Transfer Agent

CAPITALIZATION

(As of August 31, 1921 giving effect to recent financing and acquisition of 11 properties)

	Authorized	Outstanding*
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock	\$1,500,000	\$ 713,008
Common Stock	1,000,000	856,300
Secured 7% Notes, Due 1921-1930	1,067,500	1,067,500
First Mortgage and Prior Lien 6% Bonds	5,000,000	1,886,000

*In hands of public.

EARNINGS STATEMENT

Years Ending	Gross	Net	Gross
Dec. 31, 1920	1,837,401	404,124	22%
Aug. 31, 1921	1,960,924	491,489	25%
Oct. 31, 1921	1,977,054	519,992	26%
Dec. 31, 1921	2,015,275	547,560	27%

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PROPERTY VALUE approximately \$5,887,000—after deducting par value bonds and notes outstanding valuation remaining is nearly three times the amount of Preferred Stock outstanding.

EARNINGS over FIVE TIMES Preferred Stock requirements.

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE DATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SETTLEMENT

By John Scales, A. M.

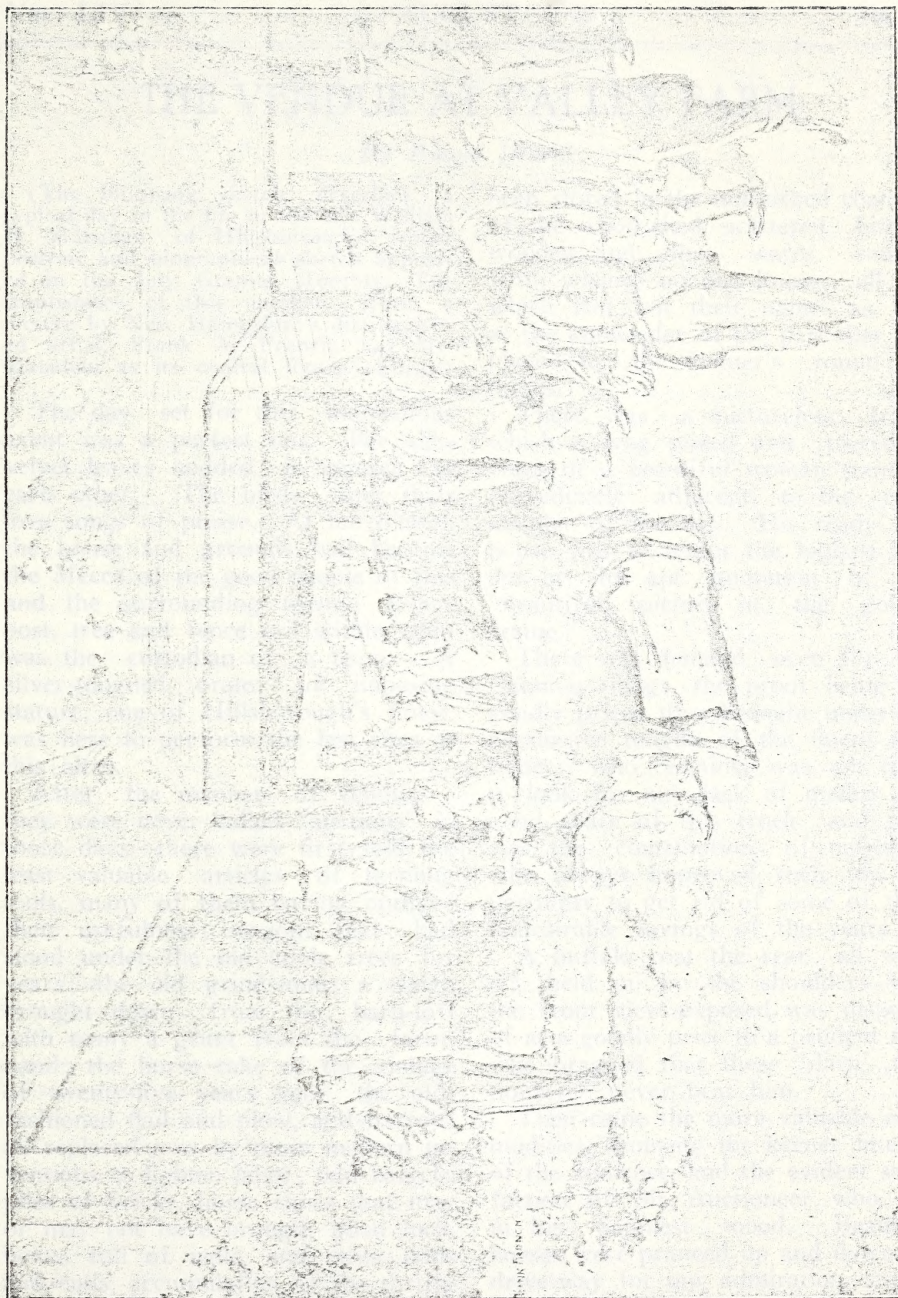
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THE VENDUE.
From a Painting by Frank French

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV.

AUGUST, 1922

No. 8.

THE VENDUE AT VALLEY FARM

By Emma Warne.

(The following sketch describes a typical day in the life of the late William H. Manahan of Hillsborough, whose portrait and biographical sketch appeared in the July Granite Monthly. The frontispiece of this number, from a picture by New Hampshire's distinguished artist, Frank A. French, has Mr. Manahan as its central figure.—Editor)

The day set for this momentous event was a perfect one. The silk-velvet leaves nodded in curtsy to each other. The birds sang their love songs of praise. At ten o'clock the house and grounds had become the Mecca of the good people of this and the surrounding towns. Every post, tree and fence rail within sight was the custodian of a team. A silver-tongued orator of imposing stature, one of Hillsborough's finest, was here to perform the last rites at this altar.

After the manner of vendues—they were never called "auctions" in those days—there were first sold the least valuable articles of farming tools, many of them having outlived their usefulness; wagons that had stood under the old apple trees for years; the old grindstone; a sleigh brought down from the barn-loft with many a grunt from the farm-hand; the horse rake of the vintage of twenty-five years ago, the old-fashioned flail and plow, and harrow, all replaced now by more modern inventions to lighten labor; odd barrels, piles of bricks, horse shoes that may or may not have brought good luck, boxes full of nails, and other odds and ends, accumulation of the thrifty New Englanders; household utensils and furniture, much of which had

been stored in the unfinished chamber of the wood-shed, scattered bits of wooden and other wares, coming from whence no one knew; all of which had lost their names as well as the knowledge of the part they had played in the farmer's round of duties.

There was a pictureless frame which a wag seized and placed in front of a beautiful woman standing immediately adjacent to the commander of the day. His ready response was to tempt the highest bidder by his apt quotation of the "beautiful picture in the golden frame."

There was demand even for the common things, the proof being the goodly prices they brought under the persuasive tongue of the fluent auctioneer, who certainly was not there to look for any lack of quality. A good share of this truck and junk was the contribution of neighbors who always improved such an opportunity to get rid of some of their undesirable savings of the years.

A buffalo coat the rear all worn off, held up by the shoulders with the front view exposed was disposed of at a goodly price to a prudent man who bragged that these "darn auctioneers" never beat him.

Then came the more valuable commodities, arousing the keener interest of the audience, and the evident satisfaction of Sir Auctioneer who was in his happiest mood. Beautiful horses were pranced up and down the drive-way for our admiration, and to tempt the pocket-book of the householder. Sleek kine and of as many

colors as Joseph's coat were placed on exhibition, and changed owners at what seemed almost fabulous prices. Grunting swine were coaxed from their native heath to demand attention. Farm-yard fowl, sheep and lambs passed in review and disappeared under new ownership.

Our interest was not so much in the vendue itself, or the desirability of the article being sold, as it was to catch the wording of the auctioneer's pat description of no matter what the common-place object. The rolling pin suddenly became invested with unusual value, and his "give me thirty! give me thirty" was as sonorous and inspiring as an epic from the Georgics.

After the manner of the country vendue the noon-hour was an especial feature, and made a picnic for the families gathered there. All of this company had their dinners with them. Every wagon load had its lunch-basket filled and overflowing with the good things of the pantry, which make the Grange dinners and Church suppers of this time of H. C. L. pale into insignificance.

The farmer's wife holds first place with her loving, genial friendliness, having no time nor inclination for the shams of the present day. We occasionally received a loving pat from those capable hands which cheers us on our way, and eases up our nerves in this day of criticism, censure and jealousy.

Thus we ate our dinner, with our children playing near by, casting an anxious eye lest they wander to the heels of the horses or to the river's bank that has too often lured the unsuspecting to their undoing. This is the only wickedness our beautiful river ever committed, becoming the sacrificial altar of many souls who have ventured too near the edge and "rocked the boat." So we satisfied the calls of hunger, while we talked of the past, its comforts and satis-

faction, as if the present held none of its allurements.

My readers who are familiar with the custom and attractions of the old-fashioned country vendue, remember the trips to be made to that rendezvous dedicated to "Saint Coffee," usually a wash-boiler, where a master hand dealt out to devotees of this patron saint the nectar offered at this particular shrine, together with crackers and cheese to those who had no dinner basket to flee to.

Some acquaintance who had been absent for a considerable time would give us that kindly hand-clasp that would make the arm ache for a variable time afterwards, and not the two-finger a la cod-fish kind we have no desire to remember. So we visit from group to group.

At 1.30 the farm itself was to be sold, and the hour had approached when we could hear at a distance the eloquent auctioneer warming up to his prologue, so we walked to nearer range through the lane with its beautiful running vines covering the idiosyncracies of the rough board fence; the elderberry and the running blackberry as the foundation, and over all the frills of wild columbine with the milkweed uprearing its thrifty beams to make the frame-work more substantial. The whole was a marvelous display by the master artist, Nature.

As we came up to join the outer circle of that amphitheatre and within good hearing distance, the orator of the day was describing the beauties of the place; its wonderful situation hemmed in by the Deering hills; the matchless valley with its far-reaching advantages; its varying possibilities; its historical charm, with relics of the ferry by which the early pioneers crossed the swollen stream in the days of the Red Men; (an auctioneer's license of the facts, I suppose!); the adjacent village, which had sprung into existence like a mushroom in a

night; and finally, the river—the swift-flowing river, which held the key to manufacture, another term for prosperity! In his mind's eye he saw a chain of mills extending up and down the rapids to this farm, and below! What a market they would bring to the farmer, for his produce to feed the teeming thousands.

At this juncture a smart competition began between two old time dwellers, one of whom lived on the mountain peak in the north part of the town. To him the impassioned auctioneer was directing his eloquence:

"James, when we go to see you we take a long hard drive up Monroe hill, which wearies our horses and taxes the time and patience of us who go up and down the earth, hustling after our daily bread. Here we can ride down most any day, partake of your hospitality and your wife's bounteous cockery. Your daily toil will be easier. You can perform your work by machinery, where you now do manual labor. The river will gladden your eye and comfort your heart. In time the thriving village will encroach on your land, so that you can command a higher price for such as you wish to dispose of, while the rest will be greatly enhanced in value."

Possibly influenced by this glowing rhetoric if not argument, James raised the bid another hundred, and immediately the voluble auctioneer turned to his rival giving expression to another even stronger claim to that bidder, who immediately raised the price another hundred.

By this time the spectators were agape with the keenest interest. James moved uneasily, as if anxious to escape the searching gaze of the man on the block, who was truly laboring zealously to earn his fee, big as it no doubt was.

Finally, in spite of his efforts to avoid him, James came under the direct cannonade of the speaker, who led the cohorts of his tongue against

the hesitating bidder, one who knew the full worth of a dollar and was not easily beguiled by the allurements of a silver-tongued orator.

"Do you realize, James, that you are standing on the threshold of a golden opportunity, such as will never open to you again during your days, even should you live to be as old as Methuselah or as good as Elijah. Should you neglect this golden opportunity, on your way home to-night Monroe hill will rise like a mountain before you, and your good horse will look back to you, saying reproachingly:

"Master, why did you not end this uphill journey and rest in the valley, where the cooling dews of summer will send their fragrance and the cold winds of winter never find you?"

"Ah, I see your countenance lighten with the wisdom of your good head, and I hear you say 'one hundred.'"

Driven thus to the corner Ray nodded, and once more the speaker turned the fire of his eloquence upon the other, who was an easier victim, and bid his hundred quickly.

Great beads of perspiration stood out like huge jewels on the ruddy countenance of the auctioneer, but without even stopping to brush these aside with his big handkerchief, he kept up his incessant fire of language, as if knowing that the crisis was near at hand, and to falter now would be fatal.

With another burst of lightning speech he fairly raised by sheer strength the bidder from beyond Monroe hill another substantial step, and then the other man, as if he had made up his mind to be the successful bidder, added a hundred to the sum already involved. This time Ray halved his bid, when his competitor risked the other half.

Here the bidding stopped. Paint what picture he might he could not get another nod from the head of James. Evidently the cautious farm-

er had reached his limit. At last the ominous words "Going—going—going—three times—and GONE!"

Then the silver-toned orator, sprang down from his perch and mopped his streaming features upon the big red handkerchief which had done similar service many times. He seemed satisfied, and well he might. Even the rest of us, who had done nothing but gape and wonder, drew a breath of relief, glad it was over, though we

would not have missed it for good money.

And now warned by the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, the owners of the teams began to line up along the roadside, and fifteen minutes later silence and solitude reigned where only a short time since the crowd had listened to the eloquent pleadings of that prince of old-time vendue orators.

OLD HOME FLOWERS

By Alice L. Martin.

A bunch of damask roses sent
To bring good cheer and sweet content
But coming from the garden there,
They bring to memory dreams more fair.
The old home faces, one by one,
Come trooping back with days long gone.

The Old Home stands as long it stood;
The meadow, and, beyond, the wood:
And Mt. Monadnock, stern, serene,
Its outline dim, the haze a screen,
And hanging like a curtain fold
To soften, dim, the outline bold.

The long, low, living room I see,
The table spread as though for tea;
A mother, standing by her chair,
While all the children gather there;
A plentiful repast and good,
Home cooking, and fresh garden food.

There on the porch there in the gloom,
To watch the rising of the moon—
The whip-poor-will and night-hawks cry—
The after-glow that leaves the sky
And brings the voices of the night
When stars come peeping clear and bright.

THE DATE OF THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By John Scales, A. B., A. M.

I have read and carefully considered the article in the *Granite Monthly* for June, 1922, by Elwin L. Page, regarding the date of the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He is correct in reaching the conclusion that it was at Dover, and before 1630. I propose in this article to present reasonable evidence that the Historian, William Hubbard, made a correct statement of the date, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in the spring of 1623, and commenced the permanent settlement there, which has continued to the present day. The reader will please bear in mind that the year 1622, and all the years before that, and for a century after that, did not end till March 25. So if David Thomson's settlement at Little Harbor is to be counted as the first permanent settlement, then the date for New Hampshire is 1622, instead of 1623, for it is quite certain Thomson arrived at Little Harbor and commenced building his house before March 25.

It is an acknowledged fact that on Nov. 3, 1620, King James granted to certain Englishmen the charter for the "Council of Plymouth for the planting, ordering, ruling and governing New England in America." That corporation was in business fifteen years, and then, 1635, gave back its charter. During those years it granted nine patents, or charters. The first was to Captain John Mason, March 9, 1620-21, four months after the Council commenced business. The last one was also to Capt. Mason, April 22, 1635, from which New Hampshire received its name, and from

which the farmers at Dover got, and had to fight, many law suits, which Captain Mason's grandson brought against them, claiming he owned the land, and they were only tenants, like the farmers in England, who had to pay rent to the Lords of the great manors. This grandson claimed he was lord of all present territory of New Hampshire, and the boundary line between it and Massachusetts was not finally settled till in the last decade of the 19th century.

The third grant was given in the spring or early summer of 1622, to David Thomson, who, as the record shows, was then messenger, or special agent, of the Council in its dealings with the King and Parliament. The patent was for, "A point of Land in the Pascataway River, in New England, to David Thomson, Mr. Jobe and Mr. Sherwood." This shows that Mr. Thomson had been here and was acquainted with that river and the points of land in it. There is a point of land in Dover, in that river, which has always been called "Thomson's Point" during three centuries. There is no other Thomson from whom it could have received its name. It is the point where a seine, or net, was drawn across the river in the season when salmon and alewives, and other fish went up the river to spawn, in spring time. In that early period, and until the colonists built dams at the falls above, and began to give fish sawdust to feed upon, the Pascataway River had immense schools of those fish come up the river and the fishermen caught them in that net. No doubt Mr. Thomson, Jobe and Sherwill had

big crews of fishermen stationed there in the season, and of course they had to have dwellings and "stages" for the workmen, so there was a "temporary" settlement. As late as 1648 "Thomson's Point House" is on the Dover tax list for one pound and four shillings. There is no house there now, and has not been for many years, but Dover can lay claim to the first temporary settlement, as well as for the first permanent settlement, the one in 1622 and the other at Dover Point (for a long time called Hilton's Point) in 1623.

The fourth grant was issued to David Thomson alone, October 16, of 1622, . . . for "six thousand acres of Land and an island in New England." No mention of the locality of the 6,000 acres, but from later transactions, on record, it is known to have meant an island in Boston Harbor, which has ever since been called "Thomson's Island." It is very evident Mr. Thomson had made up his mind to locate the land on the west side of the Pascataqua River as he had already selected a "point of land in Pascataway River," and had been granted a patent. He wanted some more.

Near the first of December, 1622, an indenture was drawn up between Mr. Thomson and three rich merchants of Plymouth, Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwell and Leonard Pomeroy, in which those gentlemen agreed to join with Mr. Thomson in financing the undertaking, and share in the profits, which seemed to be promising to be large. The indenture is published in full in the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in the summer of 1876. The paper had been read before the Society in the preceding winter by Mr. Charles Deane. It is very interesting, and is one of the most valuable of early documents. In brief:—The merchants agreed to

furnish the ship "Jonathan of Plymouth" and a crew of men, to take Mr. Thomson and the company across the Atlantic, with provisions and other necessary things for building a house and beginning a settlement, in the winter of 1622. It was also agreed that within three months following, in the year 1622, they would send another ship, the "Providence of Plymouth" with another company of men, with provisions, etc., to further aid in making the settlement. On this ship came Edward and William Hilton, and probably Mr. Pomeroy, as the cove where the ship was landed was named "Pomeroy's Cove," and has retained that name to the present day. It is now cut in two parts, by the Dover and Portsmouth railroad. For the first century of Dover that was the shipping point for Dover Neck and Dover Point. At one period Major Richard Waldern had a large warehouse there, from which he shipped merchandise to the West Indies, and ports in the Mediterranean sea. Dr. Walter Barefoot, later known as Governor Barefoot, also had a warehouse and dock there, near Waldern's. Barefoot was then a resident physician in Dover.

As is well known the settlement at Little Harbor did not pay, and Thomson went to his island in Boston Harbor in 1625 or 1626, and there resided till his death in December 1628. That left the 6,000 acres, or such a part of it as belonged to them, by the indenture, on the hands of the Plymouth merchants, and they kept the Hiltons at work at Dover Point. That is to say, the three merchants of Plymouth, Colmer, Sherwell and Pomeroy, received their title to the land from David Thomson by indenture; Edward Hilton received his title to it from the Plymouth merchants, who got out of the unprofitable bar-

gain with Thomson as best they could. Hilton had his title renewed and confirmed by the Council of Plymouth, by the Squamscott Patent of 1629, which they gave him. Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists who came over in 1633, and commenced the settlement on Dover Neck, received their title to the land from Hilton. Those colonists organized a town government, and divided the land amongst themselves and new comers, who might be judged worthy to become citizens. The legal ownership of all land in old Dover was given by that town organization, in the way of "grants." Old Dover consisted of Dover, Somersworth, Durham (Oyster River), Lee, Madbury, and Newington (Bloody Point). Rollinsford was part of Somersworth, till 1849. Of course there was a lot of dickering and trading in which a multitude of names are mentioned, in one way or another, but the above statement is the simple way of explanation which leads the reader out of a wilderness of transactions. The organization of New Hampshire was of a later transaction. Dover is fifty years older than New Hampshire. In the old records there is no mention of New Hampshire till 1680 when the scheme was started to separate the Pascataqua towns from Massachusetts, and make them a separate province, in which courts could be organized that might confirm the Mason heirs' claim to ownership of Dover farms, under the 1635 patent given to Captain John Mason, which has the name New Hampshire in it.

Under the circumstances in what better way could Mr. Hubbard state the facts of the beginning of the Pascataqua settlement than he did in the following, copied from his history: "For being encouraged by the report of divers mariners that came to make fishing voyages upon

the coast, as well as the afore mentioned occasion (establishing the Plymouth Council), they sent over that year (1623) one Mr. David Thomson with Mr. Edward Hilton and his brother Mr. William Hilton, who had been fishmongers in London, with some others along with them, furnished with necessities for carrying on a plantation. Possibly others might be sent after them in years following, 1624 and 1625; some of whom, first in probability, seized on the place called Little Harbor, on the west side of Pascataqua River, toward or at the mouth thereof; the Hiltons in the meanwhile setting up their stages higher up the river, toward the northwest, at or about a place since called Dover. But at that place called the Little Harbor, is supposed, was the first house set up, that ever was built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall (cellar wall) is standing at this day." Mr. Hubbard probably wrote that about 1650, as it is the first part of his manuscript which is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

As regards the name of the settlement of Dover. All the time it was under Edward Hilton's management the settlement is called Pascataqua or Pascataway. When Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists commenced business they called it Bristol. Later under the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Larkham, who had been minister of the Church at Northam, England, the name changed to Northam, about 1639, and that name was used for a dozen years, or more. At some time under Massachusetts rule the name of Dover came to be used. No reason has yet been found why that name was adopted. None of the old settlers came from Dover, England. Properly the name Pascataqua ought to have been given the State, and it should have

extended from the Merrimack to the Kennebec River.

In 1628 Thomas Morton was at the head of a settlement at "Merry Mount," (Wallaston) and was selling firearms and ammunition and rum to the Indians, which caused much trouble. Gov. Bradford of Plymouth ordered him to desist. Morton would not. Bradford sent Capt. Miles Standish, and a company of militia, to arrest Morton. Standish did so and Morton was sent to England for trial and punishment. The expense of the affair was 12 pounds and 7 shillings. The payment was apportioned among the settlements along the coast, from Plymouth to the extreme settlement on the Maine coast, as follows;—Plymouth 2 pounds and 10 shillings;—Naumkeag (Salem) one pound 10 shillings;—Jeffrey and Burselem 2 pounds;—Nantasket, one pound and 10 shillings;—Blackstone at Shawmut (Boston) 12 shillings;—Edward Hilton one pound;—his men at Pascataqua 2 pounds. That shows that Dover was then one of the wealthiest settlements in New England. There was no other settlement, on either side of the Pascataqua River, at that time. This shows the settlement was not a recent affair; they had been in business there five years and had prospered, hand over fist, in trading with the Indians and catching and curing fish. Next to the Isle of Shoals, it was the best place for fishing along the coast.

Mr. Page discredits, or doubts, the correctness of the statement of William Hilton, Jr., made in 1660, that he and his mother came to Dover Point soon after his father and uncle Edward had commenced the settlement there, in 1623. It is a matter of record that William Hilton, Sr. arrived at Plymouth Nov. 11, 1621, in the ship "Fortune." He was well received and given a grant of one acre of land. In 1622

he returned to England and made preparations for his wife and children, William and John, to come over to Plymouth in 1623, and for himself to come with his brother, Edward in the "Providence" to the Pascataqua River. It is a matter of record that Mrs. Hilton did arrive in Plymouth, in the ship "Anne," July 1623. She was well received, and in due time an acre of land was granted to her and the children. They remained there till the summer of 1624.

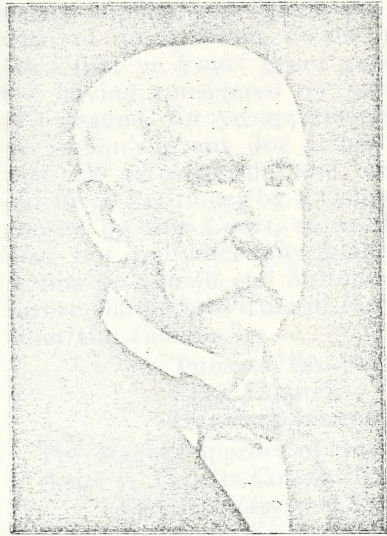
As previously explained, in speaking of David Thomson, William Hilton came over in the ship "Providence" of Plymouth, in the spring of 1623. He did not take his wife and children with him, because they could not be properly cared for, but in 1624, after they had built dwelling houses at Dover Point (as we now call it) he went to Plymouth to get his family. He applied to the Church to have his son John, then about two years old, baptized, but the request was denied, on the ground that he was not a member of the Plymouth Church. Thereupon he and his family came up the Pascataqua, and they never had any more dealings with the Plymouth Colony, or Church. So, as William Hilton, Jr. says in his petition of 1660,—“and, in a little tyme following, settled ourselves upon yr River of Paschataq with Mr. Edward and William Hilton, who were the first English planters there.” That is to say the “little tyme” was from the summer of 1623 to the summer of 1624. No mystery about that statement. It settles the question beyond doubt that the settlement at Dover Point was in the spring of 1623, or it may have been June. Probably David Thomson got his house built at Little Harbor a few months before Edward Hilton had his habitation in order, so Hubbard is correct in saying,—“But at that place, called the Little Harbor, it

is supposed was the first house set up, that was ever built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall, is standing at this day" (about 1650.)

William Hilton did not build his house on Dover Point, but as soon as he had investigated the territory on both sides of the river he decided to make a bargain with the Indians, then owners of what is now Eliot, and bought their "corn field," and land around it, and built his house there; directly across Pascataqua River from Dover Point; there was his residence till 1632, when he was dispossessed by Captain Walter Neal, "governor" of the settlement begun at Strawberry Bank, by Captain John Mason in 1630. The famous "Laconia" company. They claimed their charter gave them the land on the east side of the Pascataqua River, so ousted Mr. Hilton, and gave it to one of the Laconia Company's men. There was no court to protect Hilton in his rights, till 1653. The Province of Maine came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in November, 1652, and the Court Records of Oct. 25, 1653 show that William Hilton recovered judgment in the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds against Ann Mason, executrix of the Will of Captain John Mason of London, deceased. Of this sum 50 pounds, were "for the interest for his land, which the defendant took from him, and for the vacancy of one year's time, and cutting down his house, and for other injuries, ten pounds, and for the interest for the whole sixty pounds for the term of one and twenty years, one hundred pounds."—Twenty one years carries us back to 1632, the time when William Hilton was planting corn just across the river from Dover Point. Various old records speak of this "old corn field" as belonging to William Hilton till he was dis-

possessed by the Laconia Company's Governor, Walter Neal.

After he was driven out of Eliot William Hilton was busy with business in Dover and vicinity. In 1636, he and his son, William, obtained the grant of land at Penacook from the Indian Sagamore Tahanto. In 1644, he was Deputy for Dover in the Massachusetts General Court. He received



JOHN SCALES, A. M.

grants of land from the town of Dover. He was in business at Exeter a while. In 1646 he became a resident at Warehouse Point, Kittery, and his residence, for the rest of his life, was in Kittery and York. An honored and able man he died at York in 1656.

William Hilton, Jr., was born in England in 1615, hence was nine years old when he and his mother came to Dover Point to live. A boy of that age would have no difficulty in remembering his travels with his parents. Now, what did he say about it? His petition to the General Court was as follows. Date 1660.—"To the Honored General Court, now assem-

bled at Boston, the petition of William Hilton humbly sheweth:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621, & your petitioner came about one year and a half after (July 1623) and in a little tyme following (one year) settled upon yr River of Paschatag with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English Planters there. William Hilton having much intercourse with the Indians by way of trayed & mutual giving & receiving, amongst whom one Tahanto, Sagamore of Penacooke, for divers kindnesses, received from yr petioner's Father & himself, did freely give unto ye aforesaid William Hilton, Seniour & William Hilton, Juniour, six Miles of Land lying on ye River Penneconaquigg, being a rivulette running into Penacooke River to ye eastward, ye said Land to be bounde as may bee most for ye best accomodation of yr sd petitioner, his heyes & assignes. The said Tahanto did also give to ye said father & son & to their heres forever, two miles of ye best Meddow Land lying on ye north east side of ye River Pennecooke, adjoining to ye sd River, with all ye appurtenances, which said tract of Land & Meddow hath, were given in ye presence of Fejld and severall Indians, in ye year 1636. At which tyme Tahanto went with ye aforesaid Hiltons to the Lands and thereof gave them possession. All of wch is commonly known to ye Ancient Inhabitants at Paschatq; and for the further confirmation of ye sd gift or grant your petitioner hath renewed deeds from ye said Tahan-to; & since your petitioner understands that there bee many grants of Land lately given, there about, to bee layed out:—And lest any should be mistaken in choosing their place & thereby intrench upon yr petitioner's rights, for preventing

whereof:—Your petitioner humbly craveth that his grant may bee Confirmed by this Court, and that A.—B.—C.—, or any two of them, may be fully Impowered to sett forth ye bounds of all ye above mentioned Lands & make true returne whereof unto this Honored Court. And your Petitioner, as hee is in duty bound, will pray for your future welfare & prosperity.

"Boston, June 1, 1660. The Committee having considered the contents of this petition, do not judge meet that ye Court grant ye same, but having considered the petitioner's ground, for ye approbacion of ye Indian's grant doe judge meet that 300 acres of sd Land bee sett out to ye Petitioner by a Committee chosen by this Court, so as that it may not prejudice any plantation, & this as a finall end & issue of all future claims by virtue of the grant from the Indians."

THOMAS DANFORTH

ELEA LUSHER

HENRY BARTHOLOMEW

The Magists approve of this return if theire ye Depu'ts Consent hereunto.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary*.

Consented to by ye Deputies.

WILLIAM TORRY, *Cleris*.

(Endorsed). The Petition of William Hilton, entered with ye Magistrates, 30 May 1660, & ex.pd'ents Tahanto's Deed and p. Mr. Dant. William Hilton's petition entered & referred to the Committee.

At the time this petition was presented to the Court Mr. William Hilton, Jr., was a resident of Charlestown, Mass., and he was well known by the General Court. For the clearer understanding of the evidence I will give a brief of the career of William Hilton, Jr. He was born in England in 1615. He came over to Plymouth, Mass. with his mother in 1623. He came up to Dover Point with his parents in the summer of 1624. He resided with

his parents at the farm, just across the river from Dover Point, where his father had purchased an Indian "corn field," as before stated. Of course he lived and worked as all the other boys of the period had to do. When he was twenty-one he was a partner with his father in the purchase of the Tahanto Indian land. About that time he married, and settled in Newbury, Mass. He became one of its prominent citizens, and held various town offices, being Representative for Newbury in the General Court. He had quite a large family of children. His wife died in 1657, and later he married and had another family of children. In 1654 he removed to Charlestown, Mass. and resided there till his death in 1675, aged 60 years. He was a man of much ability. The old records show that among other occupations he was a navigator and a cartographer.

In conclusion I will give a brief sketch of Rev. William Hubbard, the historian, who declares in his *"General History of New England"* that Edward and William Hilton commenced the settlement at Dover Point in 1623, and it was the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He was born in England in 1621, and came over to New England when he was a boy, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating in the first class that institution sent out. That was in 1642; there were nine in the class, and Hubbard ranked third, as appears in the catalogue. At graduation he was 21, and like all young graduates engaged in teaching, and soon commenced studying for the ministry. He was a natural born historian, and so commenced collecting and arranging facts, and incidents, as he found them in old records of Gov. Winthrop and others, and also obtained from interviews with the "Ancient Inhabitants." Any one who has engaged in historical, or

genealogical work, knows how he had to get his material, and facts, by hard and continual work.

In 1655 he became associate minister of the Church at Ipswich, Mass., and held the office of minister from 1666 till his death in 1704. So he was contemporary with William Hilton, Jr. He was also contemporary with Edward Hilton, uncle of William, Jr., as Edward lived at Exeter during the last thirty years of his life, and died there in December, 1671. It is absurd to suppose Mr. Hubbard did not consult those gentlemen in his search for facts regarding the beginning of the Dover settlements. There need be no doubt he consulted those men and got the statement direct from Edward Hilton himself, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in 1623. So the statement in his history is correct.

Mr. Hubbard finished the manuscript of the history in 1682, and sold it on October 11 of that year. The General Court voted that day to give him fifty pounds for it. The first publication of it was made in 1815, by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manuscript had been consulted by all writers after 1682. The Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap is among the number. So when it came into the hands of the Historical Society the editors say,— "Of the MS copy a few pages at the beginning and end are mutilated, and the writing in some places is scarcely legible. These passages are given as far as the editors could spell them out. Where they have supplied words, or portions of words, conjecturally, such are printed in italics. Where they were at a loss, they have used asterisks." The MS is well written and has 336 pages. The story of Dover begins on page 141 and occupies ten pages. There are no italics or

asterisks in it. The reading is perfect. The MS is in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was among the first topics Mr. Hubbard wrote, after Plymouth and Boston. Later, when the ecclesiastical troubles began at Dover Neck, Mr. Hubbard gives a more elaborate notice of affairs at Pascataqua. He was always specially interested in Church affairs, so gave only a brief of the beginning at Dover Point by the Hiltons. He says, of the beginning of settlements,—“At present therefore (I shall) only insist upon what is most memorable about the first planting thereof, after it came first to be discovered by Captain (John) Smith, and some others, employed on that design, about the year 1614 and 1615.”

To give the readers a clear and concise understanding of the evidence presented in this paper, I give the following briefs.

1. Before 1622 David Thomson had been here and located the Pascataqua River, and made up his mind what to do. In June or July, 1622, he obtained from the Council of Plymouth a grant,—“A Point of Land in the Pascataway River in New England.” There is such a point which to this day has always been called “Thomson’s Point.” It had a house on it, which was on the Dover Tax list as late as 1648, where is the statement,—“Thomson Point House, one pound, 4 shillings,” tax.

2 Oct. 12, 1622, the Council of Plymouth gave David Thomson another grant,—“Six thousand acres and an island.” By later transactions it was shown that the island is in Boston Harbor. No mention of where he was to select his 6,000 acres. Evidently he had settled that question when he was

over here and looked out the “Point of land.” It is on record that he did come over here and make a settlement at Little Harbor, in 1623, but in 1625, or 1626, he changed his permanent residence to the island in Boston Harbor, and there resided till he died in December, 1628. So it appears David Thomson had two temporary residences in New Hampshire, the first of which was in Dover, in 1622. Those who want authority on this matter are referred to the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1876. Charles Dean obtained the paper from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited it from his ancestors.

3 William Hilton, Jr., gives reliable testimony, that settles the question of date, as in the spring of 1623, by Edward and William Hilton.

4 Rev. William Hubbard, author of,—“A General History of New England,” gives record of the fact that Edward and William Hilton commenced the permanent settlement of New Hampshire at Dover Point in 1623. Mr. Hubbard had ample opportunity to obtain the information direct from Mr. Edward Hilton, as they were contemporaries, Mr. Hubbard in Ipswich and Mr. Hilton in Exeter. There was constant intercourse between those towns.

5 As further proof that Dover was settled before 1630, is a record of 1628, when Edward Hilton paid one pound as his share of the expense of arresting Thomas Morton and sending him to England, and the other settlers there with him, names not mentioned, paid two pounds, showing that Dover Point had the most wealth of any settlement in New England at that time. Of course they had not then just commenced business. They had been at it five years. At that

time there was no other settlement on either side of the Pascataqua River.

6 The Squamscott Patent of 1629, which was given by the Council of Plymouth to protect Hilton from aggressions from the Laconia Company, whose territory was all around his land, acknowl-

edges the land belonged to Hilton and his company. He obtained his original possession, as a part of Thomson's 6,000 acres through the merchants of Plymouth, who financed Thomson's venture at Little Harbor and Thomson's Island, Boston Harbor.

THE ROAD

By L. Adelaide Sherman.

Sing hey! sing ho! for the cool brown road—
Green are its walls and its roof is green—
Tremulous, lacy, fluttering bars,
That the happy sunbeams dance between.

Green and brown and a splash of red,
A paint-brush flaunting beyond the hedge;
Brown and green and a fleck of blue,
The heal-all blooming along the edge.

Here is a tiny mossy square,
Where, summer nights, the fairies sport;
A subtle scent of sweet-grass floats
From a nook where bob-o-link holds court.

The limbs of a mother-maple tree
Are the safest place for the thrushes' perch,
And milk-weed blossoms gently lean
On the pure white breast of a virgin birch.

So I follow the beautiful road
To a twilight garden, drenched in dew:
Love, my love, you are waiting there;
Blest be the highway that leads to you.

PUTTING NEW HAMPSHIRE ON THE TOBOGGAN

By George B. Upham

In taxing a house, a farm, a horse or a cow, it would seem fair to assess it for what it might reasonably be expected to bring at a sale made under such conditions and circumstances as might ordinarily be expected to pertain. If a farmer by diligence, knowledge of his business and fair dealing has built up a market for his products whereby he derives a fair profit, can any good reason be assigned why his acres should be taxed at any higher valuation than those of equally good land of a neighboring farmer who is less diligent, has less knowledge of his business, exercises less good judgment, and is consequently less successful?

Likewise in the assessment of a manufacturing establishment, let us assume two buildings of the same size, built of the same materials, on land of the same value, and which for business purposes are equally well or poorly situated. Let us further assume that the owner of one of these buildings manufactures a product which has a widespread good-will, a sale throughout the world, that it is well managed and ordinarily fairly profitable; that the other factory has never had good management, and the business barely survives from year to year. If both of these owners should decide to move, taking with them their machinery, their business ability or the lack of it, their good-will or the absence of it, there would seem to be no reason why one of the two buildings should sell for more than the other. Now the question arises whether, before the time of removal, the real estate of the successful manufacturer should be taxed at any higher valuation than that of his unsuccessful neighbor. Quite likely the former would assent to a considerable valuation above what he

had reason to believe his building could be sold for, perhaps twice or even thrice such valuation. But should it be taxed for ten, fifteen or twenty times such amount, and he knew the location in various other ways to be unfavorable, the owner, quite naturally, would begin to think of moving, especially if then considering a substantial enlargement. Under such circumstances it would be simply foolishness to make extensions in a community proceeding upon the principle of killing the goose.

At a period when the center of population of the United States was in New Jersey, when settlers moving to western New York or Ohio moved into a wilderness, many industries were developed in New England, in a small way by men of little capital but of much enterprise and ingenuity. New Hampshire was the scene of her fair share of such development. Numerous streams furnished adequate power. Coal, almost unknown, was unneeded. Markets were near at hand. Such industries grew until, with the enormous growth of the last thirty or forty years, many manufacturers found themselves, under changed conditions, with large plants in unfavorable locations.

Two industries in Claremont—the largest in the town—find themselves in this situation. The writer's father was the founder of one of them, in 1851. This business was at the start, comparatively speaking, local. A small river, nearly dry in summer, furnished all needed power; the buildings, on a steep side hill, were in imminent danger of sliding into the mill-pond. The location both locally and nationally was about as bad as could be found for a manufacturing industry destined to become a large one; yet, despite the handi-

cap of bad location, the business increased beyond all expectation, increased until it had offices and a valuable good-will the world over. Retaining walls were built and building after building added on the steep banks of both sides of the little river until the plant covered several acres. This was, of course, all a mistake, a stupid mistake viewed by hindsight. The principal owners were warned long since against any such policy; but local pride and local spirit prevailed, extensions continued. In extenuation of this mistake it may be said that not until very recent years were the requirements of a thoroughly efficient plant of its character fully understood. They are level ground and plenty of it somewhere near the center of population,—now in Indiana,—a location where coal and raw materials can be obtained at low cost for transportation, one story buildings with glass "saw-tooth" roofs, electrically operated travelling cranes interconnecting all departments and finally swinging their load over the cars of a railroad running through the property and having favorable connections to all parts of the country. All this had been urged long prior to the event hereinafter mentioned; but the advice unfortunately, from the owners' later point of view, went unheeded; extensions continued as before.

Then came the event. At the inopportune time of a temporary but severe depression certain high taxation officials came from Concord, saw the step-like buildings on the steep banks of the little river and said to themselves, not in these words but in like substance and effect, "Here is something prosperous, something cemented and weighted down, something perfectly safe to soak, something which, according to instructions, we are expected to soak"; and soak it they did, doubling the assessment upon the real estate,

which previously had been taxed far beyond any possible saleable value.

And with what result? At a meeting of the directors a few months later it was voted, without a dissenting voice, to buy one hundred and twenty-five acres of level land, with a railroad running through it, on the outskirts of Michigan City, Indiana, and to build a thoroughly up-to-date plant thereon. Coal mines are near, deep-water wharves on the great lake, only a mile distant.

Local pride and local spirit have their limitations, especially when a feeling of injustice with resulting indignation is aroused.

We are not blaming the visiting politicians who doubtless received their instructions from politicians higher up, who in turn doubtless believed they were carrying out the mandate of the legislature as they interpreted it. It is the policy, not the individuals, we are criticising; for we believe it to be an unfortunate one, a policy which in the long run will prove a benefit to industries removing but an injury to the state.

Politicians, who make and execute our laws, are not as a rule versed in business affairs. In their eyes an assemblage of bricks and mortar in which a successful business is carried on is the business itself. They apparently imagine the enterprise, the administrative ability, the goodwill, the very ingenuity of inventors to be in some way enchaind within the walls; little realizing that the brain which is the executive may, as in this case, live a thousand miles away, that his assistants, so efficient and so carefully selected by him, are confined in no "pent-up Utica," that patents, inventive genius and goodwill have no local habitation, and that the buildings, so severely taxed, are the mere shell.

When the new plant is completed some of the manufacturing now carried on in Claremont may be remov-

ed thither, not all of it, probably for many years, but certain it is that no further extensions will be made here, and, as all manufacturers know, concentration in a favorable location is the tendency of the age, so the day may come,—let us hope not for many years,—when the last machine will be turned on the banks of the little river, and the name Claremont, N. H., will be no longer familiar to miners and rock cutters from Alaska to Patagonia, from icy Spitzbergen to South Africa, from Australia, India and the Straits Settlements to Japan and Northern China.

Adjoining the plant above described is a large group of buildings where another manufacturing industry was established nearly eighty years ago. Cotton, the bulky raw material used by it, is brought from Texas fifteen hundred miles away. Its product, still bulky, is transported to the consumers an average distance of a thousand miles; its coal is brought from West Virginia. The writer has no knowledge of this company's business, but believes that, thus handicapped, it is only by the most commendable enterprise, in the production of an almost unrivalled specialty, that it has been able to do business at a profit. In the matter of lifting assessed valuations the visiting statesmen were wholly impartial; for the taxes of the cotton mill were likewise "jacked up" in

joyous disregard of the well known fact that the tendency of the cotton industry is strongly towards the cotton states, states of cheap labor, cheap power and comparatively cheap taxes.

These two industries in 1921 paid more than a third of the taxes paid in Claremont. Together, in ordinary times, they employ fully three-quarters of the men and women engaged in manufacturing industries in the town.

The visiting statesmen were kind enough to explain that were all valuations doubled taxes would be halved, but failed to mention that wherever this interesting experiment has been tried the rate per thousand has very soon risen to what it was before. They visited us with the purpose of increasing assessed valuations. They, or at least some of them, may live to see that thus increasing valuations decreases values; for if the machinery of these two corporations were moved away Main Street would be as silent as the hills, and signs "For Sale" in the windows of hundreds of village homes. When the manufacturing buildings were sold, if any purchasers could be found, it is doubtful whether one twentieth of their present assessed valuation could be realized. The goose can be killed once, but not resuscitated to undergo the operation a second time.

LAST DEATH

By Harold Vinal.

Her beauty darker than the night,
Lovelier than the rose,
Lingered in my heart
Till the long day's close.

Then when stars turned pale,
Like a wafted breath;
Hushed and shadowily as snow—
She sank to death.

A HISTORY OF STREET RAILWAYS AND POWER DEVELOPMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By Frederick E. Webster, Vice-Pres't & Treas., Massachusetts Northeastern
St. y. Co., Haverhill, Mass.*

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND STREET RAILWAY CLUB,
MANCHESTER, N. H., MAY 25, 1922.

*Mr. President, Members of the New
England Street Railway Club, and
Guests:*

At a gathering in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary in the street railway industry of our distinguished and respected host, Mr. E. C. Foster, president of the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Company, it is particularly fitting that we should consider in a retrospective light the early days of electric power generation and the building and equipping of the present-day electric street railways.

A great deal of credit is due the pioneers of the '60s, '70s and '80s for their public spirit manifested in going ahead with their charters. From their devotion to an intense interest has resulted the power and street railway companies of to-day. Our present New Hampshire street railway systems, with an operated mileage of 240 miles, represent the out-growth of lines first created as horse railroads, among them being the Manchester Horse Railroad, chartered in 1864 and revived five years later. Numerous charters were taken out which were never exercised—which is undoubtedly the case in other sections of the country—although that fact is indicative of the part taken by our ancestors in those industries which were destined to play such an important part in the future welfare of the people of this state.

Public utilities have done more for the development of America's natural resources than have any other of the instruments of civilization. In de-

veloping the bounties of nature they have brought them to the service of the whole people. Each and every form of public utility has contributed to such development. Before the electric light and power companies high-grade illumination was unknown, and in factories there was a considerable waste of time in turning shafts, pulleys and belts. These companies have taken advantages of the mysteries of magnetism in producing power in a form which could be carried on wires and kept available for service on demand.

New Hampshire, however, is not a large state, neither has it the natural resources from which a stupendous power like that of a "Niagara" can be developed, but it looks with a local pride to the Connecticut, from which power is taken for the supplying of current to the western part of the state and to many cities and industrial companies in Southern New England, and to the Merrimack which has been splendidly developed at Sewall's Falls and Garvin's Falls, where current is generated for the requirements of utilities at Concord and Manchester. There are other developments in operation, along the Androscoggin and Blackwater rivers in the northern and central parts of the state, and that of the Lamprey River in the eastern part of the state, the development of which is in its infancy just at present but which is expected to show real progress in the early future.

Under the electric system the cost of power begins with its utilization and ends when the need is completed.

It means the distribution of power to places where the use of coal would be very expensive. It means, in effect, also, the finding of a new coal supply for every horse-power developed.

It would be an impossibility for human mind to prognosticate the demands that will be made a score of years ahead for electrical current for domestic or power requirements. We certainly cannot stand still, we must place ourselves in a position to meet the needs of users, but for that service there should be a rate representing a fair return—not merely the non-confiscatory return that barely escapes condemnation of the courts, but a return sufficient to reward efficiency and economy, and it is to be hoped that the development of our resources can continue and that our successors will be able to point to their achievements with the same degree of pride that we do as we reflect on the progress in which we have shared.

Along with the advance in the electrical industry came the graduation of horse railroad operations to lines operated by electric motive power. And in this connection we would be remiss in our duty to-day without a tribute to those who served as members of the former Railroad Commission of New Hampshire and devoted so much of their time to the companies seeking to improve the conditions in their respective sections. The Railroad Commission was succeeded in 1911 by the Public Service Commission, and of the members of the former Commission it is a pleasure to recall that Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore, of Dover, and Attorney-General Oscar D. Young, of Laconia, are still with us.

In the Act creating the Public Service Commission the State Legislature gave that body broad and discretionary powers which have been honestly and fearlessly exercised.

An assignment to a tribunal standing between the public and the corporation is not an enviable position, and the trust imposed by the call to such service can only be met by a character that will judge and act as between the right and the wrong. It is necessary that appointments to the personnel of the Commission should be men of exceptional ability and training and the legislature can make an appropriation no more wisely, or for greater resultant good to its peoples than a sufficient allowance for the proper conduct of the office. Investigations conducted by the Commission are expensive, in that the rights of the public as well as the utilities have full measure of protection, and the compensation for such a service should be sufficient to attract men of the highest calibre.

There is much of interest in the early history of the street railway business as an industry. The first street horse car was built by John Stevenson, of New York, and was used upon a road which was opened November 26, 1851, but the development was very slow and it was not until 1856 that the first New England road was constructed in Boston. In 1887 electricity was first successfully applied upon a street railway, and the following year witnessed the perfection of the first overhead trolley in Richmond, Virginia, on May 4th. It was a double-track line, had thirty cars in operation, and was built by Frank J. Sprague still a resident of New York. To Moses Gerrish Farmer, an American inventor and electrician, born in Boscawen and educated at Andover, in this State, is due the credit for the invention of the electrical locomotive. Since 1888, when it had become an established fact that electricity was to be generally employed as a motive power for street railway transportation the history of street railroading has been a

record of changes from horse to electric power.

In the place which New Hampshire holds in the development of the electric street railway industry one of our companies, the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester, holds the proud distinction of being the second street railway company in the United States in adopting and making use of electricity as a motive power. Under the charter which was granted in 1889 a new electric road was constructed, extended to Great Falls (now Somersworth) and opened for business August 8, 1890.

Outside the larger cities these roads were constructed by men who were residents of the towns in which they were located, and who had in view the development of those towns and convenience of themselves and neighbors more than the net earnings of the roads. They helped build street railways very much as they sometimes contributed to the erection of foundations or the construction of sidewalks. Each took as many shares as he thought he could afford to, not as an investment but as one which would promote the prosperity of the community. The public as well as their owners regarded them as public improvements rather than as money-making enterprises. Under those circumstances street railway corporations were given all the rights and privileges they asked for, and they asked for more than any other class of profit-sharing corporations ever dared to and were permitted to charge for transportation all they could get. On the grounds that they were public improvements rather than speculative ventures they cost very little and in many cases they came to being dividend-paying properties which returned to their owners fair rates of interest upon the money invested in them.

In these days when we think we are having an uphill climb it is inter-

esting to consider what might have been the problems of the operators of the '80s in our own state. The first report of the Railroad Commissioners under the "new" law and issued in 1884 states—"The total length of horse railroads is 12.68 miles," and further, that it was 2.37 miles in 1878 and 7.37 miles in 1880. These were the statistics for 1882. Construction was not progressing very rapidly and mileage gained but 3.1 miles in the next three years. It is learned that the gross earnings of the Manchester, Concord, Dover, Laconia and Lake Village companies for 1885 were \$47,801.24, and for the following year \$62,480.13. During these two years the companies mentioned had a net income of \$10,078.41. They carried 881,600 passengers in 1885 and 1,105,888 in 1886. Progress at this period was apparently slow,—there appears to have been quite a degree of doubt in the minds of the Railroad Commissioners as to whether or not the development was moving within the scope of personal benefit to the promoters rather than for the benefit of the public. An abstract from the 1890 report says—

"The street railways of this State were originally constructed by men who had in view the development of suburban lands, or other incidental advantages to themselves, neighbors, and friends, rather than the direct profits which might result from investments in such properties, and in the early history of those enterprises most of them were controlled by those who had too much other business to give them close attention, and managed in some cases by those who were entirely unfamiliar with the work they undertook. Under such conditions they were not, of course, handled in the best way, and they not only failed to command the patronage they might have had, but were allowed to rapidly deteriorate."

And further—

"The Dover road, under the management of the Dow family, Mrs. Dow being president and her husband treasurer, was a failure. It neither served the public satisfactorily nor earned the dividends it paid, but the transfer of the

Dow stock to Massachusetts capitalists gave them the franchise and what there was left of the equipment, and having obtained in August, 1889, a charter for a new electric street railway to Great Falls, they proceeded to consolidate the two, and then to dispose of the horses and cars and to remove the track of the old road, and finally to build in its place a new electric road, which was extended to Great Falls and opened for business August 8, 1890."

Even the Manchester road did not escape criticism because we find recorded in the same report—

"The Manchester road was much the worse for wear, its tracks badly out of repair, its horses old and feeble, its cars dingy and dilapidated, and its service fitful and unsatisfactory, when Gen. Williams purchased a controlling interest in its stock and began to impress upon it his liberal and progressive management, which proceeds upon the theory that a railroad should first spend and then earn its money. New trucks, new cars, and new horses have taken the place of old ones."

But in 1892 an awakening as to the part street railways would play in the growth of the community occurred. Electricity was being substituted for motive power and the fact was in evidence that whenever this was done the next step would be to extend the tracks to neighboring towns. The controlling factor was expressed in this language—

"Because, while it does not pay to haul cars by horse power over long stretches of unsettled territory in order to reach a village or pleasure resort, this can profitably be done by electricity, after an electric plant has been established."

At that time of the five street railways in the state, two used electricity as motive power, and both paralleled broad gauge roads; the Dover, between that city and Great Falls, and the Concord, between that city and Penacook.

The situation became a little troubled in 1892 and the Legislature of 1893 passed a bill which provided that the Railroad Commissioners should examine and report to the next ses-

sion of the legislature as to what general legislation, if any, the public good required in reference to the powers to be enforced upon, or exercised by, railroads operated by other than steam power. And the bill further provided that pending such examination and until such report was made, all bills for the incorporation of such railroads, or enlarging the powers of those already chartered, lie upon the table or be postponed until the next session of the general court.

The Commission made a thorough study of the situation and came to this conclusion:

"Assuming that the street railway of the future is to be an electric, that it is to be built, and financed by capitalists, probably from other states, for the purpose of making money, that it is to have at its command abundant cash, credit, courage and cunning, that it will be dominated by the same selfishness and shrewdness that characterize the management of great corporations generally, we must welcome and encourage it, and at the same time prescribe such conditions as are fair and prudent.

On July 1, 1896, seven street railroads having an aggregate of about sixty miles were in operation. They were capitalized at \$1,358,500, and during the year following earned \$282,820.97, and expended for operation and fixed charges the sum of \$282,839.28. None of them made an allowance for depreciation, and only one of them, the Manchester, paid a dividend.

By 1900 construction work was well under way. The legislature of 1899 had granted charters for eight electric street roads, and as many more unused ones granted by previous legislatures were alive. The most important at that time was the building of an electric line in Portsmouth, through the towns of Rye and North Hampton to a connection with the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury at Hampton line. A charter had been taken by the Boston & Maine Railroad permitting it to

parallel its own tracks from Concord to Nashua, and the electrification of the Portsmouth & Dover branch of its road was contemplated. During the following year earnings increased about \$270,000, having reached approximately \$552,500.

The next important development, and perhaps the final one, took place in 1902, and was that known as the "Lovell System." Mr. Lovell, as agent of the New Hampshire Traction Company, had acquired or produced the electric railways and other properties of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury; the Amesbury & Hampton; the Haverhill, Plaistow & Newton; the Haverhill & Plaistow; the Seabrook & Hampton Beach; the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester; the Portsmouth & Exeter; the Hudson, Pelham & Salem; the Lawrence & Methuen; the Haverhill & Southern New Hampshire, and the Lowell & Pelham Street Railway companies; and the Rockingham County Light & Power Company; the Granite State Land Company, and the Canobie Lake Company.

These companies experienced many of the hardships of lines constructed in sparsely settled sections, but they were destined to perform an important role in the transportation service of the state. Re-organizations were effected; the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury went through foreclosure proceedings and was sold to bondholders' committee in March, 1908; the Portsmouth & Exeter was abandoned and its tracks torn up, and in 1913 there was merged into the Massachusetts Northeastern Street Railway Company the various street railway companies of the original "Lovell System" in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Due to Federal Law the Dover company is not an integral part of the Northeastern.

The attitude of the state legislature in dealing with its street railways has been that of a willingness

to assist. Charters were freely given and for a long time were not restricted as to when they should be exercised although that practice terminated in due course. Under the general law, companies were exempted from taxation for ten years, but at the expiration of that period, and more particularly in the depression following the World War, many were finding themselves in a position where the payment of a "state tax" was a real burden. Many of the companies had nothing left from earnings and credits had been seriously impaired. To meet this situation the legislature of 1919 passed a bill under which a corporation which had not, under efficient management, earned sufficient money to pay its operating expenses and fixed charges, including taxes and excluding interest on its indebtedness, and to provide for necessary repairs, and maintenance of its properties and adequate reserves for depreciation thereof, may be exempted from the payment of taxes and to the extent and subject to the limitations of the act. This was a timely assistance and the relief offered has come at the most opportune time.

In convening here to-day and such occasions come not too closely together, a perfectly natural interest is aroused as to those who have been identified with the industry in our state. An effort has been made to obtain as much data as was possible concerning those who have been active in this work but the difficulty in obtaining it is doubtless realized.

We all rejoice with our host, Mr. Foster, in rounding out these fifty years of railroad service—it represents a wonderful service in the interests of the public. Mr. Foster was general manager of the Lynn & Boston companies and later president of the New Orleans Railways. He came to Manchester January 1, 1912, at which time he was elected president of the Traction Company.

Associated with Mr. Foster has been Mr. J. Brodie Smith for whom we certainly have a warm place in our hearts. Mr. Smith was the first superintendent of the Ben Franklin Electric Company which commenced business in the fall of 1896. The first alternating current, incandescent lights used in Manchester were put in operation by the Manchester Electric Light Company under his direction, and he also set up the first electric motor used for power purposes in Manchester. Gen. Charles Williams promoted the Manchester street railroad properties and in the old days N. H. Walker was superintendent, later being located at Salem, N. H., and finally returning to the circus business.

The Concord company was launched under the leadership of one of its most substantial citizens and former mayors, Hon. Moses Humprey. I doubt very much if Mr. Humprey could be termed a promoter. I knew him quite well. It is but natural, possibly, that I should find myself in the street railway business as my father superintended the building of the first car used on the lines of that company.

The lines of the New Hampshire Traction Company interest were promoted by Mr. Wallace D. Lovell, and for a short time after Mr. Lovell's retirement they were presided over by Mr. Howard Abel, one of Mr. Lovell's experts.

Mr. Lovell conceived the system of railways bearing his name and it was through his efforts that the money was secured from the bankers who, after the investment of great sums in the various enterprises, took over their management and control and organized the New Hampshire Traction Company as the holding company for their securities. Mr. Abel was selected by the bankers to organize and complete the systems, but he was not either friendly to Lovell nor was his presence welcome.

Following the early struggle of those properties the New Hampshire Traction Company was succeeded by New Hampshire Electric Railways, and Mr. David A. Belden was elected president, both of the parent company and its subsidiaries. Mr. Belden is a man of broad experience in the railway industry, in operating as well as financial matters, and to him is due the credit for the perpetuity of the greater portion of the "Lovell" system. With Mr. Belden was associated Mr. Franklin Woodman, who came to the properties in 1900 as general manager. Mr. Woodman was of an untiring disposition and it was due to his natural qualifications as a railroad man that the patrons of the road were so efficiently served. Mr. Woodman retired in March, 1917, since which time Mr. Ralph D. Hood has served as vice-president and general manager. Mr. Hood was identified with early street railway construction in New Hampshire acting in the capacity of engineer for the "Lovell" interests, and with him was associated Mr. Arthur W. Dean, resident engineer in charge of lay-out and construction between Nashua and Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Dean later became Chief Engineer of the New Hampshire Traction Company leaving that office to become Engineer of the State of New Hampshire and still later of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury has had a more or less checkered career. It sponsored many of the railway projects and financial troubles were early encountered. At one time Mr. Warren Brown was president, and in 1898 Mr. A. E. McReel began his association with the property which continued for some four years. By legislative authority in 1919 the towns of Exeter, Hampton, Hampton Falls and Seabrook were authorized to purchase all or any part of the properties and assets and of the shares of stock of this company.

The outcome of this municipal operation will be followed with interest.

The Concord and Portsmouth companies are under the management of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The superintendent at Concord is Mr. John B. Crawford, and at Portsmouth, Mr. William E. Dowdell is in charge. The Dover company is a subsidiary of New Hampshire Electric Railways, its local superintendent being Mr. L. E. Lynde, one of our active members.

The Nashua company was organized in 1885, and during its career was operated for a while under lease to the Boston & Northern. At the expiration of the lease it returned to operation by its owners and is at present under the direction of Mr. Engelhardt W. Holst, an engineer-manager.

In passing we should not fail to recall Hon. John W. Sanborn, commonly known as "Uncle John," opposed to the granting of street railway franchises presumably because of the competition they would arouse with the steam roads; neither should we overlook Hon. Henry M. Putney, former Railroad Commissioner, and from whose astute pen came so much of extraordinary interest in his editorials both officially and otherwise.

But the public mind is rapidly undergoing a change. The outcry against excessive capitalization which has so often been heard has a standing no longer. Regulatory laws which have brought utilities and communities into closer relation have been adopted by many states. To-day we are hearing more of "a reasonable return on capital honestly and prudently invested." Where excessive capitalization has existed the regulatory bodies have insisted upon a gradual writing off so that actual capital and fair present value are

coming more closely together. The public has come to recognize the growing usefulness of the services of utilities, and the utilities have responded by an increased insurance against failure to function. A city or a town may get along with a poor municipal government but it cannot live without a good transportation service.

The street railway business in the United States is one of the largest enterprises. Mr. Hoover surprised the people with the statement that the electric railways directly employ 300,000 workers, and that they purchase materials and supplies amounting to \$500,000,000 per year. Surely these are factors in the economic life of the nation. During this past month the thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of the modern overhead trolley found the financial conditions of city electric lines improving but it is to be regretted that this improvement has not reached the interurban lines.

New Hampshire has taken no steps in so-called cost-of-service legislation providing for the continuance of service in sparsely populated sections. State or municipal ownership has not proved highly successful and the business is too hazardous to warrant the adoption of laws by our legislature under which assessments would be levied on those communities where-in assistance is necessary to make railway operations successful. In cases where public authorities do not consider the continuation of a transportation company as longer being necessary for the accommodation of the public then that line should be abandoned. The next few years may witness such a movement.

The total operating revenue of 180 companies in 1921, representing more than 50% of the total industry in the United States, amounted

to \$457,500,000, as compared with \$650,000,000, for the entire industry as reported by the United States Census for 1917. With a return to normalcy undoubtedly traction lines will enjoy renewed prosperity. One bright spot in the result appears in the lower operating ratio in 1921—these percentages were reduced from 78.4 in 1920 to 75.2 in 1921. This condition results from economies in operating expenses and efforts of the operating departments to effect savings wherever and whenever possible. Net operating revenues show an increase of some \$14,000,000 af-

fording an increased purchasing power to railways, and results should be apparent in an improvement in railway credit. All industries were not hard hit at the same time and they will doubtless revive in like manner. Many lines of business are showing an improvement, our own already displaying that tendency. We should not allow ourselves to be pessimistic to-day and optimistic to-morrow,—we should have our steady nerve with us all the time, and that if we have a reaction we should know that it is only temporary.

SEARCH.

By John Rollin Stuart.

"Lover tarry, here is moonlight—
Tarry Courser, here is spring;
In the land of life discover
Where the brooks forever sing.

"Know tonight the moon's affection
And tomorrow love the sun.
For your breathing must not falter
Over beauty Earth has spun.

"Sorrow craven, you are banished,
In my garden Laughter wins;
Furl the sail and loose the rudder,
Here no heartsore road begins.".....

Thus we hear a midnight whisper,
Thus our lamps are fuel-filled;
Yet, behold, each day another
Barkentine the storm has killed!

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

By Mary Blake Benson.

"Yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines;
This lake, in summer sunset bright
Walled round with sombering pines."

The region of Winnepesaukee was a favorite one with the Indians, as was indeed, the whole valley of its outlet all the way to the sea. It was, naturally, the center of trails from all directions. Along its shores they held their tribal feasts and their councils of war. From the tops of the surrounding mountains flashed their signal fires and beside the shining waters of the lake, many questions of importance were raised and settled.

From the south came the Penacooks, the Nashuas and remote tribes from the Massachusetts Bay territory. From the west and north-west through the valley of the Connecticut and along Bakers River and the Pemigewasset came the Iroquois, the St. Francis and others. From the valley of the Ossipee the Saco and the Androscoggin came the Pewauketts and Ossipees, while from the east came up the Cochecos and other tribes of Maine.

The Penacooks were the most powerful tribe and occupied the region around Concord, New Hampshire. Passaconaway was their chief.

His name as written by himself was PA-PIS-SE-CON-E-WA, meaning "The Child of the Bear." It was claimed that he was a magician and even the best authorities seem to agree that he had much skill in jugglery.

"Burned for him the drifted snow
Bade through ice fresh lillies blow
And the leaves of summer grow
Over winter's wood."

He was both wise and cunning

and possessed a superior mental ability and an uncommon nobleness of soul. The very ability which led him to the chieftainship of the confederated tribes evidently led him to see that eventually his race must bow to that of the white men; for he sought the friendship of the English and tried to secure friendly relations between them and his people. At a great feast and dance of his tribe held in 1660, he made the following speech as he resigned his position to his son, Wonolanset.

"Hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright above them. Never make war with them, for so sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames upon you and destroy you. Listen to my advice. It is the last I shall be allowed to give you. Remember it and live."

This fine old Indian was always a friend to the white man, as was also his son who succeeded him; and although the latter was so unjustly treated by some of the grasping whites, that he withdrew from the river and lake valley and made his home in Canada, yet he restrained his followers from acts of retaliation as long as it lay within his power.

Most of the seashore Indians went inland to the head waters of the Merrimac as the season for shad and salmon approached.

The first great assembly place was at Namaskeag Falls or Manchester, and later at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee. At the lower falls the fish arrived about corn planting time, but at Namaskeag nearly two weeks later, and at the lake still later when the planting

season was over and the Indians had more leisure. For this reason the upper fishing places were held in the highest esteem.

In the early days, before the dams, the salmon and shad came up the lower part of the Merrimac together, but parted company at the forks, the former choosing the colder waters of the Pemanigawassett and the latter going up the Winnepesaukee River to the lake.

Near the outlet of Winnepesaukee, at what is now The Weirs, there was a permanent Indian village, which was located about a quarter of a mile south of the present railroad station on the western hillside.

"Here by this stream in days of old,

The red men lived who lie in mould;

The leaves that once their history knew
Their crumbling pages hide from view.

Canoeless lies the lonesome shore,

The wigwam's incense wreathes no more."

The New Hampshire tribes were known as The Nipmucks, or "Fresh Water People," and it was they who built the great stone fish trap or weirs in the river at a proper distance from the outlet of the lake.

They called the place Ahquedaukenash, from Ahque, to stop, and Auke, a place; thus, stopping places or dams; this being the plural form. The white settlers spelled the name in various ways, but perhaps the most common form used was Aquedoctan. The word means exactly the same as the word "Weirs," a dam or stopping place for taking fish. They gave the place this name because these weirs were permanent. Such devices as were built on the seashore or in tide water streams are often made of poles driven into the sand with brush woven into wicker work, but those at Aquedoctan were very skilfully constructed of stone. Large stones were placed in the current a foot or more apart and to them wicker work was fastened. The weirs were built

somewhat in the shape of a letter W. The uprights pointing up stream towards the lake, and the lower points being left open about two feet; the walk on either side running toward the shores with the middle part of the W being so many cages into which the fish crowded and were easily caught with nets, spears, or even by hand. The Indians would paddle about in their canoes and quickly fill their frail crafts, take their catch ashore to the squaws, who split and cleaned the fish and either laid them aside to dry or else hung them up and smoked them for winter use.

When the white settlers came they found the weirs in good condition. They were in use in 1652, and both explorers and natives relied upon them for food. Fish wardens were later appointed, who went two days each week to see that the fish were evenly divided.

In September, when the fish went down stream they were thin and lean, but the eels which migrated with them were fat and in their prime; so the same weirs, with an added contrivance, was used for their capture. From the lower points of the W which were left open, passageways were built about six feet long, and at their lower ends holes were dug about three feet deep and four feet across, in which wicker baskets were sunk. Into these the struggling, slippery eels would drop, and the Indians could easily catch them.

The Weirs, being a permanent settlement of Indians, many relics have been found on the site of their village and along the shore nearby.

Beside the Indian Settlement at the Weirs, there was, at a much earlier date, a strong Indian fortification at East Tilton on a point of land formed by the Winnepesaukee River and Little Bay. This was doubtless one of a chain of

forts built by the Penacooks and their eastern allies, the Pequaukets.

In times of war, Winnepesaukee was a great rallying place for the various bands of Red Men.

The waters of the lake furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of food and the water ways, or the ice, supplied easy methods of travel in various directions.

Most of the roving Indians which attacked the New Hampshire and eastern and central Massachusetts settlements came from Canada by way of Winnepesaukee.

The old Indian trail stretched from St. Lawrence to the ocean. It ran through Pieneville, near Montreal, along the St. Francis River, across Lake Memphremagog, then through dense woods to the Connecticut River, down this water way to the region of what is now Haverhill, New Hampshire, across the ridge near Mooselauke to Warren, down Bakers River, Asquam Lake, by Winnepesaukee and the Pemigawasset, along to Alton Bay, and from there across the country to the coast.

Cotton Mather in 1702 thus describes the carrying away of one woman captive after an expedition against Dover.

"It was a terrible march, through the thick woods and a thousand other miseries, till they came to the Norway Plains (Rochester.) From thence they made her go to the end of Winnopisseog Lake, and from thence eastward, through horrid swamps, where sometimes they must scramble over huge trees fallen by storm or age, for a vast way together, and sometimes they must climb up long, steep, tiresome, and almost inaccessible mountains—a long and sad journey she had of it—in the midst of a dreadful winter—at last they arrived in Canada."

Probably the first white people to pass over this trail, were the

captives thus carried by the Indians, and the discomforts and fear which they endured doubtlessly drove all thought for, or appreciation of, the wonderful beauty of the country from their minds.

The name "Winnepesaukee" is taken from the Algonquin language and has been variously translated as meaning "The Smile of the Great Spirit," "Good Water with Large Pour out Place," and "Beautiful Water in a High Place."

J. Hammond Trumbull, who has made an extensive study of Indian Geographical names, tells us that the real meaning of the word is simply "Good Water Discharge," the name evidently applying formerly to the outlet, rather than to the lake itself.

Judge Chandler E. Potter in his excellent book on "The History of Manchester" is responsible for the translation reading "Beautiful Water in a High Place," regarding which J. Hammond Trumbull says, in part, "Judge Potter is demonstrably wrong, inasmuch as he assumes that IS or ES represents KEES, meaning *high*, to which assumption there are two objections; the first being that there is no evidence that any such word as KEES, meaning *high*, is to be found in any Algonquin language, and secondly, that KEES could not possibly drop its initial K and still preserve its meaning."

The name of this lovely lake has been spelled in a multitude of ways. One writer tells us that he actually found in various kinds of manuscript, 132 different forms of spelling. Of that number "Winnepesaukee" is most commonly used at the present time, while the five following will give the reader an idea of the peculiar variations of which the word is possible.

WINNIPISEOKEE	WINEPISEOKA
WINEPESOCKY	WINNEPESEOCKEE
NIKISIPIQUE	

PASCATAQUACK AND KENEBECK

By Elcin L. Page.

Both Bradford and Winthrop have preserved the story of the poacher from Piscataqua who invaded the Plymouth trading patent on the Kennebec. How he there met a tragic end, and the consequences which followed, including the detention of John Alden, the intervention of Miles Standish, and indirectly the imprisonment of Edward Winslow in the Fleet, make an interesting narrative collateral to early New Hampshire history. Strangely enough this story, which involves so many arresting personalities, has been overlooked by our general historians.

The Plymouth Colony struggled out of debt by means of Indian trade. Beaver was her economic salvation. But furs were scarce in the vicinity of Plymouth, and after the harvest of 1625 Winslow and other "old-standers" took a boat-load of corn to the Kennebec and returned with seven hundred pounds of beaver, besides other furs. The next year, or perhaps the next but one, the troublesome Thomas Morton beat them in the race to Maine and hindered the Plymouth folk of a season's furs.

Allerton, in England in 1627, sought a patent on the Kennebec for the Plymouth Colony. This he brought over the following year, but "so straite & ill bounded, as they were faine to renew & enlarge it the next year." As thus corrected, the patent included several hundred square miles. Upon it, in 1628, Plymouth set up a permanent trading house at Cushnoc, now Augusta. At the same time the Plymouth traders found a better medium of exchange in "wampampeake," which they first introduced in the buying of furs in those parts. The value of wampum was taught them by their Dutch neighbors—not the only instance of friendly aid from that direction. Thus the colony on Cape Cod Bay

found itself doubly intrenched against "those of Piscataqua," who had already, as Bradford notes, shown some disposition to invade the territory which Plymouth had opened up to the fur trade.

This was the situation when, in the spring of 1634, the poacher sailed his bark up the Kennebec. His name was John Hocking, or Hocking. From which of the Piscataqua settlements he came can be inferred only from the statement of Winthrop that he employed a pinnace belonging to Lord Say and Lord Brook. He must, therefore, have come from Dover, for a year or two earlier Lords Say and Brook, Sir Richard Saltonstall and others had purchased the former Hilton interests upon the recommendation of their Massachusetts friends. Probably Hocking was one of the new emigrants sent from England in 1633, producing what Mr. James Truslow Adams has termed "a series of explosions, which subsequently prepared the way for annexation by Massachusetts."

So Hocking came to Cushnoc. It immediately became evident that fair competition was no part of his plan; that he intended to go up river beyond the Plymouth house, and thus cut off the trade with the Indians bearing furs from the north. He was forbidden to do so; he was urged not to do the patentees "that injurie, nor goe aboute to infringe their liberties, which had cost them so dear. But he answered he would goe up and trade ther in dispite of them, and lye ther as longe as he pleased."

There was but one retort left to the troubled traders of Plymouth: their patent authorized them to make prize of "all such persons, their ships and goods, as shall attempte to inhabite or trade with ye savage people of that countrie." And so, as Bradford tells the story: "The other tould

him he must then be forced to remove him from thence, or make seasure of him if he could. He bid him doe his worste, and so went up, and anchored ther."

Bradford proceeds:

"The other tooke a boat & some men & went up to him, when he saw his time, and againe entreated him to departe by what perswasion he could. But all in vaine: he could gett nothing of him but ill words. So he considred that now was y^e season for trade to come downe, and if he should suffer him to lye, & take it from them, all ther former charge would be lost, and they had better throw up all. So, consulting with his men, (who were willing thertoe,) he resolved to put him from his anchores, and let him drive downe y^e river with y^e streame; but comanded y^e men y^t none should shoote a shote upon any occasion, except he comanded them."

But this peaceful procedure, so far less drastic than the seizure authorized by the patent, resulted tragically.

"He [the nameless Plymouth leader] spoake to him againe, but all in vaine; then he sente a cuple in a canow to cutt his cable, the which one of them performes; but Hocking taks up a pece which he had layed ready, and as y^e barke shered by y^e canow, he shote him close under y^e side, in y^e head, (as I take it,) so he fell downe dead instantly. One of his fellows (that loved him well) could not hold, but with a muskett shot Hocking, who fell downe dead and never speake word. This was y^e truth of y^e thing."

Hocking's men returned to Dover, whence there soon went to Lord Say and Lord Brook a letter leaving out every circumstance except that the inoffensive Hocking had been killed in cold blood by men from Plymouth. Their Lordships in England were much offended until, as will later appear, they learned the whole story.

Meanwhile the news spread quickly and came to the Bay in a much distorted form. The Bay people, as always, were gloriously shocked with the misdeeds of others. The colonists at Plymouth, having all the facts, were "sadly affected with y^e thing." The conscience of the Bay

took upon that colony the customary duty of dealing with an affair which was none of their business—unless, indeed, England's reaction to the homicides might affect the homeland's attitude towards the colonial question in general.

So when, shortly afterwards, the Plymouth vessel had business at Boston and John Alden went thither, he was clapped into prison upon complaint of a kinsman of Hocking. Alden had been on the Kennebec, though not party to the trouble. This, to use Bradford's mild language, "was thought strang" at Plymouth.

Forthwith Captain Standish was sent to the Bay to give true information and procure Alden's release. His mission was partly successful. As appears from Governor Dudley's letter to Bradford, the Bay magistrates, conceiving that the Plymouth men had possibly acted within their rights, set Alden at liberty, but bound Standish to appear twelve days later with sworn copies of the patent and proofs of the provocation given by Hocking. Having thus maintained the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay to try men of another colony for acts committed far from the bounds of Massachusetts, Dudley absolved himself from all unkindness, wished recovery of health to Bradford, sent loving remembrances to Governor Prince, Winslow and Brewster, and added, "The Lorde keepe you all. Amen. Your very loving friend is our Lord Jesus, THO: DUDLEY."

Standish seems to have appeared in the Massachusetts Court in accordance with his bond and to have borne a letter from Governor Prince demanding the rights of his colony. Dudley was probably inclined to the Plymouth view, but the Court was seriously divided, and instead of pressing for a decision, he advised Bradford to wait, as "time cooleth distempers."

Perhaps not a little of the strained

relations between the two colonies grew from the incident of 1631, when a boat from the Bay traded for corn with the Indians on Cape Cod, which Plymouth viewed as her preserve. A Salem pinnace, going for the same purpose, was driven by storm into Plymouth, where the Governor forbade such trading, and said it would be opposed by force, "even to spending of their lives."

In Plymouth there was every disposition to view the Massachusetts attitude as "more then was mete," but "perswaded what was done was out of godly zeale, that religion might not suffer, nor sinne any way covered or borne with, especially y^e guilte of blood," they determined to meet their intrusive neighbors in a Christian spirit. So, in order to mollify them, they sought advice and direction from Winthrop and other reverend magistrates at Boston. Probably, also, they thought, as Dudley did, that troubles might come over in the next ship from England, and that a united front was desirable.

Winthrop suggested a sort of intercolonial court to include representatives from neighboring plantations, especially from Piscataqua and Massachusetts, with "full power to order & bind, &c.," providing that the liberties of no place be prejudiced; and, as "y^e preist lips must be consulted with," the ministers of every plantation should be present to give advice, in point of conscience. This seemed dangerous, but Plymouth, having the courage of a good conscience, invited Massachusetts, Salem and Piscataqua to attend at Boston, with any others they desired to bring.

As an intercolonial court, the meeting at Boston was a failure; only Plymouth and Boston answered the call. Nevertheless it was a satisfactory lovefeast for both parties. The Bay people were satisfied because they had an opportunity to assume a quasi-jurisdiction over the killings on the Kennebec; it gave their magistrates

and divines occasion to exercise their casuistical arts in a moot-court. Plymouth was satisfied because the conclusion reached was favorable to them. Both were satisfied with the complete agreement reached as to means for avoiding trouble with their common enemies in England.

From Plymouth came Bradford, Winslow and the Reverend Ralph Smith. They were met by Winthrop, the Reverend John Cotton and the Reverend John Wilson. First they sought the Lord. Then they discussed "some passages at which they had taken offence," but these were "soon cleared." Probably there was early agreement in the statement of Winthrop that the incident "had brought us all and the gospel under a common reproach of cutting one another's throats for beaver." In this Christian spirit they discussed the issues.

The first question was the right of the Pilgrims to hinder others from trading at the Kennebec. The patent clearly answered in the affirmative. But the joint-council did not stop at this point. Winthrop had some legal learning, and he now declared for the first time his theory of *vacuum domicilium*; the place had been found untenanted by Indians and held in possession divers years without interruption or claim of any of the natives; adverse claims of Englishmen like Morton could not impeach the rights of the first white occupants. A few years later Winthrop availed himself of the same principle in support of the claim of Massachusetts to the Hampton lands granted by the Indians (but not occupied by them) to Wheelwright. In course of time the maxim of *vacuum domicilium* became New England law.

But, granted the right, in point of conscience could Plymouth stand on it so far as to hazard any man's life in defence of it? This was the field of the ministers. Plymouth alleged

that their man had killed Hocking in defence of the second Pilgrim who was about to be shot, at the same time admitting a breach of the Sixth Commandment in not waiting to preserve their rights by other means than killing. They wished it had not been done; they would guard against it in future. Was it urged that the man who fired on Hocking from the pinnace "loved well" the man who had been murdered in the canoe? The record does not state. Throughout the discussion, only the highest grounds of morality seem to have been touched. Plymouth's frankness and forbearance were met by Massachusetts with "grave & godly exhortations.....which they allso imbraced with love & thankfulness And thus was this matter ended, and ther love and concord renewed."

Forty days later Bradford and Collier went to Boston by appointment to meet Captain Wiggin, Governor at Dover, about Hocking's death. Wiggin apparently did not appear. The manly advances of the Pilgrims seem never to have been met halfway by Piscataqua.

Edward Winslow was sent to England with letters from Winthrop and Dudley to Lord Say and others. These, with letters from Plymouth and the verbal explanations of Winslow, readily satisfied the English proprietors of Dover, who in October had written Winthrop that they had forborne sending a man-of-war to batter down the Kennebec trading house, hoping that the Bay people would join with Wiggin in seeing justice done. Winslow took over nearly four thousand pounds of beaver, besides other furs, so that Plymouth's season at the Kennebec had a rich reward.

Winslow tarried in England to perform other missions, one of which was the answer of complaints made at the Council Board against the conduct of affairs in New England, chiefly at the Bay. All was going

well, and Winslow seemed about to get authority for the colonies to resist encroachments of the French in Maine and of the Dutch on the Connecticut, when he found this ran counter to the plan of Archbishop Laud to send over Sir Ferdinando Gorges as Governor General of all New England.

At this point Morton of Merry-mount re-appeared. Himself the first poacher on the Kennebec patent, shortly after dispossessed of his plantation by Standish for other misdeeds, and finally banished by Massachusetts Bay and watching the firing of his buildings as he sailed down Boston Harbor on his way back to England, he was now only too pleased to whisper in the Archbishop's ear information which caused Laud to smile grimly.

On Winslow's next appearance before the Council, Morton made certain formal complaints. Winslow met them to the satisfaction of the Board, who rebuked Morton and blamed Gorges and Mason for countenancing him. Thus faded Gorges' dream to be Governor General. But Laud now played the trumps which Morton had dealt him. He questioned Winslow. Had he taught in the church publicly? Had he officiated at marriages? To both Winslow confessed, justifying the former by the want of a minister in the earlier days, and the latter by the fact that marriage was a civil thing belonging to the function of the magistrates and having scriptural countenance. The Archbishop, "by vemente importunity," induced the Board to commit Winslow. So for seventeen weeks the Puritan agent lay in the Fleet. Thereby the New Englanders lost their petition for leave to repulse foreign invasion, but the Puritans for a time postponed the sending of a Royal Governor.

And so the Pilgrims traded at the Kennebec, not forever after (that would be too much like the fairy

story) but until 1662, when trade fell off. By that time, however, the little colony planted on a rather unproductive shore had won a sound prosperity. The beaver had saved them. Meanwhile, in 1646, Father Drouillette came down from Canada and visited the station. John Winslow, then the agent, gave him hearty welcome and allowed him to plant a Jesuit mission for the Indians just above Cushnoc. Those who view the settlers of New England as consistently intolerant will note that the liberal course of John Winslow was approved generally by the clergy of the time.

One other incident, in 1639, also no part of our story, deserves mention for its antiquarian interest. It is one of those naive stories of Provi-

dential interposition which Winthrop loved to relate. The Indians on the Kennebec wanted food and were tempted by the great store at the trading house. They conspired to kill the English for their provisions. Coming into the house, they found the master, Mr. Willett. "Being reading in the Bible, his countenance," as Winthrop gravely records, "was more solemn than at other times, so as he did not look cherefully upon them, as he was wont to do; whereupon they went out and told their fellows, their purpose was discovered. They asked them, how could it be. The others told them, that they knew it by Mr. Willett's countenance, and that he had discovered it by a book that he was reading. Whereupon they gave over their design."

HOMESICK.

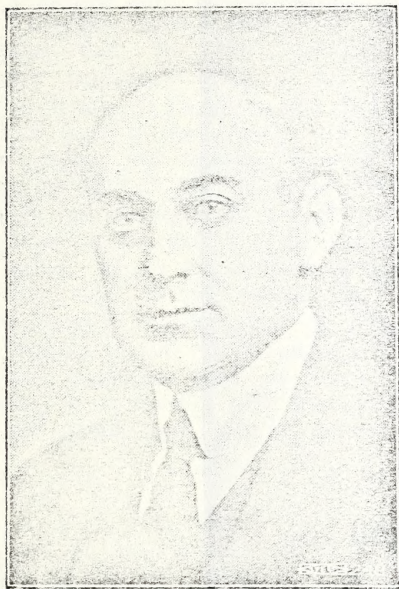
By Cora S. Day.

Through Indian Summer's smoky haze,
 Or Winter's veil of snow;
 In Summer's blazing heart of gold,
 When Spring's white blossoms blow.
 Though sunshine light the day for me,
 Or rain blot out the view;
 My dreaming heart is breaking, dear,
 For you, sweetheart, for you.

The South may call me to its arms,
 The West to venture high;
 The North may send its cooling breath
 I turn from them and sigh
 For dear New England's rocky hills,
 For steep paths that we knew.
 Dear, when I'm free, I'm coming back—
 Back home, sweetheart,—to you.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

There was a time, early in the history of New England, when men from Massachusetts played a large part in the history of New Hampshire; but ever since John Stark marched to Bunker Hill the shoe has been on the other foot. From Daniel Webster and Henry Wilson down to the present time the Granite State has been exporting brains to the Bay State, much to the benefit of the latter



CHANNING H. COX

commonwealth, whatever may be said as to our own.

Why we repeat here and now this widely known and often mentioned fact is because of the prominence being given at this time of writing to the candidacy of two men of New Hampshire birth for the most important offices to be filled by the voters of Massachusetts at the November election; Governor Channing H. Cox, Republican, for re-election, and Sherman L. Whipple, Democrat, for United States Senator.

Governor Cox was born in Man-

chester, Feb. 28, 1879, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn (Randall) Cox, and prepared in the public schools of that city for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1901, taking his LL. B. from Harvard Law School three years later. His career in the politics of his adopted state has been one of remarkably unbroken success and includes eight years in the legislature (three terms speaker of the House), two years as lieutenant governor and two years as governor. Ability and courage, tact and good fellowship have been equal components in his distinguished career, which has not yet reached its culmination. It is impossible for his friends and admirers in his native state to believe that his administrative economies, the excellence of his appointments and the general high standard of his service as Governor are not so well appreciated in Massachusetts as to make his renomination and re-election sure.

At our request, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, who of all New Hampshire men, perhaps, knows Mr. Whipple best and is in most thorough sympathy with his political principles, has written of him as follows:

"The recent announcement by Sherman L. Whipple, the eminent Boston lawyer, of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Massachusetts, to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, whose term expires on the 4th of March next, calls attention to another native of New Hampshire, conspicuous in the professional and public life of the old Bay State.

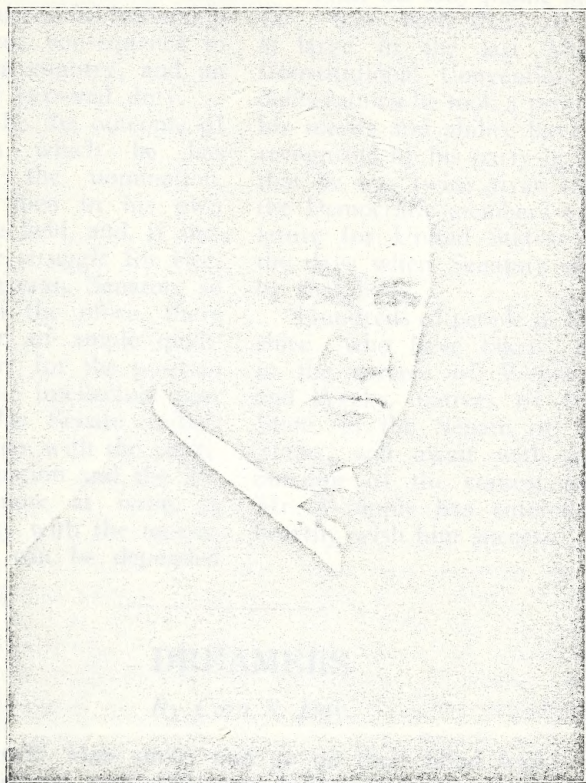
"Mr. Whipple, who was born in the town of New London, March 4, 1862, is a great grandson of Moses Whipple, one of the early settlers of the town of Croydon, long its foremost citizen, who commanded a com-

pany under Stark at Bennington. His father was Dr. Solomon M. Whipple, long a prominent physician of New London, who married Henrietta Kimball Hersey of Sanbornton.

"He fitted for college at Colby Academy, and graduated with high honor from Yale College in 1881, when 19 years of age, and from Yale

by able and experienced practitioners, he has made his way to the front, through patient and persevering effort, till he now holds first place among the successful lawyers of the New England Metropolis both as regards the extent of his practice and the measure of material returns.

"This success has been attained by



SHERMAN L. WHIPPLE

Law School in 1884, in which year he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Manchester. His ambition, however, sought a larger and more promising field, and he removed in the following year to Boston, where he has since been in practice, and where, though commencing as a young man among strangers, backed by no interests, and commanding the assistance of no powerful friends, with the field well occupied

untiring devotion to the demands of his profession. If, as has been said, 'The Law is a jealous Mistress,' it has found him a most loyal devotee. While keeping abreast with the times in his familiarity with the world's activities in all lines of human progress, and especially in the political field, and while devotedly attached to the principles of the Democratic party, in whose faith he was reared, he has given his undivided attention to the

work of his profession, in which he has ever found delight.

"In turning his attention now to the field of politics, after attaining the summit of professional success, Mr. Whipple is actuated by no personal ambition. He yields only to the persistent appeals of party leaders and discerning men who find in him the best hope for successful leadership in a contest of vast consequence to their party and the country, and an awakened sense of personal duty.

"Whatever may be the outcome of the contest upon which he has entered—first for the nomination, against prominent men in his own party already in the field, and, if successful here, in the struggle for election against the veteran Senator, so long entrenched in the office, there can be no question of ample qualifications on his part for the position he seeks. He is the intellectual peer of any man in the Senate today; is thoroughly familiar with the political history of the nation and the important questions now at issue, is heartily in sympathy with the masses of the people and can be depended

upon to work for their welfare, as against all special interests or combinations. The same keen insight, clear comprehension and forceful readiness in speech and action, which have characterized his career at the bar, will shortly make him a leader in the Senate, if elected thereto.

"While his only public service, thus far, has been that of a delegate at large in the last Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, in whose deliberations he took a prominent part, his merits and ability have been duly recognized by his party in the past, in that he was twice given the votes of the Democratic members of the legislature for United States Senator, in the days when Senators were chosen by that body.

"Hundreds of people in New Hampshire who have taken due pride in the careers of Webster, Wilson and Weeks, natives of the Granite State, in the Senate of the United States, will await with interest the outcome of the contest upon which Mr. Whipple has entered, and will heartily wish him success."

DREAMERS

By Cora S. Day.

"Dreamers!" Men smile, and go on their blind way.

All unseeing, unheeding, the beauty and song,
The visions that make, for the dreamers, good day;
That shine in the stars, for them, all the night long.

Dreams! Aye, the heaven and earth were but dreams,
Ere God fashioned them out of His heart and His mind.
The darkness that veils and the sunlight that gleams,
The earth and the waters, the breath of the wind.

Dreamers—ah yes. But their dreams are the thread
Of which all the beauty of living is spun.
Aye, dreams are their manna, their heavenly bread;
God gives them the dreams by which heaven is won.

BOOKS OF THE EDITORIAL

The spectacle afforded by the United States Senate in its protracted attempt at tariff legislation is not edifying or comforting or strengthening to one's faith in democratic institutions and representative government. Individual, sectional and occupational interests are fighting their own battles in the highest forum of American law-making and diligent perusal of the Congressional Record fails to disclose the slightest recognition in debates or votes of that which would be for the good of the nation as a whole.

If we are to have a tariff, it should be constructed on scientific principles by a competent commission giving its entire time to the work. The product of this commission should be accepted or rejected as a whole by Congress and the mad muddle of amendments in which the Senate is interminably floundering thus avoided. The commission should be a continuing body, a recognized department of the government, and at each session of Congress should propose such changes in the existing law as economic conditions in general, not in particular congressional districts, should demand.

If we are to have a tariff, we say again, let the law be drawn for the benefit of the national treasury and American industry as a whole, not because of especial consideration for this or that corporation or organization to which some Senator or Congressman owes his seat at Washington.

But let us turn from the weird mess at Washington to a brighter government picture here at home. At the end of the state fiscal year,

June 30, 1922, every New Hampshire state department and institution was within its appropriation for the twelve months. Not one "deficiency" shadowed the financial showing of the year to come. It has been some time since this state made so good a record, and while it may be too early to say that the tide really has turned and that there is a chance for a decrease in taxes, the evidence surely is ample that economy and efficiency are the vogue today among our officials. Governor Albert O. Brown has set the example from the day of his inauguration and, furthermore, he has given his personal attention to seeing that the standard he set up in this respect was adhered to by every person responsible for the expenditure of funds from the state treasury.

Now it has been shown that it can be done, it ought to be easier for future administrations to keep all the divisions of the state's activities, each ambitious for achievement and anxious for the development of its work, within the financial limits set by the wisdom of the legislative appropriations committees. Without exception, we believe, these departments are performing useful and valuable service, capable of beneficial expansion; but on the other hand the limit of wise taxation certainly has been reached, if not exceeded, and until new sources of revenue are tapped, progress of state work must be on intensive rather than extensive lines. Get the best budget we can find and then absolutely keep within it is the wise governmental policy for New Hampshire today and every day.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Franklyn Pierre Davis of Enid, Oklahoma, is the compiler of a new kind of anthology, one of newspaper verse. In 1921, he read 3,000 poems, published in the press of this country, while making his choices. Five per cent, 150, he deemed worthy of re-appearance in his book and of these it is interesting to note that 11 were first printed in the Boston Transcript which is second only to the New York Times, with 15, in this respect. Other New England papers honored are the Boston Post, Springfield Republican and Union, Brattleboro Reformer, Lewiston Journal and Sun. The only New Hampshire poet we note in the collection is Dr. Perry Marshall, native of Lempster; but several Granite Monthly contributors are included, Grace C. Howes, Lillian

Hall Crowley, John Kearns, and John R. Moreland.

The Stronger Light by Mary Gertrude Balch (The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, \$1.75) is an old-fashioned love story told in an old-fashioned way and none the less welcome on that account to at least one reviewer. The people in it are familiar types, most of whom we are glad to know. New England country life is contrasted with that of a large city, not at all to the disadvantage of the former. There is a happy and sensible ending of a not too tangled plot. "The Stronger Light" is not strong at all in the sense of being intense, but it is pleasant, soothing and good propaganda for the "stay on the farm" movement which rural New England needs so much.

OPULENCE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

The wealth of all the ages past is mine,
The moonlight, glinting on a silver lake,
The diamond stars' tiara,—who can take
From me these gifts,—my heritage divine?
Nor moth, nor rust, nor Time, that crafty thief
Can rob me, when the mountain shadows fall,
Of, deep in brake, the thrush's liquid call
Guarding her nest, concealed by jade-green leaf.

Mozart, Beethoven, on symphonic strings
That ancient orchestra, the tumbling sea
Is singing in my ear their melody!
(Or so run on my sweet imaginings.)
Yea, more than these, the Heart of Nature yields
Her whispered secrets here, upon the daisied fields!

THE HAMPSHIRE

By Mary E. Hough.

I love old Hampshire by the sea:
 Her ancient mother-towns
 Of Winchester and Portsmouth,
 Her sandy heaths and downs.—
 Her dimpled glades and valleys,
 Her smiling English leas,
 And rivers of historic sound
 Like Avon and the Tees.

She hath her woods of aged oaks
 Hung with the mistletoe,
 And ivied castle-ruins
 Where yew and holly grow.
 She claims the Conqueror William,
 And on the breeze is borne
 Across the distant centuries
 A sound of hunter's horn.

Oh, I love ancient Hampshire
 Bleached by the salt-sea gales,
 But best of all to me the port
 From which my good ship sails—
 Sails back across the ocean
 Toward my sturdy Granite-State,
 New Hampshire of the hill-side homes
 Where blessed friendships wait.

She hath no moors of heather
 Nor wreathed fields of hops,
 But she hath slopes of ribboned corn
 And laureled mountain-tops;
 Pastures asway with golden-rod,
 Asters, and meadow-sweet—
 Out to the grassy road-side
 Leads every city street.

New Hampshire's merry rivers
 Hint not of Shakespeare's fame,
 But they are Laughing-waters
 With poetry in each name.
 Her great primeval forests
 The pioneer has trod—
 Cathedrals made by nature's hand
 Where men may talk with God.

Oh, her seashore is not down-land,
 She knows no English lea;
 But all her land is home-land,
 Is home-land to me.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WILLIAM W. FLANDERS.

William W. Flanders, member of the New Hampshire State Senate of 1921, died at his home in North Weare, June 17. He was born in that town 54 years ago and from the age of 19 was engaged in the wood turning business in which he was highly successful. He was a leader in the power development of the Piscataquog river. His service in the senate was preceded by a term in the house of representatives in 1919. Senator Flanders was a member of the Masons, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows and Rebekahs. He also was a member of the New England Fox Hunters' association, that sport being his favorite recreation. Mr. Flanders is survived by his wife, who was Mabel A. Thurston of Weare, and three children, Theodore, Russell and Isadore, and two grandchildren.

THOMAS ENTWISTLE.

Thomas Entwistle, born in Hyde, Cheshire County, England, died in Portsmouth, June 25. Coming to this country with his parents as a child, he worked as a bobbin boy in the Kearsarge Mills at Portsmouth until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted on June 21, 1861, in Company D, Third Regiment, N. H. V., and served until his honorable discharge August 2, 1865. He was twice wounded, spent nine months in Andersonville prison and, making his escape from a prison train, had a thrilling journey of 21 days back to the Union lines. After the war Mr. Entwistle was at various times employed on the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, was at one time deputy United States marshal and for a quarter of a century served as city marshal of Portsmouth. A Republican in politics, Mr. Entwistle was elected in succession selectman, councilman and alderman of his city, several times representative in the legislature, thrice state senator and member of the executive council of Governor Robert P. Bass. He was a member of the Episcopal church, of the G. A. R., Masons and I. O. O. F. Two daughters, Mrs. Walter T. Richards and Miss Maude I. Entwistle, and one son, William T. survive him.

MRS. MARY R. PIKE.

Mrs. Mary R. Pike, at the time of her death the oldest person in New Hampshire, if not in New England, was born in Newfields, Sept. 11, 1815, and died there May 16. She was the eighth of the 12

children of Rev. John and Mary (Dodge) Brodhead and was the widow of Rev. James Pike, both her father and husband having been members of Congress as well as prominent clergymen. Her grandfather, Captain Luke Brodhead, served on the staff of Lafayette. She was a member of the Methodist church for 94 years and of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Pike was a remarkable woman. She had a keen mind and retentive memory and to the last retained her interest in current events. She kept herself informed on the progress of the World War, subscribed to all Government loans, and was the first person in Newfields to respond to the Methodist drive.

FRANK G. WILKINS.

Frank G. Wilkins, president of the Washington (D. C.) Market Company, who died in that city last month, was born in Warner, June 17, 1856. Left an orphan at an early age, he became the ward of Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway and accompanied him to Dakota upon his appointment as governor of that territory. There Mr. Wilkins was admitted to the bar, but from 1886 was associated with the Washington Market, in which Governor Ordway and the late Senator William E. Chandler were largely interested. Beside being president of the Washington Market Company and the Terminal Cold Storage Company, Mr. Wilkins was a director in the Second National Bank, National City Dairy Company, and Congressional Hotel Company, and a member of the Washington Stock Exchange, Washington Chamber of Commerce, United States Chamber of Commerce, and the Washington City Club. In 1887 Mr. Wilkins married Florence N. Ordway, who died in 1897. Of four children born the only survivor is Miss Nancy Sibley Wilkins. In 1909 Mr. Wilkins married Elizabeth M. Howell who survives him.

ADMIRAL J. G. AYERS.

Rear Admiral Joseph Gerrish Ayers, Medical Corps, U. S. N., retired, died at Montclair, N. J., March 21. He was born in Canterbury, November 3, 1839, the son of Charles H. and Almira S. (Gerrish) Ayers, and was educated at the University of Vermont and Columbia University. He served in the 15th N. H. Vols. as second and first lieutenant, 1862-3, and was appointed acting assistant surgeon, United

States Navy, December 17, 1864. He was retired November 3, 1901, with the rank of rear admiral, having served as fleet surgeon on the Asiatic station, 1895-7. He had charge of the first botanical expedition of the United States government to the

jungles of South Africa and was also at one time in charge of the naval laboratory in New York City. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Joseph G. Ayers, Jr., of Montclair, and Charles A. Ayers of Paris.

EVENTIDE

By Edward H. Richards.

The glowing sunset in the west,
That fills our hearts with silent joy,
Proclaims this day has been its best
And spreads its gold without alloy.

So we who toil and keep the right,
Forgetting much of yesterday.
May beautify on-coming night
By having done our best to-day.

WATER LILIES

By Helen Frazee-Bower.

White stars leaned from heaven's gate
When the sun was low,
Sought their image early, late,
In a lake below.

Water lilies tremble, sigh,
When new sunbeams wake:
White stars that forever lie
Captive in a lake.

CELIA THAXTER

Born June 1835; Died August 1894.

By Reingold Kent Marvin.

A sandpiper, grown tired of the sand,
Had faith to take the challenge of the sea
And made swift flight to far gray islands free
From dreary customs of the ancient land.
Then other songsters came, a daring band,
Attracted to the sandpiper's strange nest;
The ocean found an echo in her breast,
Her tender music those lone islands spanned.
One summer morn the sandpiper was still,
No plaintive tones cried out to greet the sea,
The listening song birds heard her voice no more,
Sunshine itself was touched with sudden chill,
The wild rose gave no honey to the bee,—
Fled was the Laureate of Appledore.

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SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 9

The
Granite Monthly

Newberry Library Jan 23

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

BEAUTIFUL NEW HAMPSHIRE

By A. H. Beardsley

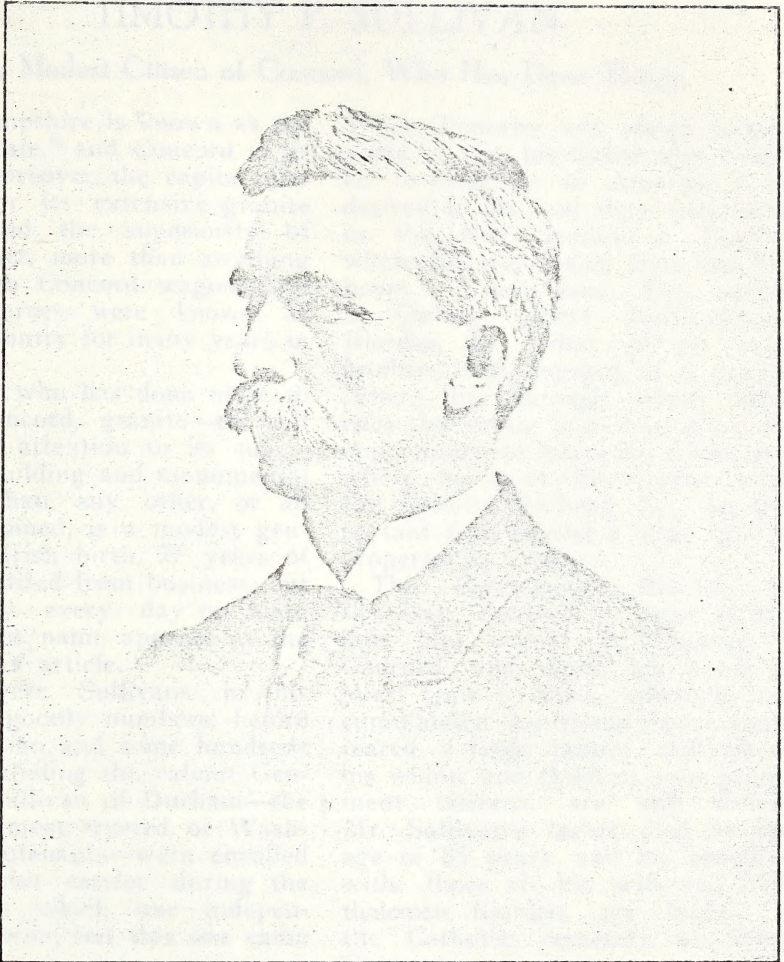
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CONCORD, N. H.

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TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

New Hampshire is known as the Granite State, and its capital, Concord, is noted for its granite quarries. The granite is quarried in the White Mountains, and the granite is used for building and for other purposes. The granite is quarried in the White Mountains, and the granite is used for building and for other purposes.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

A Modest Citizen of Concord, Who Has Done Things

New Hampshire is known as the "Granite State," and Concord is its capital. Moreover the capital city is noted for its extensive granite quarries and the superiority of their product, more than anything else; though Concord wagons and Concord harness were known all over the country for many years in the past.

The man who has done more to exploit Concord granite—to call the world's attention to its superiority for building and monumental purposes—than any other, or all others combined, is a modest gentleman of Irish birth, 77 years of age, now retired from business, but seen nearly every day on Main street, whose name appears at the head of this article.

There were Sullivans in this country in goodly numbers, before the Revolution and some hundreds of them, including the valiant General John Sullivan of Durham—the ablest and most trusted of Washington's lieutenants—were enrolled in the patriot service during the struggle in which our independence was won, but this one came later.

Timothy P. Sullivan was born at Millstreet, Cork County, Ireland, December 16, 1844, son of Patrick and Mary (Moynihan) Sullivan. His mother died while he was very young, and some years later his father married a widow, named Riordan, who had four sons in the United States, with the last of whom she came to this country.

When Timothy was about sixteen years of age, his father also decided to emigrate to America, if he desired to go, and they were soon on the way, landing at Boston, where his stepmother then had her home. A year later they settled at Quincy, where Bartholomew Riordan, the eldest of his step-brothers, was engaged as a granite cutter, and through whose influence the young man was given an opportunity to learn the trade, and where he spent three years with the Granite Railway Co., an important firm having a large quarry property in Concord.

This Bartholomew Riordan, by the way, married a sister of the late Maj. Daniel B. Donovan of Concord, and made his home at West Quincy, Mass., where he accumulated a handsome property and reared a large family, and where his widow and children, now prominent citizens, are still living. Mr. Sullivan's father died at the age of 85 years, and his remains, with those of his wife and Bartholomew Riordan, are buried in the Catholic cemetery at West Quincy.

After his three years of service at Quincy, Mr. Sullivan came to Concord in the employ of the same firm. His health was not very strong and the work was easier here. He commenced on plain work, the young cutters never being assigned to ornamental work. Feeling that if he had the opportunity he could soon learn the carver's

art, he went one day to the office of the superintendent—Mr. George Sargent—and asked him to be allowed to try his hand at carving, saying that if his work proved to be of no value he would charge nothing for it, he would pay for tools and stone used. Mr. Sargent kindly consented, put him into the carvers' shed, gave him a good sized stone, and told him if he desired any information or advice at any time, he being a carver himself, would gladly give it. He went at the work and completed in sixteen days, a job that would have taken one of the old carvers a longer time to do. He did little plain work after that. He soon received an offer of employment with the Concord Granite Co., from Supt. Horace Johnson, which he accepted and did carving and other difficult work for that company. While there engaged Mr. David Blanchard, owner of a large quarry and cutting sheds at West Concord, came to the Concord Co.'s sheds, and inquired of some of the older cutters whom he knew, who among all the men was a cutter whom they could recommend to him to take charge of the thirty-five or forty cutters whom he employed, the man whom he then had in charge proving unsatisfactory. All joined in recommending Mr. Sullivan, who was soon after sent for and engaged by Mr. Blanchard. He did not make the change for increase of pay, merely, but because of the opportunity to learn how to handle men, and the business end of the granite trade. He spent three years with Mr. Blanchard, and then formed a partnership with Mr. Simeon Sargent, in the granite business, under the firm name of Sargent & Sullivan. They sent out their cards through the country, and their first order for a monument came from John Noble of Stuebenville, O. They started in a small shed near the Claremont R.

R., not far from Ferry St., and soon had twelve men at work. Soon after they built a shed where the New England sheds were later located, made farther additions and set up a large derrick, so that they were able to handle 40 or 50 cutters. Their granite, in the rough, came from the quarry of Fuller, Pressey Co. They soon bought Mr. Pressey's interest and the quarry company became known as the Henry Fuller Co., Sargent & Sullivan being half owners.

When the erection of the U. S. Government building in Concord, for the accommodation of the Post Office Federal Courts and Pension Office, was determined upon, and the general contractors—Mead, Mason & Co.—called for bids for the granite for the same, the firm put in its bid, which was found lower than any other. No move being made to award the contract, complaint was finally made to Washington. An agent of the Treasury Department soon came to town, and after due investigation the general contractors were ordered to award the contract to this company. They soon appeared with a contract that called for a \$50,000 bond. This was promptly furnished, however, and the stone for the building came from the Fuller Company's quarry. The building, when completed, was pronounced the finest granite building in the country, and is even now generally so regarded. Mr. Fuller's interest was soon bought by Sargent & Sullivan, who then became sole owners. The granite from this quarry was considered the best in the city, and monuments made from it thirty-five years ago, are bright and clean to-day. The firm furnished the granite for the new Concord Railroad station, for the contractors—Head & Dowst.

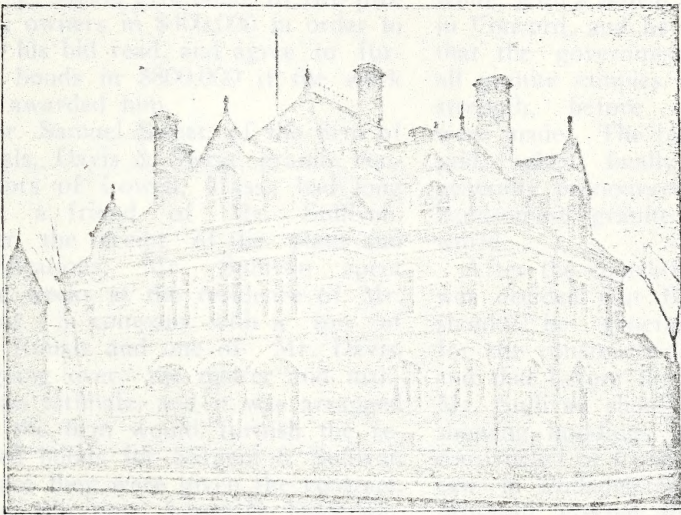
Mr. Dowst liked the work for the Concord depot so well that he told Mr. Sullivan if his firm would not give a bid to any other contractors.

Head & Dowst, who were bidding for the new government building in Manchester, would take no bids for the stone from any other granite firms, and there is good reason for the belief that Head & Dowst really secured the contract, as they finally did, on account of the fine appearance of the Concord government building.

The Sargent & Sullivan firm were sending monuments and other work to all parts of the country, as well as granite in the rough state, and soon found it advisable to add

superior quality and the supply abundant for all purposes, prepared a good sized sample, showing the different classes of cutting as well as the rock face and forwarded the same, Mr Sullivan himself soon after following the sample to Washington, determined to secure the contract if possible.

It has been since asserted that New Hampshire statesmen in Washington who had secured the Library contract for their state, were bound to get everything possible for New Hampshire. The simple truth is, however, that no particle of assist-



FEDERAL BUILDING, CONCORD

another quarry to their property. This quarry had been owned by a Quincy firm, which had got into financial difficulties, and was heavily mortgaged to Boston parties, whose interest was purchased, and after the necessary legal procedure, the entire property was owned by Sargent & Sullivan.

When plans were accepted by the Government for the Congressional Library building in Washington, samples of granite from all quarries in the country were called for, to be sent to Washington. Sargent & Sullivan, knowing their granite to be of

ance was rendered Mr. Sullivan by any member of the N. H. Congressional delegation, one of whom merely asked him if he had any conception of the magnitude of the work called for in the building! Maine parties up to that time had done most of the granite work for the government, and it was taken for granted that an unknown man from New Hampshire would stand little or no chance of success and he was accordingly left to "go it alone." He made his way, however, to the office of the chief architect, informed him whom he was, told him he had sent

in a sample of granite and asked to see his plans. He was courteously treated, shown the plans, and, accompanied by the architect, examined all the samples that had been sent in. The examination convinced him that his Concord granite was the finest in color and in strength of material among the entire lot.

When bids were finally called for on the work, Sargent & Sullivan sent for a set of plans and specifications. The stipulations concerning bonds were such as to preclude bidding by many firms. It was provided that the bidder should own the quarry; should give bonds of two property owners in \$400,000 in order to have his bid read, and agree to furnish bonds in \$800,000 if the work was awarded him.

Mr. Samuel Sweat, of the firm of Runals, Davis & Sweat, granite contractors of Lowell, Mass., had long been a friend of Mr. Sullivan. After the receipt of the plans and specifications, Mr. Sullivan spent three weeks at the residence of Mr. Sweat, in company with a son of Mr. Runals and one of Mr. Davis, in going over the matter and making an estimate, and it was arranged that the firm would furnish the required bonds for Sargent & Sullivan in case they were given the contract. About this time, James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn., president of the New England Granite Co., at Westerly, R. I., for whom Sargent & Sullivan had furnished a large amount of granite, having seen the specifications, sent for Mr. Sullivan, for a conference. He said that he was satisfied the granite called for was Concord granite, and it was arranged that Sargent & Sullivan should give Mr. Batterson a lease of one of their quarries, in order that he might be qualified to bid. The Lowell firm proposed to put in a bid, on the Fuller quarry granite, but on advice of Mr. Batterson, who said there would be work enough for all if

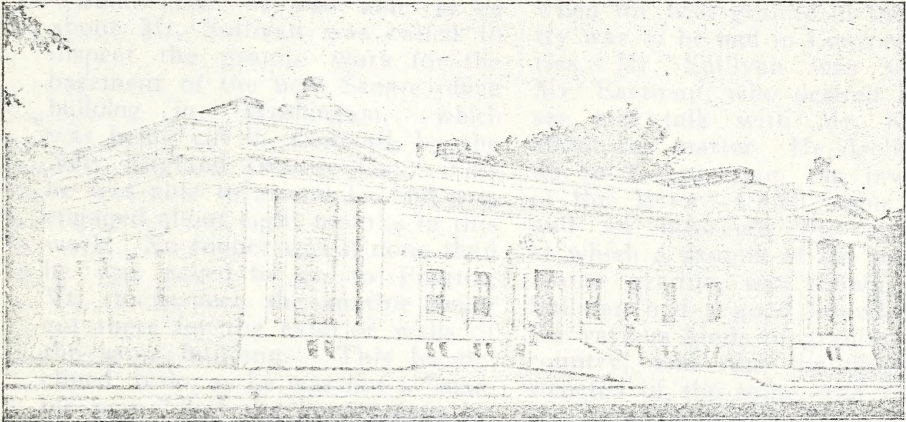
he got the contract, and that if two bids went in, both for Sargent & Sullivan granite, neither might be considered, they decided not to do so.

After the bids were all in and considered, it was announced by Chief Engineer, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Casey of the U. S. Army, who was authorized to erect the building, at an expense of \$6,500,000, that the contract for the granite was awarded to James G. Batterson, the stone to come from the quarries of Sargent & Sullivan of Concord, N. H. Mr. Sullivan states that there is no quarry of any size in the country whose granite is white, with a bluish cast, except those in Concord, and he is of the opinion that the government made tests of all granite samples, as to color and strength, before the specifications were made. The building, it may be said, when finally completed, was generally pronounced the largest and handsomest granite building in the world.

After the contract was awarded, it was decided that Bernard R. Green should be general superintendent for the construction of the building, and that before the work was begun Mr. Sullivan should travel with him showing buildings in different cities constructed of Concord granite. They saw in Philadelphia, the permanent Museum, erected for the Centennial Exposition from Concord stone; also several buildings in New York; then went to Providence, R. I., and inspected the new City Hall, two fronts of which were of Westerly granite, and two others, as well as all the columns, of Concord. They then came to Boston, and to Portsmouth, N. H., where the Custom House, built in 1855, and still a handsome building, is of the same stone, as is that at Portland, Me., which they also inspected. Coming up to Manchester they saw there the new U. S. Post Office building, the stone for which, as has heretofore been said, was from Sargent & Sul-

livan's quarry; also the Soldier's Monument on Merrimack Common, also made of the same stone, the coloring of which Mr. Green greatly admired. Coming finally to Concord, the appearance of the old State House, also made of Concord granite, gave Mr. Sullivan some worry; but he explained that the house was built in 1816, before the quarries were really opened, and there were no skilled cutters; but the columns and corners, still of fine appearance, were cut in 1864, and Mr. Green said he had never seen any columns of their age that looked so well. They then went to the rear of the State

cutting plant was constructed, at a cost of over \$75,000. Quarrymen and cutters came in rapidly and within eighteen months more than 450 men were at work on the job. It was up to Mr. Sullivan to make the enterprise pay, and he was kept exceedingly busy, day and night, between the quarries and sheds, till he finally became ill with a heart trouble, and had to give up work. He resigned and went abroad, spending nearly three months in travel through Ireland and England, and returned to Concord entirely cured. He consulted Dr. Walker as to what his illness had been and was told that his



HOME OF N. H. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, CONCORD.

House, and, leaning against the wall, gazed for some time at the new Government building. Finally Mr. Green said it was the finest granite building he had ever seen, and, if there had ever been any doubt, it settled the question of the material for the Congressional library.

When Mr. Batterson had secured his contract and perfected his plans, he proposed to buy the entire property—quarries and cutting sheds—of Sargent & Sullivan. They fixed their price, he accepted the same, and the transfer was made. He then engaged Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work, as general superintendent. A new

trouble had been acute dyspepsia, brought on by anxiety, and that he would not have lived three months if he had continued his work.

Some time after his return Mr. Sullivan met Senator Chandler on the street, who informed him that he had secured an appropriation for a granite dry dock at Portsmouth, and desired him to go down there as an inspector, and see that the government got what it was entitled to. Mr. Sullivan did not care for the job, but the Senator insisted, and he finally consented to go. A civil service examination had been ordered—the first ever held at Portsmouth. It was said

the examination was ordered for the purpose of shutting Mr. Sullivan out; but although there were seven competitors he was the successful man and got the job. His work was simply on the cut granite, and had nothing to do with the masonry. The dock was completed in about three years and a half, when he desired to go home, but was persuaded to remain and act as a general inspector at the yard, looking after all building operations, which he did for a year and a half longer, when he had to resign on account of sciatic rheumatism, and return home where he spent three months in bed.

Soon after he was able to be about Mr. Sullivan was called to inspect the granite work for the basement of the new Senate office building in Washington, which was being cut in Concord, by the New England Granite Co. This he was able to attend to, and was engaged about eight months in this work. No sooner was it done than he was asked to go to Proctor, Vt., to inspect the marble being cut there for the exterior walls of the same building. This he declined to do, as he was not a "marble man;" but the government insisted, and he finally went. During the first six months a large amount of stone was condemned, and an engineer came on from Washington to advise him what stone he should not condemn; but Mr. Sullivan said if he did not know what cracked marble was he should never have accepted the position, and informed the company that he would not condemn a stone that was up to the specifications, and if they sent one that he had condemned and the government accepted it, he would not remain 48 hours. Not long before the work was completed Fletcher Proctor, governor of Vermont, and son of the Senator, thanked Mr.

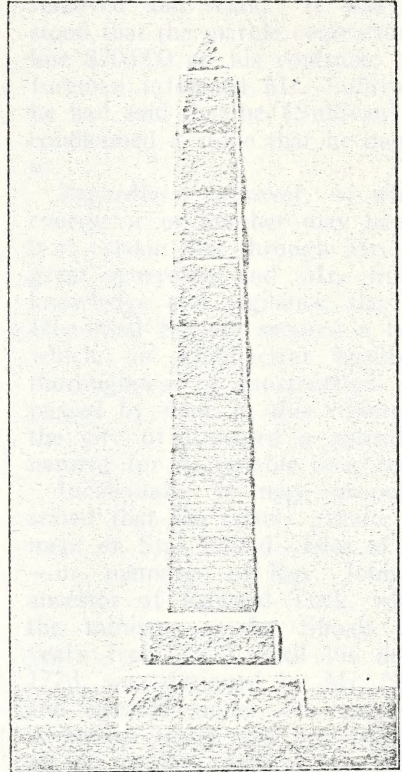
Sullivan for his careful inspection, as it had insured for them the credit of having provided the finest marble building in the United States. Soon after his return from Vermont, Mr. Sullivan heard of the proposed gift of a fine new building to the N. H. Historical Society, by Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris, the same to be of granite, and the report was that a Maine granite was to be used. The building committee consisted of Messrs. B. A. Kimball, S. C. Eastman and H. W. Stevens, and it appeared that Eastman and Stevens disliked the idea of using Maine granite for a historical building in Concord, when the best granite in the country was to be had in Concord quarries. Mr. Sullivan was seen by Mr. Eastman, who desired him to see and talk with Mr. Kimball about the matter. He declined to do so except upon the invitation of the latter, which soon came, and an interview was arranged, at which a sample of the proposed Maine granite was shown. Mr. Sullivan had a good knowledge of the various kinds of granite in the country, and the buildings constructed of the same, and referred Mr. Kimball to a building in New York, built of this particular granite, which had become discolored and unattractive in a few years. Mr. Kimball immediately started for New York to see the building. He soon returned, evidently much disgusted, and thoroughly displeased with the Maine people, who had recommended the granite in question. The committee met after Mr. Kimball's return, when he informed them of the result of the trip, and his conclusions, and it was determined to use Concord granite for the building.

The Committee then desired Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work of construction, which he was loath to do, in view of his past experience

in making contractors live up to the terms of their contract; but, finally, having heard that Mr. Tuck had said that if the building was not as good as any in the country, it would be the fault of those in charge, and knowing that none of the committee had experience in such work, and that the city would not have much to boast of in the building if the work was not properly supervised, he consented to take charge. He was asked what would be his charge for service. Knowing that Mr. Tuck was giving the building outright and that the committee were getting no pay for time spent, he did not feel like asking a high price for his own services, and fixed the same at the modest figure of \$5.00 per day, which was agreed upon, yet in the end, taking into account all the extra time put in, nights and Sundays, what he received did not average \$3.50 per day. It should also be stated that before he had been at work a month, the engineer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard spent half a day endeavoring to induce him to leave the job and go with him to New York at \$14.00 per day, with two days off each fortnight for a visit home; but he firmly declined the offer, and stood by his agreement with the committee and Mr. Tuck, notwithstanding the magnitude of the sacrifice, believing it his duty to do so.

Some desirable changes in the specifications were effected, at Mr. Sullivan's suggestion. The handsome and appropriate curbing around the lot on which the building stands, is of his design. He is also responsible for the beautiful and elaborate group of statuary over the main entrance. On a visit to the architect's office he was shown a design of the State seal, with a naked boy on each side, each resting an arm on the top of the seal, the same being intended to go over the entrance. He regarded such design as unfitting, and finally, at the request of Mr. Tuck, this item was taken out

of the contract, and Daniel Chester French, the eminent New York sculptor, a native of New Hampshire and a relative of Mr. Tuck, was engaged to model and execute a suitable piece to crown the entrance, the result being the finest piece of statuary in a single stone to be found in the country.



TUCK MONUMENT,
ISLES OF SHOALS.

The red panels between the columns at the ends of the building, as originally designed and inserted, were of German marble, so called, with nineteen pieces in each panel, no two of which looked alike. Their appearance was unsatisfactory to all who saw them, and particularly so to Mrs. Edward Tuck. Finally Mr. Sullivan sent a sample of the red granite to Mr. Tuck, which he pro-

posed should be substituted for the original panel, and the latter soon telegraphed an order to have the change made, and the order was carried out. The new panels are in five pieces each, and the granite from which they are made came from a quarry in New Lyme, Conn.

The same firm having the contract for the Historical building were the contractors for the State House addition, and the work on the former was greatly delayed while the latter was being pushed. Mr. Tuck finally became anxious about the completion of the building, the work being some fifteen months behind time, and sent word that he was coming to see about it. Mr. Kimball then wanted Mr. Sullivan to "rush" the work, but was told that it could not be rushed, and have the building what it should be. He made some arrangements with the contractors, however, whereby the work was speeded up. Mr. Sullivan soon found the specifications were being ignored in laying the tile flooring, the loose dirt not having been removed before the cement was laid, and the tile becoming loose soon after being put down, so that most of them were condemned by him almost immediately, a cross being marked on each tile, with a black crayon pencil. The young architect, who came up every week, saw these marks, but said nothing and when the work of tiling was finished he condemned but fifteen out of the entire lot. As soon as he was through Mr. Sullivan telephoned Mr. Kimball that he would resign in 48 hours if this trashy work was to be accepted and leave him and the architect to face Mr. Tuck and the Concord public as sponsors for such imperfect work. Evidently disturbed, Mr. Kimball seems to have lost no time in summoning the architect, who came up from Boston at night, so as to arrive before the 48 hours' notice given by Mr. Sullivan had expired.

He met the contractors and directed them to remove all the tile that Mr. Sullivan had condemned. The fifteen that the architect had condemned, the contractors should pay for—all the rest Mr. Kimball was to pay for. Ten marble setters were brought on from Buffalo to carry out this order. In one room alone—the lecture room—1200 tile were removed and relaid. It was understood that the marble contractor alone lost \$20,000 on his contract; but his foreman informed Mr. Sullivan that he had said that he (Sullivan) never condemned a stone that he ought not to.

Regardless, however, of what one contractor or another may have lost, it is certain that through Mr. Tuck's great generosity and Mr. Sullivan's knowledge and vigilance, the N. H. Historical Society secured a building which, in architectural beauty and thoroughness of construction, is surpassed by none in this country, and the city of Concord a splendid ornament for its notable civic center.

Incidentally it may properly be stated that the stately granite monument on Star Island—Isles of Shoals—in memory of Rev. John Tuck, ancestor of Edward Tuck, who was the minister at the Shoals for 41 years from 1732 until his death in 1773, was designed by Mr. Sullivan and erected under his supervision. A bronze tablet had previously been set up, to his memory, located 100 feet away from the place of burial, which erroneously stated that "beneath this stone lies the body of Rev. John Tuck," etc. The N. H. Historical Society had been asked to dedicate this tablet and had declined. Mr. Tuck naturally desired to know the reason for the refusal, and Mr. Sullivan was delegated to make an investigation and report. This he did, submitting with his report a recommendation that a granite obelisk be erected on the site of the grave, as large as could be landed on

the small wharf at the island. Mr. Sullivan was instructed to carry out this plan and immediately proceeded to do so. The material is Rockport granite, from the Pigeon Hill Granite Co. The base is ten feet square and three feet six inches high; the second base is eight feet square and the obelisk itself is five feet square, the entire height being about forty feet. The inscription upon the original slab, over the grave, was cut in square sunk letters on the obelisk, which can be read in the sunlight 100 feet away. The remains of Mr. Tuck, taken from the grave, were placed in a sealed box in the cement foundation, and over the box was placed the brown stone slab with its original inscription. This monument was subsequently appropriately dedicated by the N. H. Historical Society. It is a notable landmark and is readily discerned for a distance of fifteen miles out at sea.

Mr. Sullivan is a Republican in political affiliation, but has never been actively engaged in politics. He was elected alderman from Ward 4, however, in 1892 and served two years under Mayor P. B. Cogswell, by whom he was appointed chairman of the committee on Fire Department. The department was then in a badly disorganized condition. Through Mr. Sullivan's influence, a thorough re-organization was effected. The number of call firemen was decreased, the permanent force materially enlarged, and W. C. Green made Chief Engineer, whose efficient service has continued to the present time. Another important ordinance adopted by the City government at this time which Mr. Sullivan was instrumental in carrying through, was that of establishing the office of City Engineer, to which the late Will B. Howe was appointed, and in which he served with great acceptance, up to the time of his death last spring.

In the fall of 1896 Mr. Sullivan was urged by some of his friends to be a candidate for representative in the legislature from Ward 4. He hesitated about complying, as he was not a public speaker, and did not consider himself qualified for the position. His friends were persistent, however, and he finally consented to run, but, as it turned out, was actively opposed by the two Republican leaders who usually dominated the party in the ward, who even went so far as to hire a man to go among the stone cutters in the ward, who were mostly Englishmen from Cornwall, and work against him, thinking they could readily be induced to vote against a man of his name and race. They were disappointed, however, as most of these men had worked either with or for Mr. Sullivan and held him in high regard. The result in the nominating caucus, which was the largest that had ever been held in the ward, was a sweeping victory for Mr. Sullivan, who was nominated by a large majority and elected at the polls in November.

Taking his seat in the House, upon the organization of the legislature he was named by the Speaker as a member of the Committee on Asylum for the Insane as the State Hospital was then called. As a member of this Committee he was instrumental in effecting a thorough investigation of affairs at the Merrimack County farm, with special reference to the treatment of the insane poor. A most deplorable condition of things was unearthed which resulted in the reform of practices then existing and also in the introduction of a measure in the House providing for the removal of the pauper insane from the County farms to the State Hospital. This measure passed the House, but was held up in the Senate for the time, from lack of means to provide the necessary accommodations at the hospital. At a subsequent session, however, it was en-

acted, and resulted in carrying out one of the most beneficent reforms ever effected in the State, for which more than any other man, Mr. Sullivan is to be credited.

Mr. Sullivan was united in marriage, October 12, 1871, with Elizabeth Kirby. They had six children, two of whom died in infancy. The survivors are Mary E., born July 24, 1872; Elizabeth M., March 13, 1875; Patrick L., December 2, 1878, and Agnes V., Oct. 17, 1880. All are graduates of the Concord High School. Mary E. is now a Sister of Mercy in Mt. St. Mary's Academy, Hooksett; Agnes V., is a kindergarten teacher in Concord, and Elizabeth is at home in Concord.

Aside from his important work in connection with the granite industry, and his public service, to which reference has been made, Mr. Sullivan has been a most useful citizen, and has contributed in many ways to the promotion of the public welfare. Among the other things which he has done, contributing materially to the general good, is the erection by him, some years ago, of ten tenements on Beacon St., for general occupancy, all of which he still owns. If other men who have the means would follow his example in this regard, the "housing problem" in Concord, about which so much is now heard, would be far less troublesome.

SUNAPEE LAKE

By Mary E. Partridge

Of thee, the fairest of New Hampshire lakes,
So softly cradled in your resting place,
Sweet memories are with us, who have seen
The sunshine, and the shadow on thy face.

The dainty curve of inlets, wooded isles,
The gently sloping hillsides in our sight,
The Mountain gleaming through the morning fog,
The falling mist, calm herald of the night.

The summer cottage nestled in the green,
The sailboat tacking in the morning light,
The sturdy little steamers on their course,
All these unite to make the picture bright.

Not here are dashing waves or towering peaks,
Not here the busy whirl of social care,
But quiet moonbeams stilling heart and voice,
Repose is brought us in the very air.

So could I chant your praise in many lines,
For dear your sunny waves and coves to me,
I love you, though I leave you for a while,
Fate grant we meet again, Fair Sunapee.

THE PICTORIAL WEALTH OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

A. H. Beardsley.

At the outset, let me say that neither pen, brush nor camera can do full justice to the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. It has been my privilege to spend a number of years in Europe and to visit many parts of the United States. I mention this merely that the reader may not assume that the following paragraphs are written without due consideration of the beauty and attractiveness of natural grandeur in other parts of the world. In coming to New Hampshire, I came for health—for that panacea that only nature can give and to learn to love more deeply than ever before the fundamental truths that lie imbedded in the very granite boulders of this Granite State. I say it gladly and gratefully that New Hampshire, with its natural beauty and its kindly people, has taught me truths that are as imperishable as its mountains and as healing as the word of Him who said to the two blind men, "according to your faith be it unto you," and their eyes were opened.

In connection with the subject of this article, I am reminded of a little story which might apply to some good people in New Hampshire. It seems that a great lover of flowers lived in a little cottage and his delight was to grow rare and beautiful specimens from every part of the world. Finally, his collection grew until he needed but one exquisite flower to complete it. The more he thought of how happy he would be, if he could find this one missing flower, the more firmly he determined to find it. So he closed his little cottage and started out to find the lone flower that he needed to complete his collection. He journeyed for days, weeks and months; but the little

flower that he sought could nowhere be found. At length, worn out, discouraged and bitterly disappointed he retraced his steps, and, eventually, stood again before the cottage that he had left many months ago. As he slowly approached the door, his tired eyes wandered over the flowers he loved and how he longed to add that one beautiful blossom to make his garden complete. Suddenly his eyes caught the flash of a sunbeam on an unfamiliar petal. He knelt down to examine it more closely and to his amazement and great joy, it proved to be the long-sought flower. There it was and there it had been all along—right in his own garden! He had not seen it or even thought to look for it so close at hand. He had assumed that he must travel afar to obtain a flower of such rare beauty. Is not this story paralleled in many human experiences?

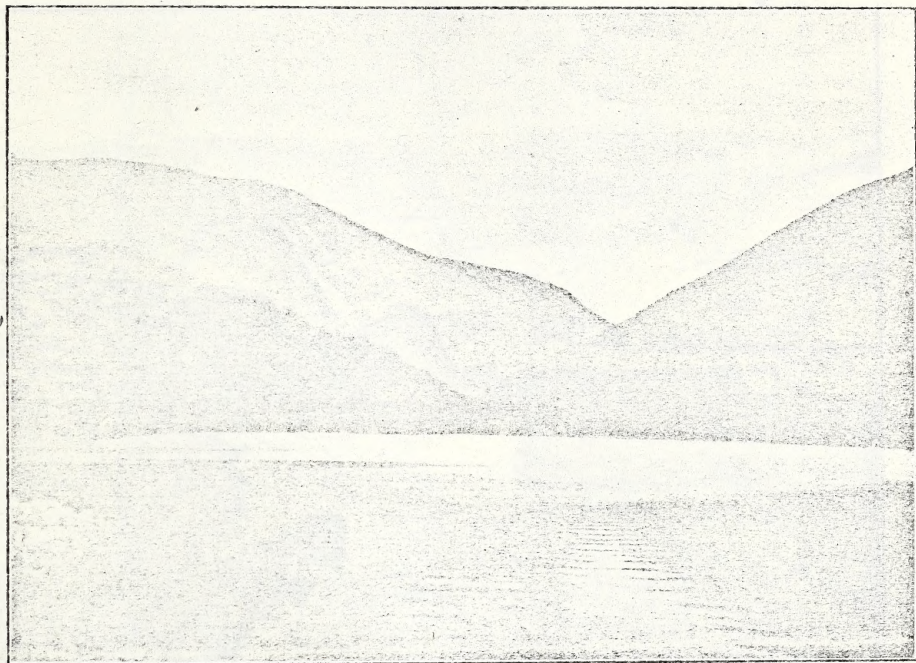
By this time, the reader has guessed correctly that I meant to convey the impression that many residents of New Hampshire fail to realize that they have the "exquisite little flower" right in their own dooryards. Why should strangers and outsiders have to tell us what we should already know? I say "we" because I am proud to be a citizen of New Hampshire; and I wish to do my bit to help others to find what I have found in her woodlands, on her mountain-tops and on the bosom of the Smile of the Great Spirit.

Perhaps all this may appear to be a lengthy and rather unnecessary preamble; but as writers tell us, "There must be a setting for every story." However, I do not intend to write a "story," but

to confine myself to facts as I know them by personal experience. In this case there is enough beauty and happiness in actualities without having to draw upon the imagination; and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

In the state of New Hampshire one may find virtually every natural beauty that is vouchsafed to man in the Northern Hemisphere. Beginning at the Atlantic ocean,

kindly people who have not forgotten to be neighborly nor to make welcome the stranger. I have mentioned in this one paragraph a wealth of pictorial material that the artist, photographer or writer will find inexhaustible. Moreover, in winter there is an entirely new change of scene, and I find it difficult to decide whether summer or winter is the more beautiful. The pressure and tumult of the city



ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH

A. H. Beardsley.

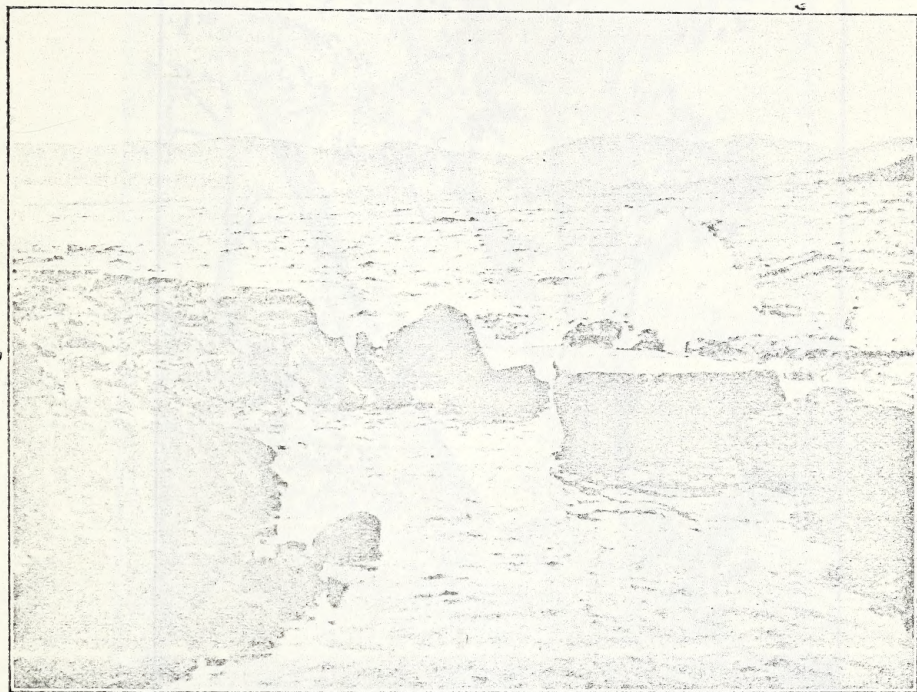
and an attractive coastline, the seeker of beauty may travel northward and upward until he attains the summit of Mt. Washington. During this trip, if he selects his route carefully, he will find lakes, streams, rivers, waterfalls, level plains, intervalles, hills, mountains, notches, glens, gorges, strange rock-formations, tremendous boulders, cliffs, woodlands, farm-lands, attractive New England towns, and villages; and, best of all, a

gives place to great silences that become more spiritual and uplifting as one grows to know them and to understand them. There is time to think, to plan, to retrospect and to wipe one's slate clean in the sight of God and man.

It has been my privilege and delight to make several hundred pictures of New Hampshire and to obtain many from others who appreciate the pictorial possibilities of the state. When I have dis-

played these pictures, either on the screen or in the form of photographic enlargements, the remark is often made, "I never realized before how much beauty there is in this good old Granite State, and I have lived here all my life, too!" Thanks to the efforts of the New Hampshire Chamber of Commerce, and also the Boston Chamber of Commerce, this state is receiving its share of organized pub-

Lake Winnepesaukee, but with the aid of the camera or the brush some measure of success may be attained. To be sure, Mt. Chocorua is a constant source of delight to the beholder; but some shady glen, away from the beaten path, also deserves recognition and is most assuredly part of New Hampshire's pictorial wealth. In short, due attention should be given to other than the well-known beauty-spots.



A ROCKY POINT, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

licity. Without a doubt, this publicity has done much to attract tourists and vacationists. Enough cannot be done in this direction, and the best part of it is that New Hampshire is worth all and more publicity than it receives.

To the photographer and the painter belongs the task to portray the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. The most beautiful word-picture cannot do justice to

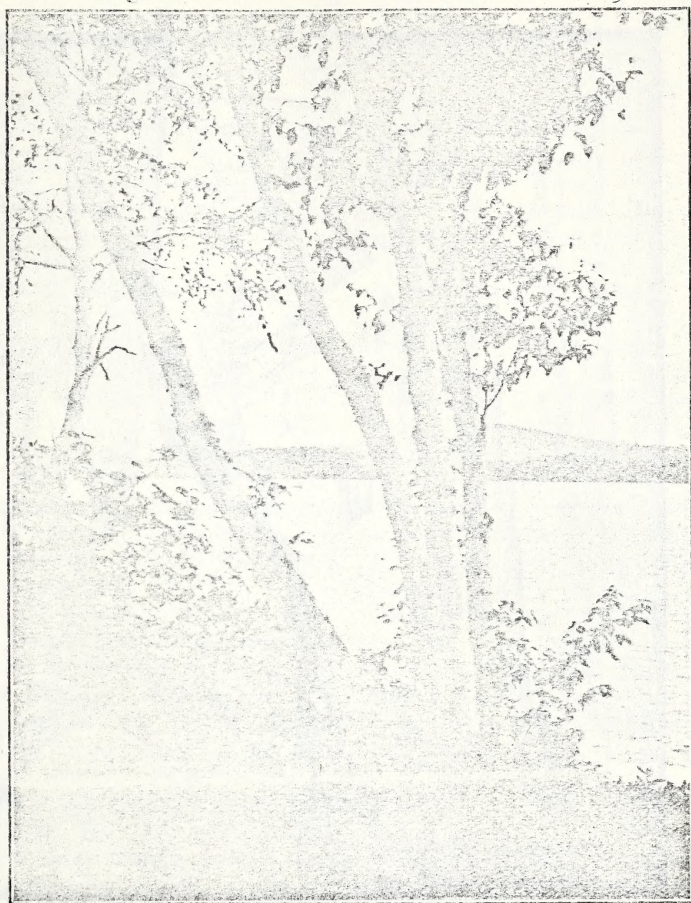
To enjoy pictorial New Hampshire is to leave the crowd and to seek and to discover for oneself. Success and delight are certain, no matter in what direction the traveler wends his way.

Why it is that thousands of vacationists who come to New Hampshire bring cameras and appear to confine their picture-making to members of their own party or to John in the boat or Mabel frying

doughnuts, I am unable to say. Mind you, I do not decry making pictures of one's friends or of interesting bits of camp-life, but I do deplore limiting picture-making to those subjects which in a short time, usually lose their interest. But a good photograph of Franconia

who own cameras use them to advantage and not neglect to give due attention to making pictures that are worthwhile and that will ever be a source of deep pleasure and satisfaction.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail how and where to go to tap



A WINNEPESAUKEE VISTA

A. H. Beardsley.

Notch, The Flume, or of Echo Lake may be a joy forever. Even a well-composed attractive group of birches wears better at the end of ten years than a picture of some passing acquaintance splashing water on the cat—amusing though it may be at the time. In all seriousness, let those

the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire—it is not necessary for it is ever close at hand from one corner of the state to the other. Of course, the White Mountains may be more spectacular than the Osipee Range; but who will say that they are any less

lovely in the soft twilight of a summer evening? Lake Winnepesaukee (The Smile of the Great Spirit) holds the observer by its magnificent distances and its appealing beauty; but little Echo Lake, nestling up in Franconia Notch, compels admiration and homage. I might go on indefi-

the pictorial opportunities that lie close at hand. No matter in what part of New Hampshire the reader may be, there is pictorial material, provided he has eyes to see it. By all means, let him make a trip around the White Mountains, not forgetting Lost River, and let him make



THE FLUME IN WINTER

nately and point out beauty-spots from Portsmouth to the Canadian border. However, just let the reader remember my little story of the flower and apply it—he cannot go wrong.

The purpose of this article is to encourage permanent residents and also visitors, to make the most of

the most of it. Then, when he returns to Concord, Manchester, Plymouth, Pittsfield, Lakeport or Wolfeboro with his eyes and heart opened, let him see whether or not his own part of the state is not beautiful and rich in pictorial material.

Now I am going to take my own medicine. I live in Wolfeboro on

Lake Winnepesaukee, I have been up through the White Mountains several times and through other parts of the state but, omitting the spectacular and compelling force of mere size, to me there is no more beautiful spot in New Hampshire than Wolfeboro and Lake Winnepesaukee. Moreover, from my own travels in Europe and from the statements of those who have circled the globe, I am lead to say that there is no more beautiful scenery to be found anywhere in the world. Excepting the snow-capped peaks of the Alps for a background, Lake Winnepesaukee equals in pictorial beauty and charm the famous lakes of Como, Maggiore, Geneva, Constance and Lucerne.

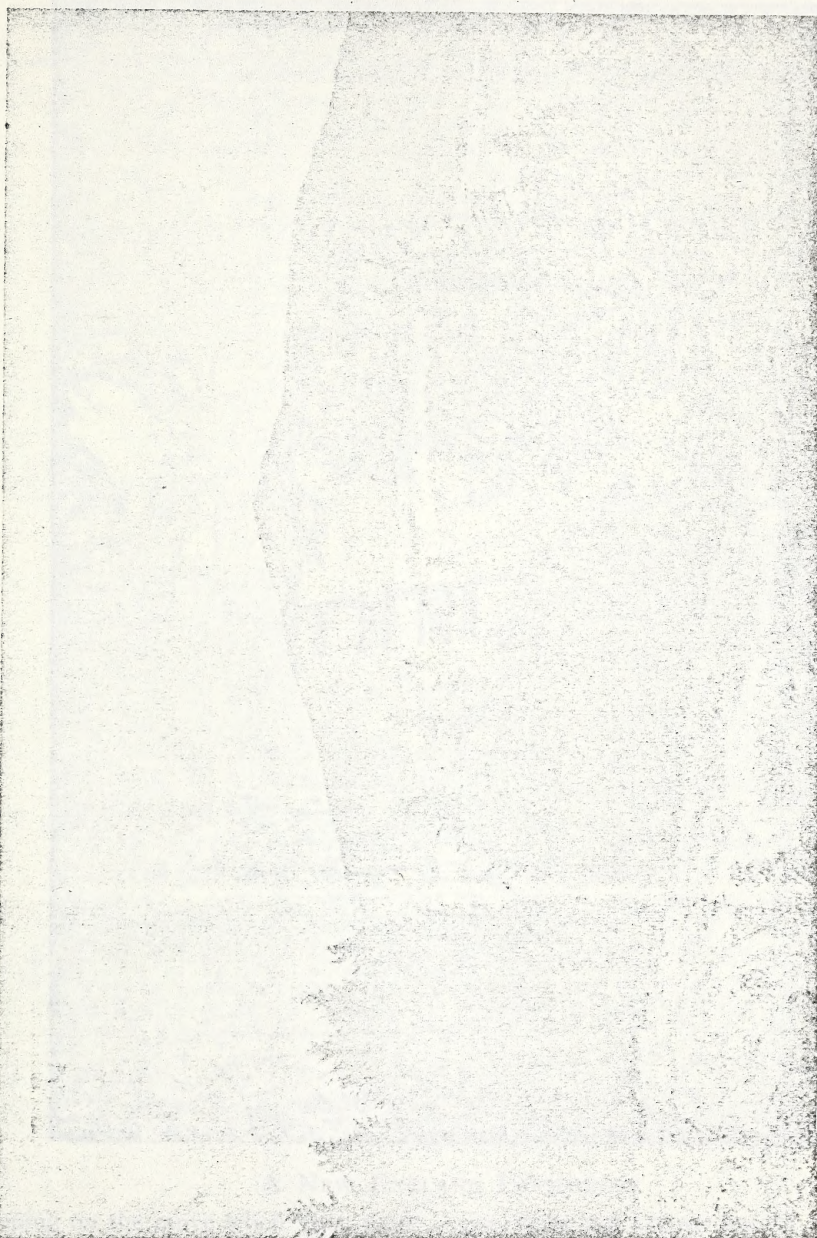
For reasons of health, and to gratify the longing to enjoy the beauty of the lake, I cruise about in my motor-boat at every opportunity. There is hardly a bay, cove or point of land at the eastern end of Lake Winnepesaukee that I have not explored and photographed. The Indian name, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," is not only eloquent, but it describes a fact—Winnepesaukee is the handiwork of God himself. I have sailed on it in storm and in calm, in the morning and in the afternoon, by day and by night. In winter I have crossed it on skis and the thermometer below zero. Always, summer or winter, Lake Winnepesaukee holds me with a fascination that is born of its indescribable beauty, and "the things that lie too deep for words."

Pictorially, Wolfeboro is a paradise. Facing the town, across the lake, are the Belknap Mountains, which stretch away to the westward in the direction of the Weirs. To the north, and at the back of the town lie the Ossipee Mountains. To the eastward is Copple Crown Mountain and the hills that enclose the long arm of the lake that ends at Alton Bay. Within a twelve-mile

radius of Wolfeboro are small lakes, ponds, streams, hills, mountains, woodlands, farmlands, picturesque villages, delightful wood-roads, uplands, low-lands, and kindly people to make you feel welcome. Oh, what an ideal spot for a colony of writers, artists and photographers! Inspiration is ever at hand for those who have the eyes to see and the heart to understand.

Perhaps the reader may say, "This author hasn't mentioned two-thirds of the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire." He is right, I have not. What is more, I cannot. Neither more space nor my poor pen could do it justice. - However, let the reader not take me to task. Let him rather try to understand my point. I may have rambled, left out important facts, neglected to mention well-known places of beauty and otherwise failed to stick to my subject; but I believe that I have made it clear that New Hampshire offers every resident or visitor a great opportunity. An opportunity to learn to love every inch of the Granite State, and, through the study and contemplation of its natural beauty, to become more sensitive and more receptive to the deeper and truer things of life. If I scored just this one point, I shall feel that I have helped New Hampshire to be more widely known, appreciated and loved.

It has been my delight during the summer months, to sail out on the broad bosom of the lake nearly every evening in quest of sunset-pictures. Sometimes, days will elapse before there is an opportunity to use the camera to advantage. It is my custom, on these sunset-hunting expeditions to reach a point of vantage out on the lake, stop the engine and drift while I watch the play of light and shade across the lake as the sun sinks slowly in the west. Why more owners of motor-boats do not get out on the lake and drift or anchor where they can enjoy a magnificent sunset



MT. MONADNOCK—BELOVED AND BEAUTIFUL.

and the cool evening-air, is a mystery to me. In my opinion, there is no need to use up gasoline and oil by

Those who have never had the opportunity to be out on Lake Winnepesaukee from sunset-time to moon-

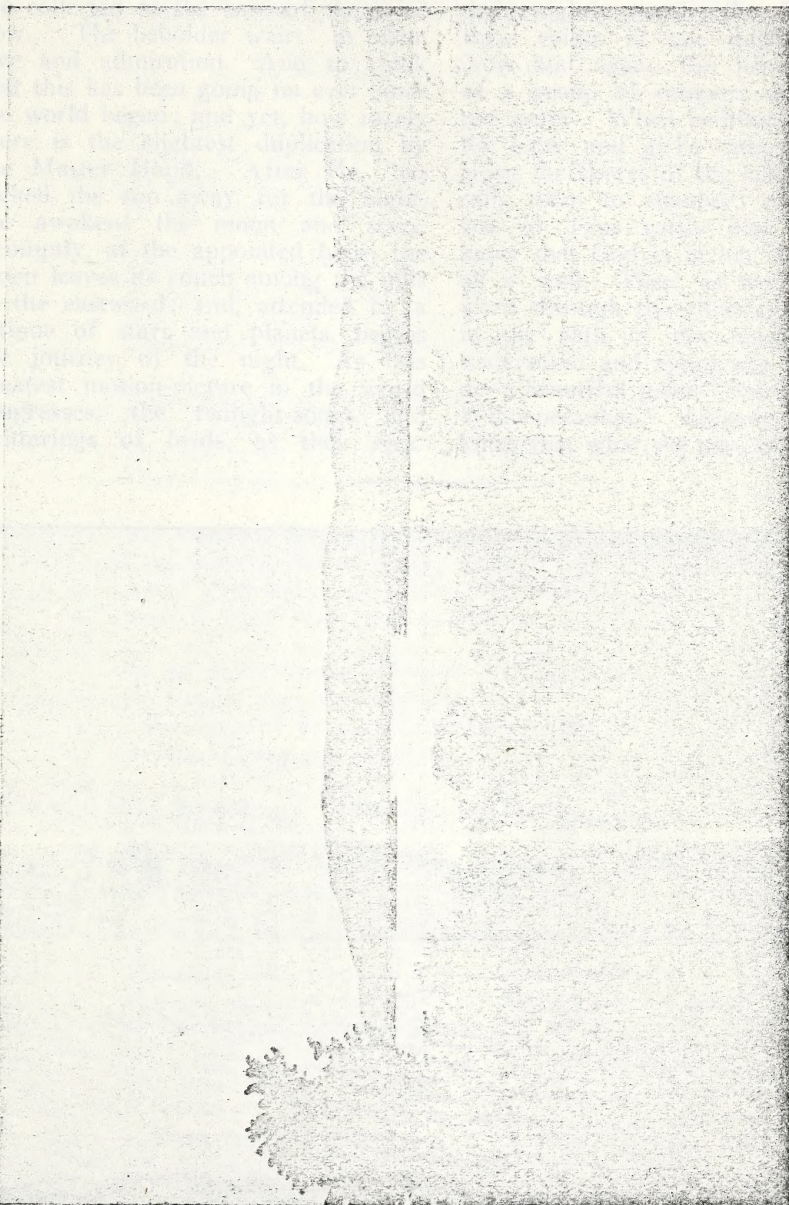


A NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE

keeping on the move when "just drifting" is more conducive to an enjoyment of the glories of the western sky.

rise, have not known one of the richest experiences that can come to the lover of nature. As the sun begins to settle down into its cloud-made bed

in the west the Greater Arctic of
 their all embrace the marvelous sea
 grey and gradually, with a deep red
 the crests a masterpiece that no man
 can ever hope to describe. The sun
 is hidden, and the light is
 distant for the night, and the light is
 on the soft night sky. The light is
 twilight disperses, the light is
 begins his evening journey, and down
 goes the edge of the sun, and the
 light is hidden, and the light is



WOLLEBORO BAY FROM BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY

in the west, the Greatest Artist of them all prepares His marvelous colors; and, gradually, with a deft hand, He creates a masterpiece that no man can ever hope to duplicate. His canvas is limitless space and His colors are collected at the base of the rainbow. The beholder waits in silent awe and admiration. And to think that this has been going on ever since the world began; and yet, how rarely there is the slightest duplication by the Master Hand. After He has tucked the sun away for the night, He awakens the moon and stars. Promptly, at the appointed hour, the moon leaves its couch among the hills to the eastward; and, attended by a retinue of stars and planets, begins the journey of the night. As this greatest motion-picture in the world progresses, the twilight-songs and twitterings of birds, as they seek

shelter for the night, are carried to us on the soft night wind. Just as the twilight deepens, the whip-poor-will begins his evening-concert; and down near the edge of the lake in the marshy places, where the fireflies hold their nightly revels, the frogs raise their voices in one mighty chorus. Now and again, the far-off singing of a group of campers floats across the water. When bedtime arrives, at the boys' and girl's camps, scattered along the shores of the lake, the bugle calls them to slumber; and, as the last of Taps softly dies away, we know that God is in his Heaven, and all is well. Then, as we sail homeward through the silver-tipped waves in the path of the moon, we can understand and appreciate Mrs. Meader's beautiful poem "Sunset on Lake Winnetoesaukee," because we shall know that what she says is true.



SUNSET SKY, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

SUNSET ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

By Mattie Bennett Meader.

We have heard of a beautiful City
Where the streets are of jasper and gold,
So bright that its glory can never
By the tongue of mortal be told.

Tonight I thought of that City
Which I hope sometime to see,
And I wondered if its beauty
Could be fairer than Earth's to me.

We were sailing into a sunset,
O'er a lake all sapphire and gold,
The sun hung low in a purple west
That a mystery seemed to hold.

Far away in the misty distance
I could see a line of shore,
And I dreamed of that other country,
And of loved ones gone before.

As we sailed through the gold and sapphire
On toward the sunset bright,
I wondered if they were thinking of me
By the shining sea of light.

We turned away from the purple west,
Away from the sun's red glow,
And homeward sailed in the full moon's light,
Through her path of shimmering gold.

I could not dream of a fairer sight
Than yon lake where the moonlight gleams,—
Though we know that the City not made with hands
Is fair beyond human dreams.

SUNSET ON LAKE WINNEPEGASIS

By Maudie Bennett Maudie

We have heard of a beautiful city
Where the streets are of paper and gold,
So beautiful its glory can never
By the tongue of mortal be told.

Tonight I thought of that city
Which I have somewhere in vain,
And I wondered if its beauty
Could be fairer than Hawthorne's in mine.

We were sailing into a sunset,
Over a lake all paper and gold,
The sun hung low in a purple haze
That a mystery seemed to hold.

The water in the moon's distance
I could see a hint of stone,
And I dreamed of that other country
And of birds that were gone before.

As we sailed through the gold and paper
On toward the sunset light,
I wondered if they were thinking of me
By the shining sea of light.

We turned away from the purple west
Away from the sun's red glow,
And homeward sailed in the fall moon's light,
Through her path of shimmering gold.

I could not dream of a fairer sight
Than you whenever the moonlight gleams -
Though we know that the City not made with hands
Is far beyond human dreams.

A-WARBLERING ON THE MARSH

By Catherine Upham Hunter

I might more truthfully say a-wallowing in the Marsh, for the uncertain sedges lure me onto their tussocks only to douse me ankle-deep in gurgling water. And yet, of all these many and diverse acres for bird-hunting with a field-glass, none there are than can compete with the Marsh—no, not even the banks of the Connecticut itself where the Sandpiper teeters and peeps among the fresh water clams, and the Hermit Thrushes sing loud and clear in the patriarchal hemlocks high above. For the Marsh is the very pulse of Spring, its beat quickening in dour March when the first hyla chorus banishes in one evening Old Winter; for do not the Children, lifting their tousled heads, in sleepy rapture from their pillows, cry, "O listen, the frogs in the Marsh—it's *Spring!*"

And wonderful things happen then and there to the Marsh—but Marsh Mysteries are another story and to-day I am out "a-warblering".

The Warblers come in unheralded fashion and their migrant brethren, whom I discover and delight in today, may be gone tomorrow; too rare and too beautiful are these tiny beings for everyday intimacy. They are flame spirits from Nature's holy-oholies, as remote, unattainable and poignantly beautiful as the shafts of many-colored light that radiate from the Sangreal. They vibrate and shimmer in the golden leafiness of the Marsh even as the Grail harmonies vibrate and shimmer in my memory, suddenly released there by some secret spring. Jewelled light, shimmering, heavenly harmonies all on a May morning when one is seeking warblers in a New England marsh—how can this be? I do not know—perhaps one associates unconsciously the jewelled Cappella Palatina half across the world with these breathing, jewelled

mosaics of feathers, the Warblers.

Around me the Marsh was palpitant with spring: myriads of tiny plant life enameled the pools in intricate designs, and swimming in the interstices of this ornamentation were schools of merry water-bugs; darting unceasingly, these toy monitors manoeuvred and out-manoeuved each other with a superior mechanism that needed no key-winder. Ancient and young frogs rose above this miniature sea—a new brand of smokeless, puffing, green volcanos which the toy monitors did not notice. And everywhere dipping their feet in the watery swamp stood willows umbrella-topped, and red-stemmed dogwoods, wattled into water-habitations for Blackbirds. Ah, the Blackbirds: "kon-kareeing," balancing and dancing in the tops of these willows and alders with their scarlet and yellow epaulets flaming against their black plumage—surely never a lady Blackbird could be heart-proof in such assembly of gold-lace!

I was bound past the Blackbirds to the last outpost of the Marsh, where almost conquered by meadowland but guarded by a row of stiff cat-tails (veritable grenadier guards in brown catskin shakos!) was the last clump of silvery willows and hazels; they glistened so quietly, so warmly in the sunshine that no warbler could pass by their feeding ground. Here I waited in the violet-studded grass—while beyond, over in the open part of the Marsh, Swallows skimmed and dipped in the water which reflected to heaven its deep azure, and white cloud-puffs. So pleasant were my thoughts, so mellow was the sunshine that a liquid *carillon* rung unheeded, or, rather, melted into my thoughts; it was only when a sharp, imperative "tchep!" just over my head startled me out of fancy-land that I discover-

ed a Myrtle Warbler studying me, yes and challenging me with another "tchep!" more irritated than the first. Wide awake now I approved the Warbler (indeed who would not, were a jewelled being of blues and gold, patched with jet, to hover before one?) yes, and I approved his *song-froid*. He watched me with his shining eyes as much as to say "What patent have you on us? Perhaps, do you know? I shall specialize in you!" But an insect chanced too near and presto! the Beauty was in the air and had snapped it into his beak. However, he came back to his perch and I knew he would; for his likewise is that Flycatcher habit. Then his lady appeared from out a haze and joined him in the willow, but for me she had no use; I think she told him so for, when she launched out for the River in strong, bold flight, my lord followed.

A light breeze sighed through the willow and then a Black-and-White Warbler wound from near the plant-flecked water to the top of the tree, and afterward he flitted off in nervous warbler-fashion.

The sunlight quivered over the sedges and stroked the little willow leaves impatiently, as if in anticipation. Again the breeze sighed through the willow but it told no secrets. Life seemed a golden glory

this fair May day, unrippled, unclouded by any ugly thing—"simple as the life of birds." O irony! are there no snakes hiding and waiting even now in the swamp grass, are there no predatory hawks, no killing, pelting storms which pass over this Marsh? Life is what we make it, "simple" when well-ordered: When we go a-birding, let us remember that.

A chirrupy little song of assurance comes from the heart of the thicket. I pause and peer. Pipa passes but the hedge screens her! I look in a neighboring alder and there are two exquisite Northern Parula Warblers, too exquisite for earth, for mortal eye. The chirrupy song bubbles forth and they seem irradiant as they slip into the fastnesses of the Marsh. Over by the wattled viburnum is a Maryland Yellow Throat, black masked and mysterious. Flitting near him are two yellow beauties, black capped, green mantled, golden gown-ed. They dart into the air for insects but, unlike the Myrtles, do not return to their perch. They are Wilson Warblers.

And now at the high tide of interest I must leave the Marsh, what other treasure lurks within its leafiness I shall not know but, as I look back, out of the water-bound shrubbery flashes the yellow fire of two Summer Warblers.

THE ORIOLE

By Ellen Lucy Brown

A flash of color amid the green,
A glint of gold athwart the sky,
A bugle call in clear-cut tone!
The heart that aches grows glad
And glad hearts ne'er turn sad
When sweetly falls on the listening ear
The melodious song of joy undimmed
That says "Be glad. Again I'm here."

NORTH PARISH CHURCH, NORTH HAVERHILL

By Katherine C. Meader.

"I have considered the days of old,
The years of Ancient Times."

In studying the early history of Haverhill we find that here as elsewhere in Puritan New England, church and state went hand in hand and taxes were levied for the preaching of the gospel, as well as the town expenses.

Our town Charter bears the date of April 18, 1763, and besides the shares of land apportioned to the 75 grantees, gives "to his Excellency Gov. Benning Wentworth, two shares, or 500 acres—to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one share—one for the Glebe of the Church of England, one for the first settled minister and one for the support of schools."

Many of the grantees of Haverhill were also grantees of Newbury, Vt., and these two towns, situated on either side of the Connecticut River, "in the rich meadows of Cohos."⁽¹⁾ had many interests in common.

At a meeting of the Proprietors of Haverhill held in June, 1763, at Plaistow, 100 miles away, it was voted to unite with Newbury in paying for preaching two or three months that fall or winter if possible and the next year it was voted to have preaching for six months.

This was the last of the "town

meetings" held away from the town as on Oct. 16, 1764, the first Proprietor's meeting in Haverhill was held at the house of Captain John Hazen.⁽²⁾

He was one of the leading men of the town, his name being first on the list of grantees. At this house were held for several years religious meetings, town meetings, and public gatherings, and here in those early days the pioneers were wont to meet and "devise ways and means for the government and progress of the new settlement."⁽³⁾

In 1764, the Rev. Peter Powers, a son of Capt. Powers, who ten years before had been sent with a small party of men to explore "the hitherto unknown region of Coos," came from Hollis to labor with this people in holy things. Through his instrumentality a church was formed comprising members from both sides of the river and an ecclesiastical union formed which lasted nearly twenty years.

In January, 1765, at a special meeting held at Capt. Hazen's the town voted to unite with Newbury in giving Mr. Powers "a call to be their gospel minister and to pay as their share of his salary 36 pounds and six shillings yearly and 1-3 part of his installation. In addition to this they voted to give him 30 cords of wood yearly, cut and corded, at his door."

(1) Coos or Cohos (pronounced and sometimes spelled Co-wass) "that once fairland of long slumbering generations," was the name given by the Indians to this section of the river valley, from the curving, bow shaped course of the stream—a similar "Oxbow" being noticed at Lancaster or Upper Coos. The natives styled themselves Coosucks.

(2) Capt. John Hazen erected the first frame house in Haverhill in 1765, a few log houses being built previous to that date. This house beautifully situated on the Haverhill side of the Big Ox-bow and commanding a magnificent view of Moosilauke and the eastern hills, is still in good repair, its massive timbers as sound as ever, after the lapse of more than a century and a half. It is a fine specimen of colonial architecture with its immense chimney, fireplaces, carved mantle pieces, brick oven, etc. One room is beautifully panelled and in nearly every room fine woodwork was found beneath the lath and plaster of a later date. Some of the floor boards are of pine, 25 inches wide.

(3) The John Hazen farm, late known as the Swasey Farm, has for the last 25 years been owned and occupied by the family of the writer of this sketch.

This was the first vote of money by the Town as distinguished from the Proprietors and the Committee chosen to carry this vote into effect was Timothy Bedell, John Taplin and Elisha Lock.

It was also voted at this special meeting that 200 acres of land be laid out as a parsonage lot next to the river at Horse Meadow north of the Hazen Farm.

In colonial times, according to a statute passed in the reign of Queen Ann, the whole town was considered as one parish and was empowered to hire and settle ministers and pay them from the public treasury. The established church in the early history of Haverhill was Congregational and every taxable citizen was compelled to contribute toward its support unless he could prove that he belonged to a different persuasion and regularly attended church every Sabbath.

The Rev. Peter Powers, the first pastor of the Haverhill and Newbury church, graduated from Harvard in 1754, and preached for several years at Norwich, Conn., but took a dismissal from that church and returned to his father's home in Hollis, N. H. In Feb. 1766, he accepted the call to settle in the parishes of Newbury and Haverhill and arrangements were at once made for his installation, which took place at Hollis, his new parish having voted that it should be held "down country where it si thought best." What seems to us more unusual yet, he preached his own installation sermon which was afterward printed for sale in Portsmouth with the foling title page—

A sermon preached at Hollis, N. H., Feb. 27, 1765, at the Installation of the Rev. Peter Powers, A. M., for the towns of Newbury and Haverhill at a place called Coos in the Province of New Hampshire.

By Myself.

Published at the desire of many who heard it, to whom it is humbly dedicated by the unworthy author.

Then saith he to his servants—The wedding is ready. Go ye therefore into the highways and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. Matt. XXII 8-9.

Portsmouth in New Hampshire. Printed and sold by Daniel and Robert Fowle. 1765.

One historian of the times says: "Mr. Powers was a serious, godly man, more distinguished for his plain faithful and pungent preaching, than for any grace in style or diction. Yet his sermon exhibited thought, arrangement, a deep knowledge of the scriptures and a soul full of the love of Christ."

Mr. Powers' goods were brought up from Charlestown on the ice soon after his installation but his family did not arrive until April.

On June 15, 1767, at a Town meeting held at Haverhill it was "voted to join with Newbury in building a meeting house in the center of Newbury, as the road shall be laid out, beginning at the south end of the Governor's farm, measuring the road next to the river to the south end of the town, or the lower end, and the *midel* is the place."

Also voted that Capt. John Hazen, Ezekiel Ladd and Timothy Bedell be a Committee to assist in laying out the road and locating the meeting house.

In those days it was considered a disgrace not to attend church unless one had a very good excuse and parents might be seen walking with their children, carrying the little ones in their arms to the Great Oxbow church, many going as far as five miles and some even ten or twelve. As there were no

roads or bridges, when the Haverhill people went to church they crossed the river in canoes, there being a sort of a ferry at the south end of the town near the Woodward place, just below where the South Newbury or Bedel Bridge now stands.

There was another ferry at the Dow farm, now Pine Grove Farm, the home of Sen. H. W. Keyes, and still another at Horse Meadow, at the Potter Place, the farm now owned by Mr. Elmer French.

The men usually went barefoot in the summer and the women would take off their shoes and stockings while walking through the woods, where the grass and bushes were damp, "and trip along as nimbly as the deer," decorously putting on their footgear again as they neared the church.

But few records were kept, and we know very little of the trials and triumphs of this early church. However, the preacher's life must have been a very strenuous one as there was no white minister north of Charlestown for some years after Mr. Powers settled in Coos and he was frequently called upon to attend weddings and funerals and to preach the word of God in the new settlements up and down the river.

Until there was a definite footpath marked out on the river bank, Mr. Powers used to perform these journeys in his canoe.

It was several years before a meeting house was built on the Haverhill side of the river, though the town paid its share of Mr. Powers' salary and meetings were frequently held there in groves, barns or private houses as seemed most suitable.

In Feb. 1770, at a Town meeting held at Capt. Hazen's it was voted "to build a meeting house in Hav-

erhill this present year," and on March 13th, of the same year it was voted "to set the Meeting House on the Common land, where Joshua Poole's house now stands," and to build the Meeting House 50x40. It was also voted that J. Sanders, Elisha Lock and Ezekiel Ladd be a Committee to provide materials for building the meeting house. Not much seems to have been done that year toward building the house however, and the next spring, 1771, March 12, the subject was again brought up in town meeting, when it was voted to reconsider the vote concerning the size of the building and "to build a house one story, 36 ft. by 30 ft."

Voted "to raise the frame of the meeting house, board and shingle the same and lay the under floor."

Also voted "to raise fifty pounds lawful money for building said house at Horse Meadow, (later known as the North Parish) and to give each man liberty to work out his proportion of said house at three shillings (50 cts.) a day."

We find it recorded that during the next few years several availed themselves of this privilege in hewing out timbers for the frame of the church but for some reason the work progressed slowly and we do not know the exact date when it was finished, probably not until after the close of the Revolution.

It was a square, unpainted building, beautifully situated at the turn of the road, in the southwest corner of what is now Horse Meadow cemetery. Its wide front door faced the south and on the west, looking out over the broad Connecticut valley, it was shaded by the Lombardy poplars, set out by Col. Asa Portor, which lined the street in a double row. (4)

Note (4) will be found at bottom of page 333.

Within it was severely plain like most of the country churches of that period, large, square pews each with its little door occupying the center of the room with narrow straight backed benches around the sides. The pulpit, narrow and high, with its lofty sounding board, faced the door, while a gallery for the singers ran around the other three sides. For many years the house was unheated except as some sister might bring her foot stove but later a large box stove was set up near the door. No porch, no spacious vestibule, no stained glass windows, no soft cushioned pews added their attractions. No swelling notes of the organ or chime of sweet toned bells summoned the people to worship yet here sabbath after sabbath large congregations were wont to gather, to praise God, and to keep alive that "faith of their fathers—holy faith" to which so many of them were "true till death."

In the mean time Mr. Powers had been dismissed from the church at Newbury and though he moved over to Haverhill and preached there for a few years longer religious interest seems to have been at a very low ebb, and in 1783 it was voted in Town Meeting "not to have Mr. Powers to preach any more." From that time until the building of the church on Ladd St. in the south part of the town in 1790 but little money was raised for church purposes and it is said that at one time not a sermon had been preached in the place for a year.

In 1790, however, a powerful revival of religion swept over the town and the spirit came down like a mighty rushing wind, "In every

house from the Dow Farm to the Piermont line the inhabitants were wailing for sin" and many from all parts of the town joined the newly organized church.

However it was not long before the reaction came, the religious zeal of the people abated, the once flourishing church was reduced to 12 members and "a covering of sackcloth was spread upon the tent of Zion."

For several years dissensions had been rife in regard to the places for holding church services and the question of dividing the town into two parishes was again and again discussed the proposed dividing line being just below the Fisher Farm. The subject was brought up in Town Meeting several times but the division was for some reason bitterly opposed by Gen. Moses Dow and many other influential men of the town.

A committee was elected from each end of the town to "settle all disputes between the two ends of the town" and it was decided "to hold meetings for Publick Worship on the Lord's Day, Alternatively at each end of the town and if through Badness of the Weather or Inability of the Preacher, he should preach Two or More Sabbaths at one end of the town the same is to be made up to the other end of the town before the year comes to an end." As the population of the town increased it was very difficult to find preachers with whom the whole parish were satisfied and petitions were presented in Town Meeting from time to time asking that the petitioners might be excused from helping to pay the salaries of ministers with whose religious views

(4) It is to be regretted that but few of these old churches of a century and a half ago, so typical of New Hampshire and Vermont, are still in existence. In almost every instance they have been allowed to decay and finally have been torn down.

A most notable exception is the old "Dana Meeting House" at New Hampton, which, thanks to a movement started by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, the beloved and lamented pastor of the Clarendon Street church of Boston, has been kept in perfect repair and where services are held for a few sabbaths each summer. No attempt has been made to adorn or modernize this beautiful old structure, merely to correct and prevent as far as possible the ravages of time.

they had no sympathy and whose church they never attended.

We find on record the plea of one Thomas Nichols to be excused from taxation for church purposes accompanied by the following certificate.

"This may certify that Mr. Thomas Nichols of Haverhill is and has been for a number of years *sentimentally* a Baptist and has when called on, punctually paid his proportion for the support of the ministry in that denomination.

(Signed) Ezra Wellmouth
Minister of the Gospel of the regular Baptist denomination, Rumney.

A true copy, Attest.

Joseph Ladd.

Town Clerk.

Haverhill, N. H. Jan. 24, 1804.

It seems that his petition was granted but not until he had paid his minister's tax for the year—61 cents.

Other men more prominent in the early history of Haverhill protested against the injustice of this taxation among them Gen. Moses Dow, John Hurd and Asa Porter.

The statute remained in force, however, until the passing of the Toleration Act in 1807.

Finally in 1814 "the people began to flow together again" to hear the word of God, under the preaching of Rev. Grant Powers, a grandson of the pioneer and he says that before the close of the year 1815 more than sixty were called to the church. "Some became pillars and remained so until this day though some have fallen asleep."

It was during this revival of interest in spiritual things that the town was finally divided into two parishes by an Act of the Legislature. Samuel Morey of Orford, Jonathan Merrill of Warren and Samuel Hutchins of Bath, being the Committee appointed to "run the line."

The people in the north end of the town had long been desirous of having a settled pastor and services in their own church every Sabbath.

Finally on June 10th, 1815, thirteen of the members of the Ladd St. church who lived at Horse Meadow and Brier Hill with a few from Bath, met to perfect a separate organization and on June 15th, the North Parish Congregational Church was formally and legally organized. The Rev. Samuel Godard, their first pastor was the moderator of the meeting, and was assisted by the Rev. David Sutherland of Bath.

Steven Morse and John Punchard were elected Deacons, and John Kimball chosen Clerk and Treasurer.

A most binding Covenant and eight Articles of Faith were adopted with this preamble.

The object we have in view to have a written Covenant and Articles of Faith is not to sit ourselves up as a party and to practically say "we are more *holly* than thou" but think it is a duty we owe ourselves, our posterity for Jesus Christ, that we make known to the world what appears to us to be the plain meaning of the fundamental principals of the word of God and that by these truths that we may adhere steadfast until the end.

Neither do we adopt these articles of faith as terms of communion but on the contrary our communion table will always stand open to every man who gives clear evidence of conversion to God, the blood of the Cross and who walketh uprightly.

Desirous of being united together of the same mind and judgment, we declare the following to be a brief summary of our view of divine truth."

Then follow the eight Articles and the Covenant.

(5) At the risk of being tedious I will give the list of church mem-

(5) Information regarding any member of the North Parish church will be most gratefully received by the writer of this sketch. For this reason the complete list has been given, hoping it may meet the eye of some descendant or relative who will be kind enough to communicate with her.

bership, the first thirteen being the original members and the founders of the North Parish Congregational Church.

Dea. Steven Morse	Joseph Bullock
John Carr	John Morse
Dan'l Carr	Jahleel Willis
Jon ^a Whitman	Andrew S. Crocker
Moses Campbell	Henry Hancock
John Punchard	Moses A. Morse
John Kimball	
Dan'l Rowell	Susana Howard
Joseph Emerson	Jedediah Kimball
Nathan Heath	Betsey Crocker
Dan'l Carr, Sen.	Betsey Crocker, Sen
Nathan Avery	Malinda Carr
Moses Mulliken	Sally Kimball
Moses Mulliken, Jr.	Mrs. Pater
Edward B. Crocker	H. R. Leland
Goram Keger	Mrs. Robertson
Hiram Carr	Sarah Hibbard
D. C. Kimball	Charlotte Emerson
Agustus Robinson	Mary Hibbard
Elisha Hibbard	Charlotte Mulliken
Daniel Carr, Jr.	Sally Mulliken
Mr. E. Swift	Mary Wilson
Sally Chase	Roxalana Worthen
Isabella Sanborn	Mrs. Avery
Clarissa Sanborn	Mabel Brock
Patty Gibson	Liza Carr
Anna Mulliken	Betsey Bliss
Sarah Morse	Miss Moira Brewster
Hannah Carr	Mrs. Sam'l Carr
Sally Punchard	Relief Mulliken
Mehitabel Kimball	Sally Gitchell
Sarah Bullock	Mrs. Nancy Delano
Unice Morse	Mr. Luther Warren
Sally Willis	Mrs. Luther Warren
Shua Crocker	Alden E. Morse
Hannah Morse	Phebe Gitchell
Betsey Emerson	Mrs. Mary Hibbard
Elizabeth Carr	Mrs. Hubert Eastman
Ana Bruce	Mrs. Eliza Page
Mary Chase	Mrs. Elisha Swift
Mary Goodridge	Miss Laura W. Ayer
Isabella Johnson	Miss Alma A. Carr
Polly Johnson	

"All are vanished now and fled."

As far as we know not a single member of the North Parish Church is now living. Mrs. Hubert Eastman who died Nov. 20th, 1904, at the advanced age of 85, was the last one to pass from the church militant to the church triumphant. At the time of her admission to the church we find this record. Nov. 1st. 1849.

"Also Mrs. Hubbard Eastman who was a member of the Congregational

church in Worcester, Vt.. but by reason of a *scism* in that church she could not bring a letter, presented her case and wished to become a member of this church.

"Voted that inasmuch as her christian character is without reproach among us and she is in no way personally and directly involved in the *scism* of the church in Worcester, she should be received into this as though she were regularly recommended by letter."

Though the church records are few and far between they are often right to the point as for instance, Sept. 8, 1815

"Voted to give Sally Chase a letter of recommendation. 9th. Gave a letter of recommendation to said Sally."

The names of the pastors are not given excepting as they are sometimes referred to as presiding at church meetings. We have no account of the salaries paid to the different ministers or how the money was raised. That they depended on outside help to some extent we see by the following entry. Sept. 2nd, 1816. Voted the thanks of the church be communicated to the N. H. Missionary Society for aid they have afforded the chh. the season past. Voted the clerk be directed to communicate the vote of thanks to the Missionary Society, soliciting further aid."

The records give but little information as to the actual business of the church, referring mostly to the admission of new members either by letter profession and the dismissal of members as they removed from the place or joined other churches in the vicinity.

From 1817 to 1827 we find no records, although the Treasurer's Book shows that Communion services were frequently held and contributions received during that time.

The contributions were very small however, hardly enough to

pay for the Communion wine used. In fact, the church was at one time owing the Treasurer the sum of \$5.97 for wine, etc., which was made up to him by the kindness of the Ladies' Auxiliary, an association having the ambitious title of the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth." This is the first "Ladies' Aid Society" of which we have any record in town. They held their meetings the first Monday of each month and we find it recorded that on Sept. 22, 1819, they had on hand \$15.97, of which they paid the Treasurer of the State Missionary Society \$10.00 and later gave their church treasurer the \$5.97, the balance due him.

We are glad he was no loser on account of his generosity, and that the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth," permitted its funds to be used for "such other purposes as the church shall from time to time judge to be most for the promotion of the Cause of Zion."

A few extracts from his book will show that he must have had to use some ingenuity, to say the least, in keeping his accounts.

The first entry is:

April 7, 1816, Contributions of church	\$1.83
Contributions of congregation	\$6.13
Paid Rev. Mr. Godard	\$8.00
Paid for wine	.67
Nov. 24, 1816, Contribution	\$1.36
To paid for wine	.67
To paid two books 7-6 and two letters	\$1.45

Sometimes they were more fortunate, however, and the contributions more nearly paid the expenses.

April 1, 1817, By your treasurer, (Sister Wilson insisted he should receive for writing and postage of letters to Claremont when she joined the church)	\$1.00
---	--------

To cash paid Dea. Morse, the balance due him for table furniture	\$1.32
Dec. 24, 1817, Communion, Mr. Godard preaches; contribution	\$5.75
Wine, Dea. Morse found and we pay	.75
June 7, 1820, Contribution	.75
Paid two quarts wine	\$1.00
Aug. 1, Contribution, John Carr	.12
Paid 1 qt. and 1 gil wine	.50
1825, Rev. Mr. Sutherland	
To paid 3 pts. wine	.75
Cash paid by John Carr	.10
1827, Communion, Rev. Mr. Porter.	
To 3 pts wine, 1 qt. charged,	.38
1828, Aug. 10, To 2 qts. malaga wine	.58
By Dan'l Carr (Capt.)	.25
By Dea. Morse	.10
By Mrs. Hibbard	.20
Total	\$5.55

Under this last date the Treasurer cheerfully adds "nearly 100 communicants—three churches and our own."

Among those who are mentioned as administering communion from time to time are Rev. Mr. McKen, Rev. David Sutherland, Mr. Jonathan Hovey, Rev. David Smith, Rev. Sylvester Dana, Rev. Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Dutton.

How many of these were regular settled pastors we do not know—certainly not all of them.

In 1833, John Kimball, with several others, having taken a letter of dismissal from this church and a letter of recommendation to the church at Haverhill Corner, John Carr was chosen clerk, which office he held until 1847, when the Rev. Samuel Delano took charge of the church. He kept the records himself, his last entry being in 1831. He was full of zeal but very eccentric. It is said that when a faithful sister once remonstrated with him for some oddity, he replied, "Madam, I must be Sam

Delano or nothing." During his pastorate, Dea. Perley Ayer and Deacon Elisha Swift were quite active in church work and were frequently sent as delegates to other churches at the time of Installation of pastors, etc.

Although he calls himself the pastor of the North Parish, his congregation was getting scattered, the house was getting sadly out of repair, and he preached in various other places, sometimes at the Brier Hill School House and later as new churches were built in these parts of the town, at the Union House at the Center, or at the Brick church (Baptist) at North Haverhill Village.

Among his notes we find, 1848, Jan., "First Sabbath. Very cold, blowing hard, meeting very thin, and the ordinance of the supper deferred. 1850, March 3. Communion service. Day very cold. Few present. Interesting and profitable time. May 5. Day rainy. Few present. Solemn and interesting. July 7. Communion. Good day. A season of deep interest, etc."

His pastorate terminated in 1851, and after that time we have but one more item, "the Rev. Mr. Strong being pastor and Dea. E. Swift, clerk—April 5, 1855, (a sad commentary on the downfall of one of their members) 'Voted to excommunicate M. N. M. from the church, on the charge of Disorderly Conduct in particular for Drinking Speretous Lickers.'"

This closes the written history of the North Parish Church, but of its unwritten history who can tell?

Its life as a separate organization was brief, lasting only forty years, yet it satisfied the spiritual aspirations and crystalized the re-

ligious beliefs of a generation of faithful, unassuming men and women and thus was an important factor in the early history of our town.

As this older generation passed away and the succeeding one became interested in other churches in the town, the old building was neglected and fell into disuse as a place for holding services although Town Meetings were still held there until the erection of the Town House at the Center.

At last the building was sold to Mr. Lafayette Morse and used as a barn. It was moved away in 1882 and the Cemetery extended to its present boundaries, being enlarged by the addition of the beautiful corner lot. Of the row of stately poplars, but one remains, standing like a lonely sentinel at the foot of the street.

The pewter communion set, or⁽⁶⁾ "Table Furniture" as it is styled in the Treasurer's Book, together with the books of the clerk and treasurer, were carried to the home of Mr. Joshua Carr in Brier Hill for safe keeping.

Later, that home being broken up by the death of its members, they were sent to the Historical Rooms at Concord, where they will be carefully preserved.

Those who care for the annals of the past will find these records quaint and interesting reading, though they are far from complete.

The life of this church, brief and uneventful as it was, covers a period in the early part of the 19th century singularly lacking in occasion or opportunity for heroic adventures or deeds of high renown yet most important as a strong and necessary link in the chain binding together the pioneers, the heroes

(6) Extract from Treasurer's Report:—

1817. Jan. 14. Contribution by Brother John
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Morse, the
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Horse, the

Morse toward table furniture \$1.00
bal. due him for the Table Furniture \$1.32
bal. due him for the Table Furniture \$1.32

of '76 and the "boys of '61."

As the harsh discordant echoes of the great world war are gradually dying away let us turn our attention for a time to the unsung heroes of a century ago.

Recognizing that "peace hath its victories no less than war" we must grant their sturdy virtues, their sterling qualities of mind and heart a high place in our estimation.

For the sake of the future genera-

tions let us see to it that their memory be kept green and not allowed to fade away and utterly perish from the earth.

To this end it is certainly desirable that the site of this old church should not be forgotten.

(7) 'Let us mark with some suitable and enduring memorial the hallowed spot which was to our fore fathers for so many years "a faith's pure shrine."

(7) Coosuck Chapter D. A. R. hope, with the cooperation of their many friends, to erect a gateway in the near future, at the Horse Meadow Cemetery to mark the site of the North Parish Church.

THE HAVEN OF LOST SHIPS

By E. F. Keene

I roamed, one night, the dread Sargasso Sea
Between the Azores and the Spanish Main,
And saw the sea-killed souls of vanished ships—
Clippers, and slavers, galleons, sloops of war—
Jammed rail to rail, a continent of wrecks
Bound round with weed by ocean's endless stream.

It seemed to me each derelict was manned
By crews long dead; their gray, fantastic shapes.
(Yet fantasy is very real in dreams)
Hurrying fore and aft, and up and down,
Hauling the treasure from some oozy hold;
Lowering strange boats with lightning discipline;
Breaking out stores laid down when mighty Spain
Owned the New World, and challenged Britain's self
Her stewardship of the seas.—And some were slaves:
White grisly things of bone chained row on row
Which writhed and fought in orderly confusion,
Stretched hands to me, and whimpered for release.
Warriors, pirates—each ship's company—
Died nobly or ignobly, as they passed
From time again into eternity;
And pale corpse-candles of St. Elmo's fire
Illumined with despair this ancient death,
Where all Atlantis' floatsam waits the end.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY

WITH A CLOSE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONNECTION

What may safely be called a most remarkable family and one that probably cannot be matched in one respect at least, is that of the late Isaac Stevens Metcalf of Elyria, O.

Mr. Metcalf was of the eighth generation from Michael Metcalf, the immigrant ancestor, son of Isaac and Anne Mayo (Stevens) Metcalf, born in Royalston, Mass., January 29, 1822, and a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1847. He was a civil engineer by profession, and followed the same in Maine and New Hampshire till 1850, when he removed to Illinois and was engaged in the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad till its completion in 1855. In November of the following year he removed to Elyria, O., where he resided till his death, February 19, 1878. He was a prominent citizen and held various positions of public trust.

Mr. Metcalf married July 5, 1852, Antoinette Brigham, daughter of Rev. John M. and Arethea (Brigham) Putnam of Dunbarton, N. H. Mr. Putnam was a prominent Congregational clergyman of his day, and was pastor of the church in Dunbarton from July 8, 1830, till October 9, 1861. Isaac S. and Antoinette B. Metcalf had twelve children, of whom three died in infancy and nine grew to maturity, and eight are now living, these are:

1. Wilder Stevens Metcalf, born in Milo, Me., September 10, 1855; Oberlin College, A. B., 1878; Univ. of Kan. School of Law, 1897; U. S. Pension Agent, Topeka, Kan., 8 1-2 years; member Lawrence Kan. School Board, 10 years; private in Ohio Nat. Guard; private to brigadier general in Kansas Nat. Guard; major and colonel 29th Kansas Inf., serving in Philippines; promoted brigadier gen-

eral by Pres. McKinley; brigadier general in command of 77th Inf. brigade at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, Va., 1817; retired 1819; now conducting farm loan business in Lawrence, Kan.

2. Charles Rich Metcalf, born in Elyria, O., August 1, 1857, employed for many years past in the office of Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kan.

3. Marion Metcalf, born Elyria, O., May 1, 1859; graduated from Wellesley College, Mass., 1880; ten years a member of Wellesley faculty; three years teacher of Bible in Hampton Institute, Va.; now residing in Oberlin, O.

4. Anna Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., July 26, 1862; Wellesley College, Oberlin College, 1884; married April 30, 1887, Azariah Smith Root, librarian of Oberlin College.

5. John Milton Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 28, 1864; Oberlin College, 1885; Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. City, 1888; preacher and teacher; president Talladega College, Ala.; now in Vocational Training, Department, Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C.

6. Carl Harlan Metcalf, born Elyria, O., June 25, 1867; Oberlin College, 1889; Oberlin Theological and Chicago Theological Seminary; Congregational preacher at Madison, O., noted singer.

7. Grace Ethel Metcalf, born Elyria, O., March 5, 1870; Oberlin College, 1889; married Harold Farmer Hall; died Chicago, April 23, 1896.

8. Henry Martin Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 11, 1871; Oberlin College, 1891; Pennsylvania Medical College; First Lieut. Medical Corps, U. S. Army, 1917-1919; now practicing medicine at Wake-man, O.

9. Antoinette Brigham Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 7, 1873; Oberlin College, 1893; Oberlin College Library; now Reference Librarian, Wellesley College.

Mr. Metcalf's first wife, Antoinette B. Putnam, died August 14, 1875. March 25, 1878, he married Harriet Howes, born at Gatonwood House, Northampton, England, July 17, 1850; died December 17, 1894. By this second marriage he had six children, as follows:

1. Ralph Howes Metcalf, born Elyria, O., Jan. 7, 1879; died December 10, 1894.

2. Joseph Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 30, 1880; Oberlin College, 1901; Harvard College, 1902; Civil Engineer; now principal Assistant Engineer, Missouri, Kansas and Texas R. R., M. K. & T. office, St. Louis, Mo.

3. Eliah Wight Metcalf, born Elyria, O., December 26, 1881; Kansas State University, 1904; Civil Engineer; now with M. K. & T. Railway, St. Louis, Mo.

4. Isaac Stevens Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 14, 1883; Oberlin College, 1906; Editorial

Writer Cleveland Plaindealer; now in advertising business Cleveland, O.

5. Keyes DeWitt Metcalf, born Elyria, O., April 13, 1889; Oberlin College, 1911; Oberlin College Library; now assistant Librarian, New York Public Library.

6. Thomas Nelson Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 21, 1890; Oberlin College, A. B., A. M., and certificate in Physical Education, 1913; coach and physical director, Columbia University, New York, and Oberlin College; now Professor of Physical Education, and assistant coach, University of Minnesota.

Of the thirteen children of Isaac Stevens Metcalf, now living, all but one are college graduates, and all hold prominent positions in professional, business or social life. It is doubtful that another family can be found in this or another country to match this record.

Ten of the thirteen children are married; one son and two daughters unmarried. There are now eighteen living grandchildren — nine boys and nine girls.

PINE-TREE SONG

By Helen Adams Parker

Pines, pines, a forest of pines,
Before me, around me, in thick brown lines;
Plump green boughs towering high over all,
Bend this way and that at the breezes' call.

Birds light on your branches and sing their songs,
I sit 'neath your shade and forget my wrongs;
The tinkle of cow-bells comes up from the lane,
A bumble-bee buzzes in drowsy refrain.

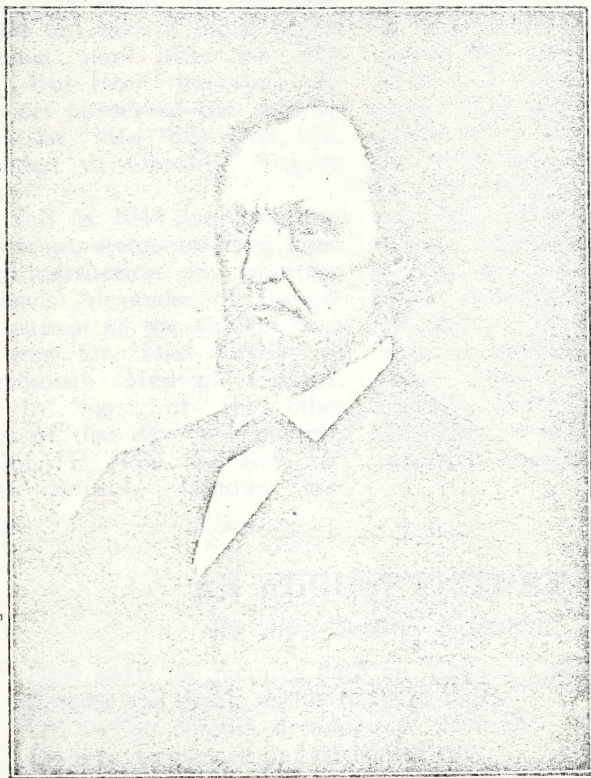
In and out from low bushes gay butterflies fly,
The air is so fragrant, so blue is the sky;
Earth and all her dumb children are giving their best,
Then be thankful, oh, man-child, and joy with the rest.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

An interesting addition recently made to the state's art collection is the self-painted portrait of Adna Tenney, who, with his nephew, Ulysses D. Tenney, is the author of more of the works in that collection than all other artists represented in it combined. The portrait is given to the state by its

wife's grandmother, Lucinda, wife of Colonel Ashbel Smith, was Adna Tenney's sister.

Thomas Tenney, the founder of this numerous and important family in America, came from Yorkshire, England, to Salem, Mass., in 1639. Representatives of the fifth generation from Thomas emi-



ADNA TENNEY: BY HIMSELF Photo by Kimball Studio.

subject's son, Rev. Henry M. Tenney, trustee of Oberlin College and pastor emeritus of the First Congregational church in the city of Oberlin. Arrangements for the donation were made by Hon. George W. Barnes of Lyme, member of the executive council from the first district, whose interest in the matter arises from the fact that his

grated from Norwich, Conn., in 1770, by ox team, to Hanover, where they settled upon what is now known as Moose Mountain, long called Tenney Hill. In the sixth generation was Captain John Tenney, who was born in Connecticut, but came to Hanover in childhood. He married Lucinda Eaton, of Windham, Conn., cousin

of the famous General William Eaton, and they had six children, one of whom was Adna Tenny, while another was Captain John Tenney, father of Ulysses Dow Tenney.

Captain Adna Tenney, taking his title like his father from service in the militia, was born in Hanover, Feb. 26, 1810, and represented his town in the legislature in 1853-4. His boyhood and young manhood were spent on the farm and he did not take a paint brush in his hand until after his 30th birthday. But from that time devotion to art possessed him and so continued far into his long life, which ended at Oberlin, August 17, 1900.

In the fall of 1844 we find him receiving what seems to have been his only instruction in painting from Francis Alexander of Boston. His first patron as the subject of a portrait was Dr. Dixie Crosby of the Dartmouth Medical College, followed by most of the other personages of that day at Hanover. Senator John P. Hale, and Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, famous his-

torian and divine, were others of his early subjects. Contemporary critics called his portrait of General Franklin Pierce very good and it was chosen for a reproduction in the life of its subject which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to help along the campaign which resulted in the election as president of the only native of New Hampshire ever to hold that office.

The New Hampshire State Manual of 1921 lists 26 portraits now on the walls of the capitol building as the work of Adna Tenney. Several of them are still among the most admired in the collection. While most of Mr. Tenney's painting was done in New Hampshire he also visited and worked in Boston, New York and Baltimore. One winter before the Civil War he passed in Arkansas and Mississippi, painting 27 portraits during his stay in the South. Somewhat later he resided for a time in Winona, Minn., and there devoted himself particularly to miniature painting, in which he achieved interesting results.

AN AUGUST PICTURE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

How swift the pictures flash on Memory's wall,
Coming and going, as the daylight flies!
On fleeting August, dreamiest of them all,
Lingers the gaze of our enchanted eyes.
We catch a glimpse of asters on the brink,
Admiring their colors in the pool,
And poppies, in their gowns of red and pink,
Asserting, as of old, their right to rule.
Now, Summer, tho' we beg of her to stay,
Is spurning with her dainty foot the sod,
And hast'ing o'er the distant hills away,
Her pathway lit by lamps of goldenrod.
And vanishing too soon,—we know not where—
Leaves a sweet fragrance on the misty air.

EDITORIAL

The editor and publisher, since January 1, 1919, of the Granite Monthly, has been named by the secretary of state of New Hampshire as his deputy, and for that reason finds it necessary to relinquish the pleasant, if not over profitable, task of issuing the state magazine. He is very glad to announce that his ownership of the Granite Monthly has been transferred to parties who have the ability and the disposition to make the publication a greater credit to and a more valuable asset of the state, than it ever has been in the more than forty years of its honorable history. The change in editorship and management will take effect with the October number and we bespeak for the new regime a continuance of that friend-

ly support and co-operation on the part of the contributors, subscribers and advertising patrons which have made possible the regular issue of the Granite Monthly during the past three years and eight months.

On the eve of finally covering the editorial typewriter and balancing for the last time the publishers' books, our heart is cheered by finding in the mail a check for two years' advance subscription bearing the signature of the head of one of the greatest industrial enterprises in this country, a distinguished native of New Hampshire, who thus manifests his belief that his old home state should have a magazine of its own and that the Granite Monthly is enough of a success in that direction to merit his support.

RAGGED MOUNTAIN

By M. White Sawyer

Where majesty of hill is wide, God wrought
With skyward fling, as eagle's wingcloud sought.

Deepening in blue with mist to distant glance,
Her outline purely shows as shadows dance.

'Ragged; Whose woods wind sung and piney sweet
Recall each year the friends who love to meet.

Where mountain brook sings silver clear, God's rill
Through cooling nook His anthem praises fill

Water music, trills true, snow white in sun
Green rimmed in fern, with straying wild root run.

'Ragged; where unspoiled Nature gives to man
A loftier view, to glimpse her spiritual plan.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

During the years of his active life, Captain Richard W. Musgrove of Bristol, soldier, editor, historian and legislator, who was born Nov. 1, 1840, and died Feb. 19, 1914, was one of New Hampshire's useful, honored and influential citizens; a man of many friends and true civic spirit; and last, but not least, the father of six talented children, one of whom, Miss Mary D. Musgrove, has worthily continued, since her father's death, his valuable work as editor and publisher of the Bristol Enterprise, one of New Hampshire's best weekly newspapers.

An interesting feature of the Enterprise in recent years has been the serial publication of Captain Musgrove's Autobiography. Those who enjoyed reading it in the newspaper will be glad to know that Miss Musgrove now has issued it in handsome book form with an excellent frontispiece portrait of her father; making a volume which should be in every library in the state and which will have a strong appeal to every one who appreciates the value of first-hand historical testimony given by a keen observer, a just chronicler and a writer of simple, direct and most engaging style.

So charming are Captain Musgrove's recollections of his boyhood

and school days that one notes with regret how small a part of the book as a whole they make; but the interest they inspire is held without diminution by the succeeding chapters in which the author paints vivid pictures of the splendid service which the 12th New Hampshire Regiment rendered at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the other famous names that are inscribed on its battle flag.

At the close of the civil war Captain Musgrove accepted a commission in the regular army and served for a time on the western frontier, so that the closing chapters of his autobiography contain stories which will delight all boys of whatever age about fighting Indians, hunting buffalo, etc.

Those of us who know how sane and helpful was his outlook upon life, how well he judged men and measures, would have rejoiced had he continued his self-record to cover the period of his public service in his home state.

But we are glad of the book as it is and feel that public thanks are due to Miss Musgrove for thus honoring the memory of her father and at the same time making a valuable addition to the library of New Hampshire history and biography.

CHARLES F. MILLER

The late Mr. Charles F. Miller, of the City of New York, was a resident of New Hampshire for many years. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and a contributor to the New Hampshire Historical Society's publications. He was also a member of the Concord Women's Club, County Club, Beaver Meadow Club, City Women's Club, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He was a resident of New York City for many years, and was a member of the New York Historical Society, and a contributor to the New York Historical Society's publications. He was also a member of the Concord Women's Club, County Club, Beaver Meadow Club, City Women's Club, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Charles F. Miller, one of America's leading authors, was born in New York City, January 17, 1840. He was a member of the New York Historical Society, and a contributor to the New York Historical Society's publications. He was also a member of the Concord Women's Club, County Club, Beaver Meadow Club, City Women's Club, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

Miss Harriet Lane Huntress, one of New Hampshire's best known women and most useful public servants, died at her home in Concord, July 31. She was born Nov. 30, 1866, in that part of Meredith which is now Center Harbor, the daughter of James L. and Harriet Page (Perkins) Huntress, her father being the proprietor of the Senter House, a famous summer resort on Lake Winnepesaukee. Miss Huntress was educated in Massachusetts schools, but from 1879 resided in Concord, where in 1889 she began a connection with the state department of public instruction which continued unbroken until her death. She gave most valuable assistance to six state superintendents and was herself from 1913 a deputy state superintendent.



THE LATE MISS HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

In recognition of her services to the cause of education New Hampshire College in 1920 conferred upon her the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Miss Huntress was an active worker in the New Hampshire Equal Suffrage Association, a faithful supporter of the Unitarian church and a member of the Concord Woman's Club, Country Club, Beaver Meadow Golf Club, Woman's City Club of Boston, New Hampshire Historical Society, Capital Grange, Rumford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Mount Vernon

Ladies' Association, whose work she most ably represented in New Hampshire.

MARY C. ROLOFSON.

Mrs. Mary Currier Rolofson, remembered by many readers of the Granite Monthly as a former contributor to its pages, died in Powell, Wyoming, July 11. She was born at Wentworth, May 24, 1869, the daughter of Lorenzo and Josephine C. Curren, and attended St. Johnsbury Academy, Smith College and Wesleyan University. She was the author of three books of poems. In 1907 she married Warren T. Rolofson, by whom she is survived.

REV. LUTHER F. MCKINNEY

Rev. Luther F. McKinney, former congressman from New Hampshire, died in Bridgton, Me., July 30. He was born in Newark, Ohio, April 25, 1841, and served in the Civil War. At its close he studied for the ministry at St. Lawrence University and held Universalist pastorates in Maine and New Hampshire. While thus located at Manchester he was four times the Democratic candidate for Congress and twice successful, in 1886 and 1890. In 1892 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of the state and in 1893 was appointed by President Cleveland as United States minister to Columbia, serving four years in that capacity. Upon his return to this country he preached for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y., but for a number of years had been located in Bridgton, the scene of his first pastorate, where he engaged in trade with his son. He continued his political activity there, serving in the state legislature and as a congressional candidate. He was prominent in Odd Fellowship and the G. A. R. and was for some years chaplain of the First Regiment, N. H. N. G. Mr McKinney was an able and popular preacher and a strong and forceful political speaker.

CHARLES R. MILLER

Charles Ransom Miller, one of America's leading editors, was born in Hanover, Jan. 17, 1849, the son of Elijah T. and Chastina (Hoyt) Miller, and died in New York City, July 18. Upon grad-

uation from Dartmouth College in 1872 he began newspaper work upon the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican and there continued for three years, then joining the staff of the New York Times. The remainder of his life was devoted to the Times and from 1885 he had been its editor-in-chief. He was also the second largest stockholder in the corporation owning the paper and was its first vice-president and a member of the board of directors. He was likewise a director of the Tidewater Paper Company.

He married Miss Frances Daniels of Plainfield, October 10, 1876, who died in 1906. A son and daughter, Hoyt Miller and Miss Madge Miller, survive him. The degree of doctor of laws was con-

ferred on him in 1905 by Dartmouth College and in 1915 he received the degree of doctor of literature from Columbia university. In February, 1919, the French government bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon him and the Belgian government decorated him with the Order of Leopold. He was a member of the Century, Metropolitan and Piping Rock Clubs of New York City.

Mr. Miller was recognized as one of the ablest and best informed editorial writers in the world and especially during the late War his leaders in the Times attracted wide and respectful attention.

DREAMS

By Lilian Sue Keech

When nights has fallen, and the hour is late,
The dreams come stealing through the garden gate.
Past crimson roses, heavy with the dew,
White lillies, passion flowers of purple hue.

Upon his grassy couch, the old dog stirs,
As close beside him, a dream partridge whirs.
The shadowy forms flit through the fast closed doors,
And noiseless run upon the polished floors.

Along the wall, the horseman spurs his steed,
And ancient warriors drink their mug of mead.
The fairy dreams dance in the children's room,
And dreadful nightmares, in the background loom.

But in the chamber, where the dead doth lie,
Dreams may not enter, not with smile nor sigh.
Upon the quiet form, the pale moon gleams,
The walls are empty, there are no more dreams.

ON THE ROAD FROM CORMICY

(The ancient highway between Rome and Belgium).

By Mary E. Hough

On the road from Cormicy
Leading down to Rheims,
Rows of poplars edge the way
Yellow-green as in the spring
When young leaves were blossoming,
Setal flowers of May!
Yet mid-summer's burning sun
Sheds its hottest rays upon
The road that leads to Rheims.

Other trees stand gaunt and bare,
Lifting naked arms in air,
Or there are no trees,—
Only stumps and riven trunks
In a jangle of barb-wire,
Scrolled against the horizon's edge
Like a blackened frieze.

These have stood the test of war,
They have kept the Roman way—
The ancient road through France.
What care they for hot grenade
Crackling in the withered grass,
Kindled by the sun's fierce rays
Into smoking gas?
They are vestals of the shade.

* * * *

And the rows of poplar trees
Leading down from Cormicy,
Yellow-green as in the spring
When young leaves were blossoming,
Are a happy prophecy
Of undying Rheims!

Cormicy, France, July 11, 1921.

HIS LITTLE FLOCK ARE WE.

By Elias H. Cheney

Immanuel, our Solid Rock——
 Hath christened us his Little Flock.
 He knows his flock: each sheep by name:
 Its tiniest lamb knows Him, the same.
 Fear not, he saith, my lambkins: I
 Am your Good Shepherd, always nigh.
 Your Father's pleasure good it is,
 To give to you the Kingdom his,
 Wherein the strife and tumult cease,
 And all is harmony and peace.
 Kingdom of God, enthroned on High;
 Ours, now: ours when we cleave the sky.
 He bids us first his Kingdom choose:
 All things he'll add! O wondrous News!
 All things! supply our every need;
 By waters still lead us to feed.
 Our Father's Kingdom—for our sakes—
 Equally ours and his he makes;
 E'en as the bridegroom to his bride
 Gives all: and they walk side by side.
 All this our Father's pleasure good!
 Earth never saw such Fatherhood.
 Well pleased my Father thus to give;
 Well pleased I for his Kingdom live.

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The
Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

CHESTER AND NOTTINGHAM BICENTENNIALS

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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CHESTER'S BICENTENNIAL

From the twenty-seventh to the twenty-ninth of August the Town of Chester celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. Tireless in their preparations and apt in running the intricate program smoothly, the committees unfortunately had to contend with rain on Sunday and Monday the first two days, but in spite of all it was a celebration worthy in every way the town and the occasion and on the final day the sunshine atoned for the previous dampness.

Chester is a town of rare beauty and no little historic interest. The beauty, perhaps not enhanced for the celebration, was at least brightened by the elaborate decorations from end to end of the Street. Historic houses were simply and appropriately marked, so that he who ran an automobile might in passing recognize the house of Lord Timothy Dexter and know that the Inn was built in 1761. Scores of places were thus marked and fuller information regarding them included in the official program. This valuable work was done by the Committee on Publicity, whose chairman was Miss Isabelle H. Fitz.

In the Stevens Memorial Hall was an excellent exhibition of interior antiques, supplemented exteriorly by the rows of fine colonial houses which line the long, tree-bordered Street. As one admired the fine taste which guided the hands of the designer and artisan of ancient days, one did homage as well to the sense of beauty and fitness which led the settlers of the eighteenth century to choose for their village that slow-sloping hill, with its charming vistas of wood and mountain.

The celebration began with the

church services on Sunday morning, which filled both churches to capacity. The Congregational Church is nearly as old as the town, having been organized in 1730 or earlier, although the building in which it worships dates only from 1773. It is true that the edifice was remodeled quite beyond recognition in 1839, yet it is undoubtedly one of the oldest houses of worship in present use in the state. Here the Reverend Silas N. Adams, pastor of the church, extended the welcome, and the anniversary sermon was preached by the Reverend Samuel H. Dana, D.D., of Exeter. Appropriate music was furnished by a quartet and Mrs. Ella A. Allen, organist. Not least in interest was an historical address by the Reverend James G. Robertson, now of South Strafford, Vermont, but for twenty-six years pastor of this church. The music was under the direction of Walettr I. Martin, hymns of the eighteenth century being used.

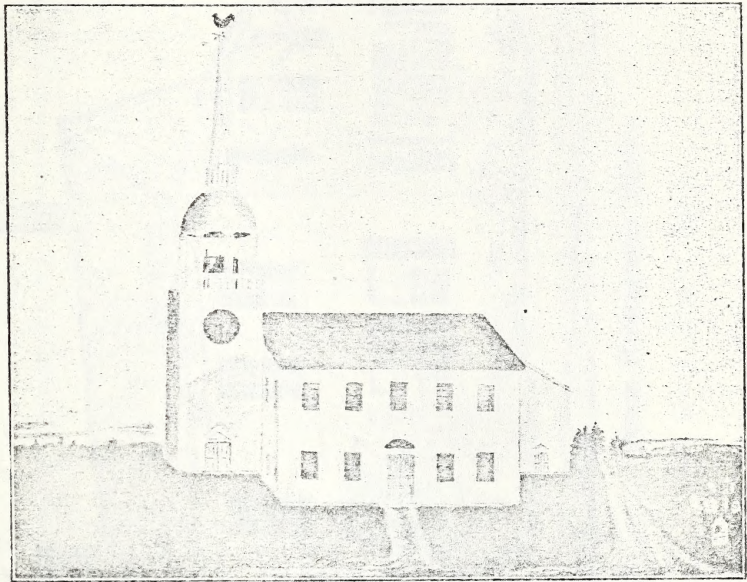
The First Baptist Church is more youthful, only a little over a century old, yet deemed ancient enough to bear a worthy share in the observances. At this church the pastor, the Reverend Mary E. Morse, gave the welcome. Two former pastors contributed to the program, the Reverend Bernard Christopher of Hampton making remarks and the Reverend Thomas J. Cate of Meredith preaching the sermon. There were also remarks by the Reverend Chester J. Wilcomb of Riverside, California, who united with this church over thirty years ago. All three of these ministers were ordained in this church. The music was by the choir and Mrs. Myron F. Robie, organist.

A union mass meeting was held

Sunday afternoon in the anniversary tent which was erected on the Wilcomb field. There was an attendance of about a thousand. The Reverend Silas N. Adams presided, and there was music by a chorus of one hundred under the direction of Mr. Walter I. Martin. The speakers included the Reverend Charles D. Tenney of Palo Alto, California; the Reverend Henry M. Warren of New York City; the Reverend J. Wallace Chesbro of Fall River, Massachusetts; the Reverend Morris W. Morse

rather on the spur of the moment, with the Highland Band of Manchester and the Raymond Band.

A simple but handsome memorial to those who served in the Spanish and World Wars was dedicated on Monday. Those taking part in these exercises were: George E. Gillingham, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the celebration; the Honorable John C. Chase, president of the day; the Reverend Silas N. Adams, invocation; Colonel George A. Hosley, presiding officer; Albert



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1773.

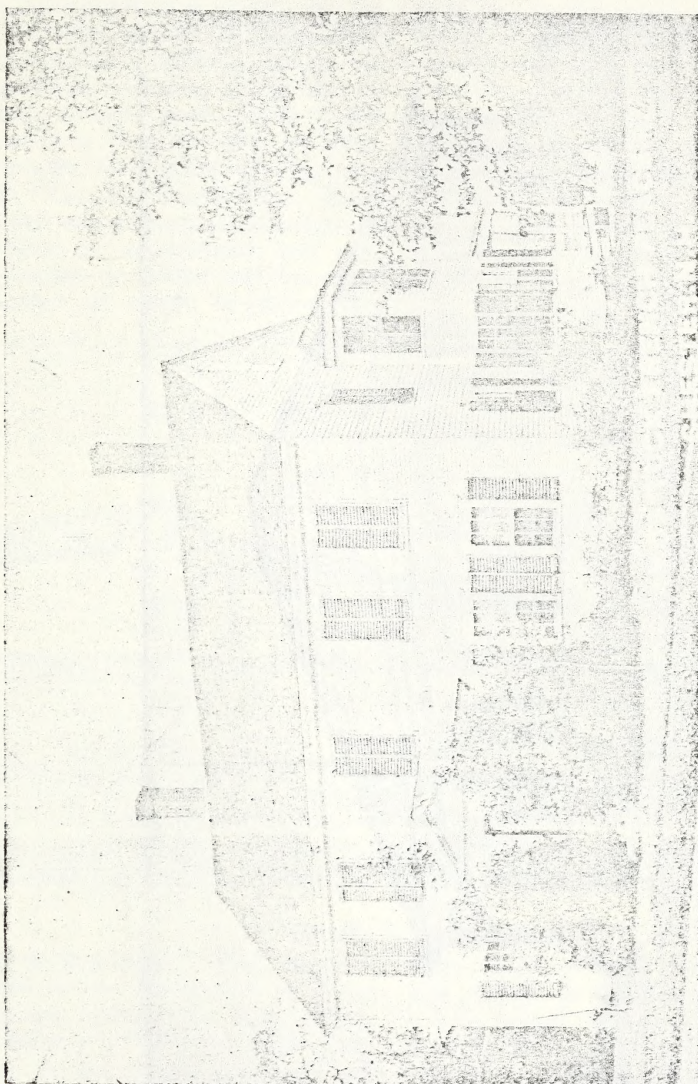
of Moscow, Idaho; the Reverend Messrs. Wilcomb, Robertson, Christopher and Cate, and Reverend Mary E. Morse.

Monday, August 28, was designed to be the great day of the celebration, but the inclement weather forced the postponement until Tuesday of the general parade and the pageant. Nevertheless Monday was crowded. Two of the four bands engaged for the day arrived in spite of attempts to cancel them, so a short parade was picked up and run off

F. B. Edwards, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, who made the presentation to the American Legion for dedication; retiring Department Commander. Robert O. Blood, of Concord, who accepted the memorial; Major Frank Knox of Manchester, who gave the dedicatory address; Governor Albert O. Brown, who extended the congratulations of the state. A message from Governor Cox of Massachusetts was read. The exercises were concluded by three volleys fired by American Legion

members and sounding of taps. Of twenty-two soldiers sent by Chester to the World War, four died in service. The town furnished also one Red Cross nurse.

by the combined bands. Mr. Hazelton was born in Chester ninety years ago and was a representative from Wisconsin in the National Legislature for several sessions. For many



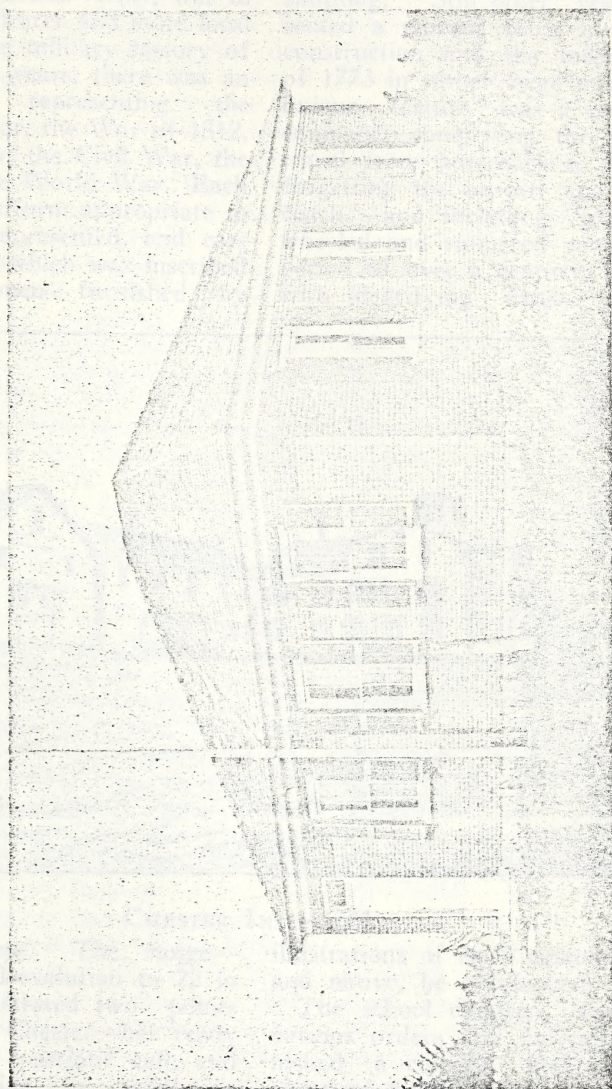
JUDGE RICHARDSON HOUSE

After dinner, provided in both the Stevens Memorial Hall and the tent, the latter place was the setting for the anniversary address by the Honorable George C. Hazelton of Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Chase presided. There was music

years he practised law in Washington. He survived the celebration less than a week, passing away suddenly at his Chester summer residence on September 4. His last address, delivered entirely without notes, was considered by all his masterpiece.

Tuesday was as ideal in weather as Monday was forbidding, and the village was crowded by thousands who came from far and near. The general parade, somewhat crippled by the postponement from the day be-

marched under a sunny sky. The numerous floats in beauty or ingenuity, or both, all denoted a thought and care which showed how much the citizens of Chester and her daughter towns cherish the memory of the two



OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE

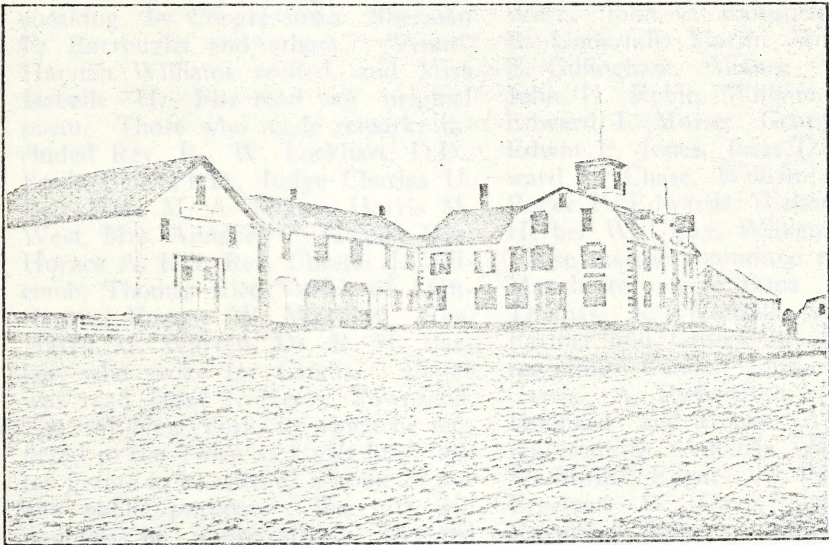
fore, was a splendid affair under the direction of Chief Marshal Herbert H. True. From Wilcomb Common to the old brick schoolhouse and back, the gay-colored precession

centuries of their civic life.

In the line of march were found town officials and representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Fusilier Veterans, the

Amoskeag Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Women's Relief Corps, the American Legion. Col. George A. Hosley of Chester, chief of the National Grand Army, was in line. To make clearer and more local illustration of the military history of the two hundred years, there was an inspiring group representing the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the World War. Each man wore the uniform appropriate to the conflict he represented, and carried a banner on which was inscribed the number of men furnished by

industry were shown by floats carrying ancient agricultural implements and by representations of the hand processes of cooperage and blacksmithing. Still other floats represented a pioneer cabin in course of construction and the meeting house of 1773 in rather large miniature. A unique feature was a collection of equipages comprising the history of travel from horseback to motor, not forgetting the ox-cart and the stage coach, and including examples of wheeled and runnered vehicles for a period of over a century, all marked with identifying dates. Nor must



CHESTER INN—1761

Chester to that war. The range—from 254 in the Revolution to 22 in the late war—illustrated two points in the history of Chester—her ready response to every patriotic call, and the steady decline in population wrought not only by the omission of the railroads to touch such towns, but by the annexation of large parts of Chester's area to other towns.

History was further illustrated by the contrast between a tiny "hand tub" of 1842 and modern motor fire apparatus. The older methods of

illustrations of early customs, pioneer and native, be overlooked.

The school children, the Grange, various orders and individuals furnished a colorful and interesting series of floats. There were flowers, there were "Callathumpains"; there were Indians and Uncle Sams; there were hunters and hucksters. Not least in interest was a group of the oldest inhabitants: Elijah Sanborn, 103; George C. Hazelton, 90; Susan J. Webster, 88; Carlos W. Noyes (a Civil War veteran), 86; "Aunt"

Hannah (Wilcomb) Williams, aged 84; James Heath, 92; Mark Sanborn, 83, and Cyrus Hill, 87. All told there were over 500 people and 100 horses in the line. Nevers' Band of Concord and Rainey's Cadet Band of Manchester furnished the music for the parade and throughout the day.

Other events of Tuesday were a program of sports for the younger, and a very pleasant reunion of Chester Academy students for the older and more reminiscent. Dinner was again served at the Stevens Memorial, but the chief table event was the banquet at the anniversary tent in the early afternoon. Here, the Hon. John C. Chase presiding, there was speaking by Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs and others. "Aunt" Hannah Williams recited, and Miss Isabelle H. Fitz read an original poem. Those who made remarks included Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D.D., Louis Bell, Ph.D., Judge Charles U. Bell, Hon. M. A. Moore, Harris M. West, Mrs. Annabell F. Hogan, Mrs. Horace A. Hill, Rev. Chester J. Wilcomb, Thomas Rice Varick of Manchester, Eugene W. Watkins, Rev. Harry M. Warren, Dr. R. H. Barker, who spoke for Candia. Letter was read from J. Henry Townsend, Esq., of New York, in which he tendered to the Town as a gift his Chester Estate to be used as a home or for any public purpose. The gift will doubtless be appreciatively accepted at the next town meeting.

In the evening there was a display of fireworks, followed by the historical pageant written by Mrs. Mary Stuart MacMurphy of Derry. Mrs. Helen L. Kloeber of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was general director and Mrs. Walter P. Tenney local director. Nevers' Orchestra of Concord supplied the musical accompaniment. The program included a prelude, five episodes, three interludes and a postlude, and covered the history of Chester from the purchase of land from the Indians to the separation of Candia, Raymond and Au-

burn. The pageant was splendidly given, and was attended by two thousand people.

The committee responsible for the planning and execution of the celebration included: George E. Gillingham, Chairman, Edwin P. Jones, Vice-Chairman, John M. Webster, Treasurer, John C. Ramsdell. Those on the executive committee were Rev. Silas N. Adams, Augustus P. Morse, John M. Webster, Mary B. Noyes, George A. Hosley, Jennie P. Hazelton, Cyrus F. Marston, Eleanor J. Locke, Isabelle H. Fitz, Martha T. Learnard, Nathan W. Goldsmith, Arthur H. Wilcomb, Clarence O. Morse, George D. Rand, George S. West, John C. Ramsdell, William B. Underhill, Martin Mills, George E. Gillingham, Walter P. Tenney, John H. Robie, William T. Owen, Edward T. Morse, George L. Fitts, Edwin P. Jones, John D. Fisk, Edward C. Chase, William B. Wason, Roger P. Edwards, Walter W. Lane, Herber W. Ray, William C. Hall. Those on the committee representing Manchester were Dana A. Emery, Thomas R. Varick, William B. Farmer and George M. Clark; representing Candia, John H. Foster, Carrie A. Richardson, Hattie A. Hubbard and Henry A. Hubbard; representing Auburn, George E. Spofford, Edgar L. Preston and Freeman R. Davis; representing Raymond, Walter J. Dudley, T. Morrill Gould, Edward F. Cram and Joseph F. Savage.

The financing of the celebration, no small burden, was cared for with great foresight. For five years beginning with 1917 the town appropriated \$125 annually, with a final appropriation of \$1,000 this year. The daughter towns of Raymond, Candia, and Auburn added generous contributions, as did many present and former residents. In this, as in other ways, the Chester folk have illustrated the value of long and thorough preparation for an event of outstanding importance.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON CHESTER

The Town of Chester was formally inaugurated by royal charter dated May 8, 1722. This, however, was but by way of confirmation and enlargement of rights granted by the Governor and Council as the result of transactions lasting some three years. In 1719 about one hundred Hampton and Portsmouth folk petitioned for a grant of eight miles square in the waste land which was then known, apparently interchangeably, as "the Chesnut Country" and Cheshire. The same year, pending action on the petition, a proprietors' society was organized to settle the proposed grant, and home lots were drawn.

Meanwhile a motion was made on the part of Haverhill folk to settle the same territory. Quite likely they began on the theory that the land was in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, but in any event they joined Exeter parties in petitioning the New Hampshire authorities to be admitted with the first petitioners. At the same time (May, 1720) the first petition was withdrawn and a new one substituted for a township ten miles square. Neither was immediately acted upon. There are suggestions of litigation, but in June a compromise was apparently effected by the first petitioners voluntarily admitting as proprietors Samuel Ingalls and other Haverhill men. This was shortly followed by the granting of the substituted petition of the Hampton society. Already, however, the lay-out had been made, and now some fencing was done. It seems to have been part of the arrangement that the proprietors as a whole should make a road passable for carts from Kingston, while the Haverhill people, at their separate charge, should make a similar road from their town.

Who was the first actual settler is not known, but probably it was Captain Samuel Ingalls. There is

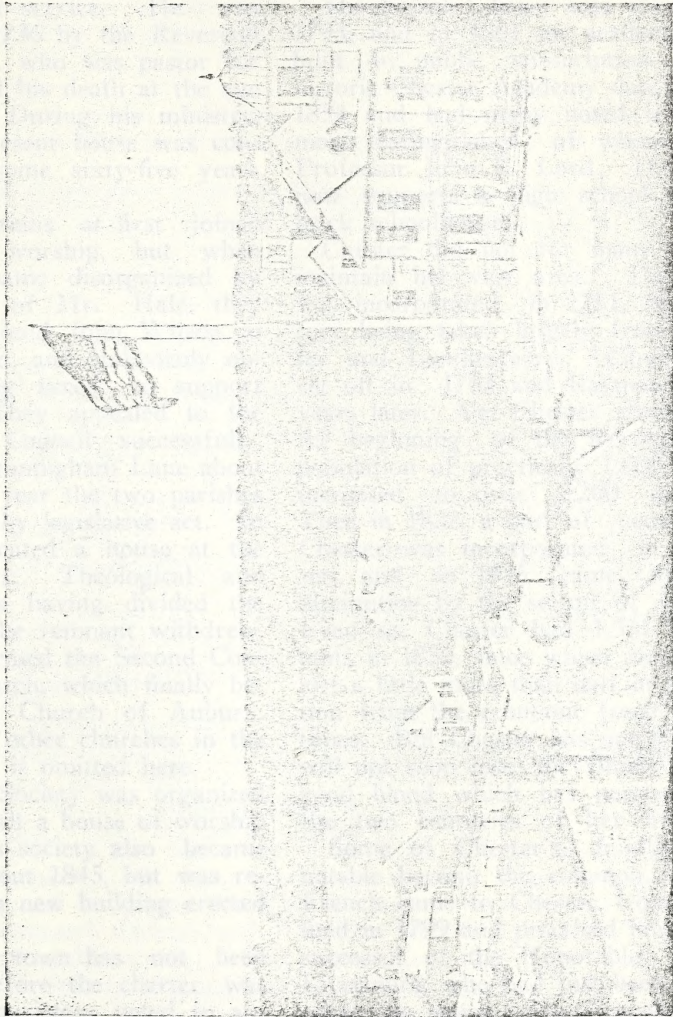
evidence that he was a resident before the date of the charter, and it is supposed he built in 1722, on the crest of Walnut Hill, the first house in Chester. Here was born, in 1723, his daughter, Mehitable, the first white native of Chester. Captain Ingalls built the first framed house about 1732. The year 1723 seems to have brought a few settlers, but probably no considerable number were there until 1727. The original settlers located principally in the southeasterly corner of the town, though from the first the center seems to have been designed for its present location.

Chester, as finally granted, covered about one hundred and twenty square miles, including, besides the present town, Auburn, Candia, Raymond and large portions of Manchester and Hooksett. The early settlers suffered their share of the anxieties which were common to all pioneers. In 1724 Lieutenant Thomas Smith and John Karr, while constructing a brush fence to protect their cattle from the Indians, were set upon by Joe English and a band of natives, and captured. Their captors took them northward, securing them at night by staking them to the roots of trees and binding them with deer sinews. During the second night, while the Indians slept, they slipped their bonds, and on the evening of the third day found their way back home. Others were not so lucky. At least one, John Robie, was slain, and his son, Ichabod, was captured but later escaped. It was such experiences as these, doubtless, that led the town in 1725 to vote to employ two soldiers to stand guard for four months. The Wilson Garrison house now occupied by Chester P. Hunt, was built in 1730, and other garri- sons were constructed from time to time as occasion required.

Road building was an early neces-

sity in frontier towns, and at the first March meeting, in 1725, the Londonderry Road was laid out. The first recorded road actually built, however, is the one to Haverhill, constructed about 1730, although before

January, 1720-21, the proprietors voted that at the expense of the whole proprietary they would maintain a minister when thirty householders were settled, and would build a meeting-house when fifty families



CHESTER SQUARE
 Soldiers' Monument, Baptist Church, Stevens Memorial Hall.

that time doubtless rough ways had been built. Mills also were a prime necessity, and one was built at Free-town in Raymond, in 1726.

The temper of the fathers was of too serious a turn to be long without settled religious instruction. In

were settled. It was voted to hire a minister in 1728, and to erect a meeting-house at the Center. The Reverend John Tuck of Hampton was called in 1729, but declined, although it appears that he preached in Chester for fourteen Sabbaths that

year. The town then called the Reverend Moses Hale, and worship was held from late 1731 under his ministry in the first meeting-house, within a few rods of the present Congregational Church. Mr. Hale, having been brought under distraction of mind, did little service. He was succeeded in 1736 by the Reverend Ebenezer Flagg, who was pastor for sixty years until his death at the age of ninety-two. During his ministry, in 1773, the present house was constructed, and some sixty-five years later remodeled.

The Presbyterians at first joined in the common worship, but when the church became disorganized by the incapacity of Mr. Hale, they hired the Reverend John Wilson to preach for them, and stubbornly objected to being taxed to support Mr. Flagg. They appealed to the Governor and Council successfully, and built on Cunningham Lane about 1740, in which year the two parishes were separated by legislative act. In 1794 they dedicated a house at the Long Meadows. Theological and slavery disputes having divided the Presbyterians, the remnant withdrew, and in 1843 formed the Second Congregational Church, which finally became the First Church of Auburn. The history of other churches in the daughter towns is omitted here.

The Baptist Society was organized in 1819, and built a house of worship in 1823. This society also became disorganized about 1845, but was re-organized and a new building erected in 1861.

In letters the town has not been backward. Before the charter was granted the proprietors voted to appropriate the first forfeited lot for a school. The first record of a money appropriation for a school master was in 1737, though doubtless there was instruction before that date. At first the master travelled from one part of the town to another, teaching in the homes, but in 1744 and 1745

"school housen" were built, probably three in number. In one respect the town was lax; after there were one hundred families settled they declined to support a grammar school according to law, whereupon the selectmen were indicted and two convicted.

The Social Library was opened in 1793, and in 1801 an academy was built by public subscription. The historic Chester Academy dated from 1854 and had many noted teachers, most distinguished of whom was Professor John K. Lord. The town now supports a high school in the brick schoolhouse.

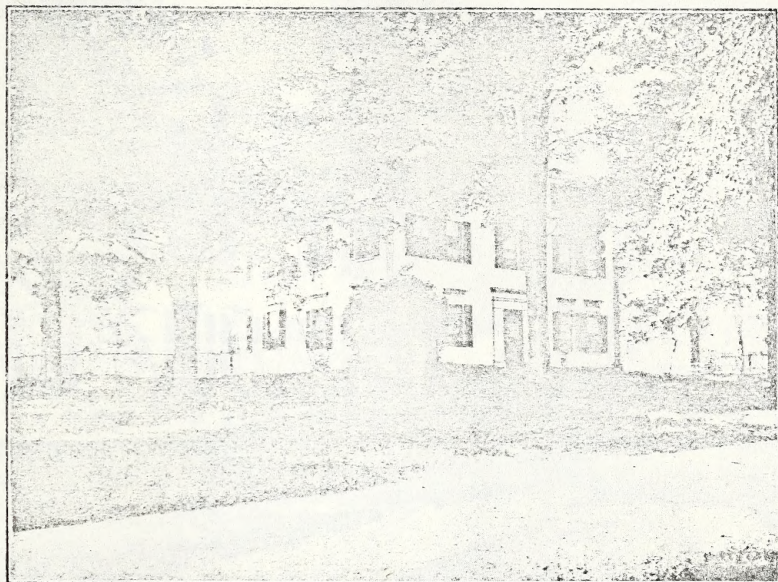
Chester did not for many years maintain her vast area. Derryfield was incorporated in 1751, its territory being taken largely from Chester and Londonderry. Candia was set off in 1763 and Raymond two years later. Yet Chester retained, at the beginning of the Revolution, a population of practically 1,600, which increased to over 2,200 in 1820. Then in 1822, a part of century-old Chester was incorporated in Hooksett, and in 1845 came the final diminution by the set-off of Auburn. Even so, Chester had 1,351 inhabitants in 1850, since which time it has lost a little more than half in population from the economic trend of the times. But Chester has not lost, and will not soon lose, the vitality of the good blood which has persisted for the two centuries of her life.

Some of Chester's families are notable beyond the common. Daniel French came to Chester from Deerfield in 1799 and practised law as the successor of the Honorable Arthur Livermore, who had just been elevated to the bench. Mr. French was a distinguished lawyer who served as Solicitor of Rockingham County and Attorney General of New Hampshire. In his fine residence, built on the Street in 1800 and burned in 1902, were born eleven children, among whom were Benjamin Brown French, a lawyer and clerk of the National

House of Representatives, grandfather of Amos Tuck French; Henry Flagg French, also a lawyer, first president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and father of Daniel Chester French, of W. M. Henry French Hollis and Allen Hollis. Another of the eleven children was Mrs. Helen French Cochrane, well known as a writer. Both Benjamin B. and Henry F. French married daughters of William M. Richardson, Chief Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1838, and

pave Chester Street if the town would call it Dexter Street. Whether the change of name appealed to the citizens as undemocratic or the paving as unnecessary, does not appear. In any event they rejected the proposition with substantial unanimity. Dexter lived in Chester but a short time, then returned to Newburyport, which was the scene of his most memorable eccentricities.

Leaving eccentrics, and coming back to a family which left a lasting impression, one must not overlook



DANIEL FRENCH HOUSE

owner from 1819 of the house formerly the property of Benjamin Brown, father of President Francis Brown of Dartmouth College and of Benjamin B. French's mother. This house is now owned by Amos Tuck French.

Adjoining the Richardson house is another historic place, which Mr. French also owns. It was built in 1787, a year before the Richardson house, and was bought in 1796 by Lord Timothy Dexter. This curious man two years later offered to

the Bells, one of New Hampshire's best strains. Their immigrant ancestor came from Ireland to Londonderry in 1719. Three of his grandsons, Jonathan, John and Samuel, lived in Chester. Jonathan was a trader. John also was a trader and acquired a considerable fortune. He was a member of the Executive Council from 1817 to 1823, then Sheriff of Rockingham County, and in 1828 was elected Governor. His oldest daughter married the Reverend Doctor Nathaniel Bouton of

Concord, the second married the Honorable John Nesmith of Lowell, Massachusetts. Other children, with the exception of Charles H. Bell, died at an early age, though several of them survived long enough to show promise of worthy careers. Charles H. Bell was a successful lawyer who practised in Chester, Somersworth and Exeter, served a few months as United States Senator

1823 to 1835. His son, Samuel Dana Bell, also practised law in Chester, was Representative, County Solicitor, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Justice and Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and commissioner to revise the statutes in 1830, 1842 and 1867. Two of his sons, John James and Samuel N., were well known lawyers, and the latter was a member of Congress from 1871 to



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER HOUSE

and was Governor of New Hampshire from 1881 to 1883.

Samuel Bell was a Dartmouth graduate and a lawyer, and came to Chester in 1812. His political career had already taken him into both branches of the legislature, and he had been presiding officer of both. He was a Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1819, Governor of New Hampshire from 1819 to 1823, United States Senator from

1823 and from 1875 to 1877.

Another son of Governor Samuel Bell was John, a professor of anatomy at the University of Vermont. Still another, James, was a lawyer and United States Senator. A fourth, Luther V., was superintendent of the McLean Asylum and a surgeon in the Civil War, during which he died. A fifth, George, was a lawyer and served in the Civil War. John Bell and Charles Bell were the sixth and

seventh sons. Both were practising physicians, and the former served as a surgeon in the Civil War. The youngest son, Louis, was a lawyer, and was Colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. He was killed at Fort Fisher in 1865. His son, Dr. Louis Bell, is a well known electrical engineer. Charles Upham Bell, son of James, for more

than 20 years a Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court, is another prominent living representative of this great family.

Chester, however, does not live solely in her past. She is still blessed with a citizenry of the substantial old stock, awake to the modern life of the world.

MY CHESTER!

(For the Two Hundredth Anniversary)

By Isabelle H. Fitz.

My Chester, oh my Chester!
 The town that gave me birth;
 What memories cluster round thy name!
 The deraest spot on earth.
 No maples wear such Autumn tints
 As those that line our Street;
 No sunset glows with deeper rose,
 No birds sing half so sweet.

My Chester, oh my Chester!
 In seventeen twenty-two,
 Men came from far to call thee "home,"
 Brave, loyal, staunch and true;
 They plied the axe, they drove the plow,
 But scorning England's thrall,
 They signed "The Test," to give their best,
 Their lives, their gold, their all.

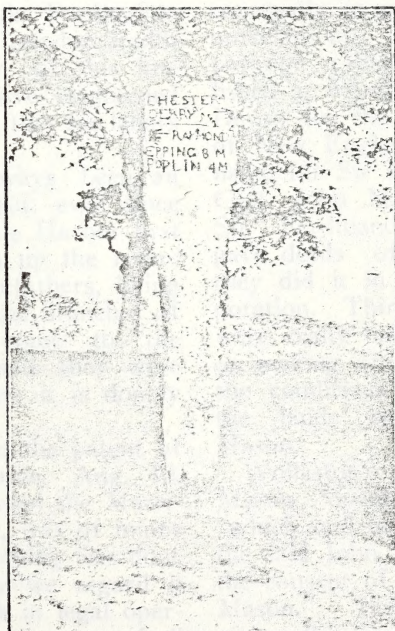
Peace brought us honors:
 Where legislators wait,
 Came none more skilled or learned or wise
 Throughout our Granite State;
 For Richardson, and French, and Bell
 Were names that won renown,
 And Washington claimed many a son
 From that dear, honored town.

Once more the war cloud threatened,—
 With Sumter's booming gun,
 They sprang to arms, to say with might,
 "This nation shall be one!"
 At Gettysburg, at Petersburg,
 Our gallant boys were found,—
 And women wept, for husbands slept
 On many a battle ground.

Then came the Titan conflict
 Whose war shock rent the world;
 All life was in the maelstrom,
 Where blood-stained waters swirled;
 They went,—our lads of promise,—
 Quite unafraid were they
 To dare the curse, ay, even worse,
 Of Teutons' tyrant sway.

I see thee still, my Chester!
 Though through a mist of tears;
 Thy people brave, unfaltering,
 Throughout those bygone years;
 Thy daughters sweet, and fair, and true,
 And strong in freedom's fight,
 Thy sons, no less, for righteousness,
 For justice, truth and right.

God keep thee pure, my Chester!
 From soil or stain of sin;
 That selfishness and greed and hate
 May never enter in;
 But with a name untarnished,
 As in the days of yore,
 Till as a scroll the heavens roll,
 And time endures no more.



MILESTONE, 1775

WHO PLANTED NEW HAMPSHIRE?

By Charles Thornton Libby

(We are indebted to Mr. Libby, lawyer and antiquarian, of Portland, Maine, for permission to publish his address, as President of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, at the observance on August 10, 1922, at Portsmouth, of the three hundredth anniversary of the patent to Gorges and Mason. Mr. Libby writes that this paper includes the results of his investigations of the Hilton family in England, and also sums up the conclusions of all former investigators, making this paper, in his belief, "the most up-to-date summary of this much abused subject." We welcome so valuable an addition to the discussion of New Hampshire's beginnings which the magazine has recently been featuring, and invite further contributions on the subject. The obscurity of the early days from 1623 to 1630 calls for untiring and critical investigation.—Editor.)

In behalf of the members of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, it gives me pleasure to return thanks for the welcome so kindly accorded us by the mayor of Strawberry Bank. If Sir Ferdinando, at some moment of his long life of struggle and disappointment, could have looked forward and seen the Honorable Ferdinando doing his part in a three-hundredth anniversary as mayor of this fine city, his face must have brightened with the happy thought that his labors had not been in vain.

Portsmouth has always been an interesting place to visit, ever since the new comers at Little Harbor first found the strawberries up the river; and for us, whose forefathers, living on one or another of the branches of this river, had to come to "the Bank" in order to know they were living, once in so often, it is doubly pleasant.

It has been said that the patent of the Province of Maine, Aug. 10, 1622, granting all between the Merrimac and the Kennebec, was of minor consequence because nothing was done under it. Rather may we regard it as the foundation, both in legal operation and in actual carryings on, of all that came after.

By the terms of this grant, which we celebrate today, Sir Ferdinando and Captain Mason bound themselves under £100 penalty to settle one colony with a competent guard and at least ten families within three years. We must believe they did it. They two were the efficient colonizers of New England. They squandered both their own wealth and the wealth of others, but they achieved. Having agreed to settle ten families, they did it. Here was the founding of this State, and of Maine this side of the Kennebec.

It is true that the Plymouth Company in 1622 deeded this land where we now are to Gorges and Mason, and in 1623 deeded it to Mr. David Thomson, and in 1629 deeded it to Captain Mason, and in 1631 deeded it to the Laconia Company, and in 1635 gave a 999 years' lease of it to Sir John Wollaston, all covering the same land. But in dealing with these old patents we must bear three things constantly in mind, or we shall trip ourselves up. For one thing, the corporation called "the Council established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the planting and ordering of New England," was only another name for Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason. Second, when Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason gave deeds of parts of their land, they did it in the name of the corporation. Third, the deeds they gave were really only options, conditioned on making actual settlements. When the conditions were not performed, the lands reverted to Gorges & Mason.

Wollaston's deed back to Capt. Mason openly explains the lease, "which said indenture was made unto the said John Wollaston by and with the consent of the said Captain John Mason." Instead of Capt. Mason giving the lease himself, he gave it in the name of the Council. The grant

to Mason in 1629 is explained by the lawyers of Mr. Mason's grandson, "being a division of the lands formerly granted unto Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason." Instead of Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason giving deeds to each other to divide their lands, they issued new grants to themselves in the name of the Council.

Mr. David Thomson, the first planter of New Hampshire, was not what the historian, Hubbard, said he was "the agent of Georges and Mason." Nor did he receive a conflicting grant of lands already granted to them. His deed, although in the name of the Council, was really from them. Some historians have failed to understand how he received a grant of 6,000 acres already granted to them, or why he did not hold it afterwards. These two questions answer each other if permitted to do so. Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason in effect deeded to Mr. David Thomson six thousand acres of the best of their lands on conditions which he failed to fulfill; and so the lands reverted to them.

As the patent to Mr. Thomson is lost, we cannot know exactly what the conditions they put into it were, but we may be sure that they covered the undertaking for which they themselves were under bond, to settle in this wilderness a sufficient guard and ten families. We have from Mr. Samuel Maverick, who came to Massachusetts in 1624, some years before the Boston colony started the Year One of New England, as they reckoned it, and who soon married Mr. Thomson's young widow, a graphic account of what was done:

Strawberry Bank, the Great House and Isle of Shoals.

Within 2 myles of the mouth is Strawberry Bank where are many families, and a minister

and a meeting house, and to the meeting houses of Dover and Exeter most of the people resort. This Strawberry Bank is part of 6,000 acres granted by patent about the year 1620 or 1621 to Mr. David Thompson, who with the assistance of Mr. Nicholas Sherwill, Mr. Leonard Pomery and Mr. Abraham Colmer of Plymouth, merchants, went over with a considerable company of servants, and built a strong and large house, enclosed it with a large and high Palizado and mounted gunns, and being stored extraordinarily with shot and ammunition, was a terror to the Indians, who at that time were insulting over the poor, weak and unfurnished planters of Plymouth. This house and fort he built on a point of land at the very entrance of Piscataqua River and having granted by patent all the islands bordering on this land to the middle of the river, he took possession of an island commonly called the Great Island, and for the bounds of this land he went up the river to a point called Bloody Point, and by the seaside about four miles. He also had power of government within his own bounds. Notwithstanding all this, all is at this day in the power and at the disposal of the Massachusetts.

So here we see what method Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason took to fulfill their bond to the Council. Mr. Thomson, a cultured and traveled gentleman, whom Sir Ferdinando had employed in difficult negotiations with high officials, was to do it for them, and for this service to have 6,000 acres on one side of the river. To get the necessary capital, he contracted with three Plymouth merchants to

run the plantation five years, and then turn over to them three-fourths of the improved land and three-fourths of the profits. After three years effort, he saw fit to remove to Massachusetts Bay, where he could have all his improved lands and all of his profits. Whether he settled all the ten families within three years from August 10, 1622, or whether Gorges and Mason had to come forward to finish the task, we do not know.

Let us remember that we know very little about this dark period when the Province of Maine covered Maine and New Hampshire both. Except Mr. Thomson and the Hiltons, and perhaps Mr. Ambrose Gibbins, we have not one name to associate with this period. The arrival of the Warwick, when our written history begins, was not until the summer of 1630.

They have in Boston, not in its legal custody, a sheet of paper written on both sides, a separate document on either side, and both certified by Elisha Cooke, clerk of courts. On one side is a copy of the inventory of the Laconia Company goods, July, 1635, attested by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of this Province in 1683, when the case of Mason versus Waldron was tried, and this is of unquestionable genuineness.

On the other side is the list of people, "sent by John Mason, Esquire," winding up, "Eight Danes, Twenty-Two Women." If this list was offered in court in 1683, it was rejected as spurious. Both from external and internal evidence, it seems a fraudulent production. Probably it was made up to use in the suit against Humphrey Spencer in 1704, as there is a check mark in the margin opposite Thomas Spencer's name, and Elisha Cooke was not appointed clerk of courts until 1702. The list omits names of some who we know were

sent over by Capt. Mason, as Thomas Crockett; and inserts names of young men who were children or unborn at the time of Capt. Mason's death, as the two younger Chadbournes, Thomas Fernald, Jeremy Walford; and includes the names of men who we know were not sent over by him, as William Seavey, who came on a fishing trip to the Isles of Shoals, John Symonds, sent over by Trelawny to Richmond's Island, Francis Norton and Sampson Lane, who came after the Captain's death, and others. The name printed as Henry Baldwin is not that name in the Boston list; evidently Clerk Cooke could not read it, but from his imitation of the writing, I judge it was Odiorne. No Henry Odiorne is known to have been here, which is true of other names in the list, which may have been invented at the same time as the Wheelwright deed, in the desperate resolve to protect the community from the loss of their homes, with various names inserted that might help different ones to claim their lands as descendants of Captain Mason's servants. Thomas Crockett's descendants were living on Kittery side, but as they claimed no lands on Portsmouth side, there was thus no occasion to include his name.

So our certain knowledge after the arrival of the Warwick is none too full, yet luminous when compared with the unwritten period preceeding, although the Isles of Shoals and the Piscataqua were the principal ports in New England in that period. If the settlement had been abandoned, Governor Bradford would surely have recorded the fact. On the contrary, in 1628 Piscataqua contributed as much as Plymouth to the expense of banishing Morton, who was selling firearms to the Indians. There must have been many people here, besides hundreds of tran-

sients here and at the Shoals; but we ask in vain who they were.

If Mr. Gibbins came over early he went back, as he came on the Warwick. Hubbard says the Hiltons were here, that they came with Thomson. Hubbard, who certainly was mistaken in part, seems to have gotten his information from young William Hilton, a boy not six years old when Mr. Thomson came over. In young Hilton's petition to the General Court in the year 1660, to confirm lands given his father and himself by the Indians, he said:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621 and your petitioner came about one year and a half after, and in a little time following settled ourselves upon the River of Piscatag with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English planters there."

This reads as though Mr. Hubbard accepted Hilton's story and recorded it as history, merely inserting David Thomson's name with the Hiltons. Mr. Hubbard, who was the minister at Ipswich, was a few years younger than William Hilton, Jr., who was baptized at Witton church, in Northwich, Cheshire, June 22, 1617. Hilton's two wives belonged to prominent families of Newbury and Charlestown. Mr. Hubbard must have been well acquainted with both families. William Hilton, Jr., was a ship-master, and had had a book of soundings or charts printed before Mr. Hubbard got up the map of New England for his history of King Philip's War. About Plymouth, as well as the Piscataqua, Mr. Hubbard seems to have gotten information from Hilton. He says, what no one else does, that the first complaint against Mr. Lyford, who was brought over by Mr.

Winslow in 1624, to be minister at Plymouth, was over baptizing a child of Mr. Hilton's, although not a member of their church. Hubbard's History shows familiar knowledge of the Hiltons as accurate as a little boy might remember and tell things to a friend.

Certainly William Hilton did not come over with Thomson. He came to Plymouth in 1621, and was there with his family in 1624. It seems doubtful whether Edward Hilton did, although from April 9, 1621, when he came out of his apprenticeship in the Fishmongers' Company of London, until 1628, when he contributed to keep firearms away from the Indians, we have as yet no knowledge of his movements. But there is contemporary evidence that some Bristol merchants joined with him to settle his colony, and a young fellow just out of his apprenticeship must be allowed sufficient time in which to perfect such important connections, even if aided by Sir Ferdinando. If Edward Hilton was one of Mr. Thomson's first company, it seems that he must have gone back.

At any rate, if here early in 1624, he was with Thomson at Little Harbor, and had not yet made his settlement up the river. Capt. Christopher Levett in 1628 printed a book on his voyage of 1623-4. He stopped a month with Mr. Thomson at Little Harbor. While there he "discovered" the Piscataqua river and an Indian who came down the river told him that up the river was much good land. In this season of tercentenary good cheer, we all wish to work our believers overtime if necessary to keep everybody happy, but we must be equipped with believers as big as bushel baskets to believe that that Indian told Capt. Levett that there were good lands up the river without telling him also that there

were Englishmen living on them, if there had been such.

So in 1922 we can all join in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter under which New Hampshire and Maine were colonized; and

next year we can all join in celebrating the founding of New Hampshire; and at later periods as we may learn the facts, different localities can celebrate, in a series of tercentenaries, all in our turn, and begrudging none.

SAILS

By Alice Leigh

The sea must miss the bellowing sails,
That frolicked and tossed in the roaring gales;
That lazily flapped and the yard-arms beat,
On the sun-baked days in the doldrums' heat—

The sails that swayed to the chanties' charms,
Or furled to the sailors' straining arms;
Or stood so tall against the blue
As around the masts the sea gulls flew.

The steamship's path is an esplanade,
And she travels it free and unafraid;
But the whim of the wind led the bending sails
Into reckless, wandering, gypsy trails.

The curling smoke from the engine's fire
Has lighted the sailing vessel's pyre;
But the steamer shall ever an alien be
To wind and sails and the tossing sea.

THE COLOR OF HAPPINESS

By Louise Patterson Guyol

It is the color of the sun
Sifting through apple-trees in bloom.
It is a subtle color spun
By rain upon a silver loom.

It holds the tint of April skies
Cupping a honey-colored moon,
And pulsing wings of butterflies
Adrift across the summer noon.

It is the tender opal shade
Of hopes untold and dreams unborn,
It is as bright as carven jade;
Whiter than dew on tasseled corn.

Changing and glowing, jewel-fair,
Happiness floats on rainbow wings,
For Happiness is all things rare,
All beautiful, all lovely things.

NOTTINGHAM'S 200th ANNIVERSARY

By Rev. Harold H. Niles

Certainly a town which furnished four generals for the Revolutionary War, besides rendering other distinguished service to the State and the Nation, has a right to celebrate its two hundredth anniversary. Such a town is Nottingham, New Hampshire.

On the twentieth and twenty-first days of August, this beautiful and historic town commemorated its two hundredth birthday with suitable and appropriate exercises under the direction of a committee, appointed at the last Town Meeting and consisting of Charles Chesley, chairman; Thomas E. Fernald, Treasurer; Mrs. Fred Fernald, Mrs. John Harvey and Mr. I. A. Colby.

The celebration began with a huge bonfire on Nottingham Square on Saturday evening. This fire, to the students of history, was a symbol of those beacon-fires which once blazed on the hill-top of New Hampshire summoning the men and women of the Granite State to patriotic duty.

On Sunday morning a religious service was held in the Universalist church, which was packed to the doors with a congregation which assembled for miles around.

Music was ably rendered by a choir from Northwood consisting of Mrs. Clarence Sanborn, soprano; Mrs. Tilton, alto; Mr. Daniel Miner, bass; Mr. Raymond Bickford, tenor; and Mrs. Raymond Bickford, organist.

The service of worship was in charge of Rev. Harold H. Niles of Concord, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature, assisted by the Reverends Allen Brown of Rumford, Maine, I. D. Morrison of Nottingham, and Mr. Goodwin of Northwood.

In the evening a community sing was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs.

Frederick Fernald at Nottingham Square.

Monday morning dawned bright and fair. A large crowd of people estimated from three to five thousand people, gathered to assist the townspeople in carrying out the day's program, which began with music by Nevers' Band of Concord, following which Nottingham defeated Northwood at baseball by a score of 10 to 9. After a basket picnic there was an address by Governor Albert O. Brown, and more music by the band.

In the afternoon was given the historical pageant, at the foot of Long Hill. Before describing it, a brief historical note should be quoted from the program.

The town of Nottingham was founded by royal charter on May 8, 1722. The petitioners for the charter resided in Boston and Newbury, Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire from Exeter and Portsmouth. The development of the town was hampered by Indian troubles till the conclusion of the French wars. Then followed a continued growth, a census in 1775 showing 999 inhabitants including sixteen slaves.

During the Revolution no town of its size rendered more cordial or efficient service. Nottingham furnished three colonels and one captain who later became Major Generals in the New Hampshire Militia, Joseph Cilley, Thomas Bartlett, Henry Dearborn and Henry Butler. It is stated that Captain Dearborn marched with sixty minute men from Nottingham Square to Bunker Hill in twelve hours, on April 20, 1775. In the War of 1812 the town was also ably represented by Colonel Joseph Cilley who served first as ensign and later as brevet captain. In the Civil War and in the World War the town also played its patriotic part.

Nottingham was situated on the stage route between Portsmouth and Concord, which aided its prosperity, but the introduction of the railroad, the development of the fertile lands of the Great West and, to some ex-

portrayal of the history of the town.

The program is here given:

Prologue, Mrs. Arthur McDaniels.

EPISODE I.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS



TO NOTTINGHAM'S FOUR GENERALS

tent, the effects of the Civil War, have altered local conditions and left the delightful quiet town as we know it to-day.

The pageant, written and directed by Miss Grace Wright of Boston, was well rendered and gave a vivid

The signers of the original charter of Nottingham were apparently given grants for services rendered to the crown. The tract of land petitioned for was to be called New Boston and it does not appear why this name was not given it in the charter in-

stead of Nottingham. Among the early settlers was Joseph Cilley who built a log cabin on Rattlesnake Hill about 1727. He brought with him all his worldly effects on one pack horse. The early settlers laid out a compact village with great exactness on the beautiful elevation later known as the Square. Here were the church, school house and stores. The petitioners asked for a tract of land ten miles square. The boundaries established were such that the settlement at the Square was far to the south of the center of the township and this remoteness resulted in the separation of those tracts which later became Northwood and Deerfield.

CAST

JOSEPH CILLEY AND WIFE.....
MR. AND MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY
BENJAMIN BUTLER AND WIFE.....
DR. FRED FERNALD, MISS ELIZABETH FERNALD
SAMUEL BARTLETT AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. I. A. COLBY
PAUL GERRISH AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES JONES
ROBERT HARVEY AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER
ABNER CLOUGHGEORGE CARMICHAEL
Indians and others.

EPISODE II

INDIAN MASSACRE

During the early French and Indian wars Nottingham was an outpost town and was constantly in danger of Indian raids. The Longfellow block house was established in what is now Deerfield and another near the Square. Great anxiety prevailed and large numbers of settlers removed from the town. Clearing and tilling of the soil was nearly abandoned for a time. Some help was received from the provincial government, and rangers travelled the forests between Chester and Rochester. Most of the settlers lived at the Garrison house, but in spite of all precautions Robert Beard, John Folsom and Mistress Simpson were surprised and massacred while at work at their homes.

A small band of Indians lived near

North River Pond. The chief named Swansen was disposed to be friendly to the settlers but seemed to be unable to restrain his braves.

CAST

ROBERT BEARDBRAINERD MEARS
JOHN FOLSOMREV. H. H. NILES
MISTRESS BEARD ...MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY
MISTRESS FOLSOM....MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER
Ranger, Guards, Indians and Settlers.

EPISODE III

WITCHCRAFT PERIOD

Nottingham shared to some extent the prevalent superstition of the early times, and various stories are still handed down regarding those days. No account appears, however, that those suspected of witchcraft were ever persecuted or driven away.

CAST

MADAME ROWLINMRS. FRED FERNALD
OLD LETMRS. MARGARITE DAVIS
MISTRESS SAWYER ...MRS. EDITH GERRISH
MADAME GOODFELLOW, MISS VIENNA SMITH
MRS. HOPKINS ...MRS. ALICE BATCHELDER
MISTRESS PECK
MISS ELIZABETH BATCHELDER
YOUNG LETMRS. FRED GOVE
REV. GOODHUEMR. FRANK SMITH
JOELFREDERIC FERNALD
HIRED MANJOSEPH COLBY
Children.

EPISODE IV

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

The unrest of this period was keenly felt in the lower towns of New Hampshire and the taverns were the scenes of many discussions regarding the oppression of the crown and the unjust taxation. The settlers of Nottingham were ardent patriots and were represented by Cilley, Dearborn and others in the raid on Fort William and Mary which resulted in the capture of powder and other munitions. This plunder was brought to Durham by General Sullivan and later sent to surrounding towns for safe keeping. A part was secreted in Nottingham subject to General Sullivan's orders. Previous to this, militia had been organized and drilled by Dearborn and when the call to action came they left their tools in

the fields, hastily forming for a forced march to Bunker Hill where many of them were in action.

TAVERN SCENE

LANDLORD BUTLERMR. GEORGE WIGGIN
 THOMAS BARTLETT
 MR. ARTHUR McDANIELS
 TORY TROWBRIDGEMR. FRED GOVE
 MADAME BUTLERMILLIE SMITH
 And Settlers.
 Call to Arms
 CAPT. DEARBORNMR. CHARLES JONES
 MESSENGERMR. DUDLEY LEAVITT
 Spinners, Soldiers and Settlers
 Sending Away the Powder

of the highway bridge at Dover Point the route was changed to what is known as the turnpike in the North Side.

CAST

GOV. WENTWORTHDR. FRED FERNALD
 LADY WENTWORTH..MRS. FRANK FERNALD
 MRS. THOMAS BARTLETT
 MISS ADA PERKINS
 MISTRESS ARVILLA .MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY
 BENJAMIN TRUE .MR. HARRY D. CILLEY
 DRIVER OF STAGE COACH.....
 MR. ANDREW STEVENS
 Parson, Fisherman, Maids, Coachmen and
 Footmen.



HISTORIC CILLEY HOUSE

MAJOR THOMAS BARTLETT
 MR. ARTHUR McDANIELS
 COL. JOSEPH CILLEY
 MR. BRADBURY BATCHELDER
 MESSRS. HILTON AND KENDEL
 MR. ELMER HOLMES AND MR. CHARLES
 CHESLEY
 Horsemen, Guards and Settlers

EPISODE V

STAGE COACH DAYS

During the colonial days Nottingham was on the direct stage coach line between Portsmouth and Concord and its taverns flourished as it was a favorite stopping place. The early route led through the Square and Deerfield but with the opening

EPISODE VI

SINGING SCHOOL, A FAVORITE PASTIME

Presented by the people of Deerfield

EPISODE VII

VIRGINIA REEL

*Representing the amusements of the
times*

Typical characters

EPISODE VIII

CIVIL WAR PERIOD

While slaves were owned in Nottingham in colonial days, that condi-

tion had long past and the people were strong abolitionists and ably supported the cause of the Union.

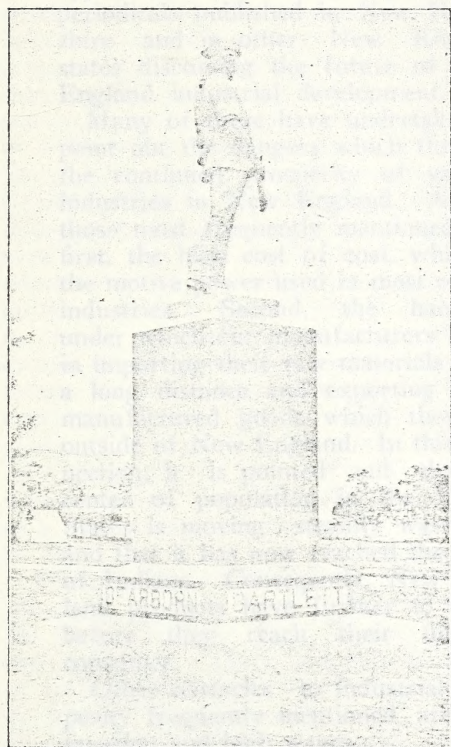
CAST

Muster Drill presented by the Northwood Post of the American Legion and others.

EPISODE IX

COBBLER'S DANCE

Following the Civil War the mak-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

ing of shoes was a considerable industry. Every home had its cobbler's shop.

CAST

COBBLER DANIEL MINER
Assisted by Children.

EPISODE X

PAST AND PRESENT

LADY NOTTINGHAM

MRS. CLARENCE LAWTON
Attendants, Mothers, Sons and concluding pageant procession.

Indians—Chief Swansen, MR. ANDREW J. AYERS; *Braves*, LEAVITT HARVEY, LEON DAME, JOHN DEMERRITT, HARRY PARKER, TOM STEVENS, PERRY HARVEY, WESLEY HARVEY, ELMER PARKER.

Spinnners, MISS VIENNA SMITH, MISS ELIZABETH FERNALD, MRS. FRED FERNALD, MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN, MRS. WESLEY HARVEY, MRS. CHARLES JONES, MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER, MRS. MARGARITE DAVIS.

Soldiers, CLARENCE H. LAWTON, T. E. FERNALD, MR. PERLEY BATCHELDER, FRED GOVE, MR. GEO. WIGGIN, CHARLES CASE, JOSEPH GLOVER, MR. WESLEY HARVEY, HARRY PARKER, ELMER PARKER.

Fishermen and Maids, DUDLEY LEAVITT, GEORGE CARMICHEAL, LEAVITT HARVEY, LIONEL HARVEY, DORA CARMICHEAL, ELIZABETH BATCHELDER, MILLIE SMITH, JOSEPHINE FERNALD.

OTHERS TAKING PART IN PAGEANT

JOHN FOSS	MISS HAZEL WATSON
MISS MARY IDE	MRS. L. L. CALLAN
CLARENCE LAWTON	MISS ILA HARVEY
T. E. FERNALD	ALLEN HARVEY
PERLEY BATCHELDER	MRS. JOHN HARVEY
MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN	MISS MARIA KELSEY
MRS. WESLEY HARVEY	CHARLES KELSEY
ANDREW D. STEVENS	HENRY GOVE
THOMAS STEVENS	WILLIS FERNALD
MRS. CHARLES CASE	HARRISON CHESLEY
MRS. H. H. NILES	EDWARD FOSS
MANSFIELD JOHNSON	

SOLO DANCER .. MISS JANET SIMMONS

Those who attended this celebration have as their reward, as Lieut. Col. John Van Schaick described his visit to Nottingham Square:—

"Pictures of the pine woods, the oaks and maples, the well-tilled fields, the great New England farmhouses, the little country churches, with old friendships renewed, new friendships made; with that keenest of joys which the lover of history has, in running suddenly upon beautiful and historic things, and with lasting memories of a people who seem worthy to be the children of such heroic fathers."

NEW ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE

By Robert P. Bass.

(It will be the policy of the magazine to encourage discussions such as those recently begun by Dr. Hodsdon and Mr. Upham as to present-day New Hampshire problems. Approach from varying angles is desirable, so we republish here an article recently written by ex-Governor Bass for the Peterborough Transcript. We have promise of at least one other paper by another author for an early issue.—Editor.)

Numerous articles have recently appeared in the newspapers and periodicals published in New Hampshire and in other New England states discussing the future of New England industrial development.

Many of these have undertaken to point out the dangers which threaten the continued prosperity of various industries in New England. Among those most frequently mentioned, are first, the high cost of coal, which is the motive power used in most of our industries. Second, the handicap under which our manufacturers labor, in importing their raw materials from a long distance and exporting those manufactured goods which they sell outside of New England. In this connection, it is pointed out that the center of population in the United States is moving steadily westward, and that it has now reached the State of Indiana. Consequently, New England products have further to travel before they reach their ultimate consumer.

Other obstacles to industrial prosperity frequently mentioned, are high taxation and high wages.

It has seemed to me that there is much food for sober thought in these suggestions. They raise questions vital to the continued prosperity of many of those industries which have been the chief source of the wealth and growth of New England, and which have provided employment for an increasing part of the people who live in these States. There are few questions which more vitally or per-

manently affect the continued prosperity and development of this section of the Country.

In reading these various articles, I have been surprised at the absence of certain constructive remedies which I believe would be of material assistance in successfully meeting this critical business situation.

One of the chief burdens which New England manufacturers now have to contend with is the high cost of coal. It is unfortunate that we are so far removed from the deposits of coal, oil and gas. On the other hand nature has favored us with a substantial amount of water power. Much of this power is still undeveloped and going to waste, while our industries are staggering under the burden of their coal bills. It would seem that one of the first steps necessary to meet new conditions is to hasten the development of these water powers, and to do this in a way which will most benefit our industries and the public. New Hampshire, in particular, has undeveloped water power. Some of those which have been developed are of little benefit to our industries, for a large part of the power is now transmitted beyond this State and used in the operation of industries elsewhere.

The creation of storage reservoirs near the sources of our larger streams would increase the minimum flow for all those powers already developed on such streams. This would diminish or eliminate the need for auxiliary steam power now so commonly used during regular periods of low water. It would be necessary for the State to take the initiative in this matter in order to apportion the charges to the various industries which would be so largely benefited by the new power so provided. The extent of the public benefit which would be derived through the conservation of the water

which now goes to waste, can be realized when we consider that every cubic foot of water which was thereby released during periods of low water would increase the amount of power generated at every plant on the stream. The cost of large storage reservoirs, which would be prohibitive for any one plant, would become very moderate if distributed among all those who made use of the water on the stream.

This is a matter in which the State should take immediate action. The valuable information made available through Col. Leighton's recent report showing the extent and location of our water powers, could well be used as a basis for the formulation of a State policy which would encourage their development for the use of New Hampshire industries. We might even find that they could be used to reduce the cost of railroad transportation. Such a policy should have as one of its chief purposes the protection of the public and business interests by preventing monopoly and exorbitant rates for hydro-electric power. It would be disastrous for New England if the water power were exploited for the private gain of a few, as the coal mines now seem to be.

Bringing raw material for our manufacturers to New England is one of the heavy burdens now hampering our industries. There are two lines of action which will clearly help to overcome this obstacle. First, to develop and increase the supply of such raw materials which we ourselves produce. In New Hampshire, the most important raw material at our command is to be derived from our forests. At present, we are not only rapidly exhausting the supply of this valuable raw material, but much timber which is now cut in this State is being shipped beyond our borders, to be manufactured elsewhere into a finished product. Furthermore, much of our soft timber is being cut before

it is mature. Little is being done to insure a continuous supply of lumber for New Hampshire. A recent survey of the State made by the Federal Government, shows that we have over two million acres of waste land which is at present producing little or nothing of value, and which might easily be made the source of a large revenue to the State, and of a continuous supply of a valuable raw material which could profitably give employment to a large number of people in New Hampshire, were it manufactured here into finished products.

We sorely need a far-sighted and advanced State policy in regard to our forests. One of the first steps in this direction lies in the adoption of a new method of taxing growing timber. Under our present tax system, no one can afford to own and raise a crop of growing trees. The owner of young growth has a continual outlay to meet tax requirements. Each year he must pay a tax on the full value of his growing timber, and gets no income for something like fifty years. A single stand of mature timber is required to pay taxes forty or fifty times over before the crop matures. This is one reason why so much land, well adapted to growing trees, is today, lying unproductive in our state.

Under a far-sighted and progressive State policy, we could easily produce a continuous supply of timber which would place this industry at least in a position to compete successfully with any other section of the United States. This is the kind of constructive action, which will insure the continued growth and prosperity of at least one important New England industry.

New England railroads should be owned by New England people, and developed in their interests. There is now much talk of consolidating great railway systems. We should not allow our arteries of commerce to become mere adjuncts of the systems in New York and Pennsylvania. If they

do, we shall suffer in rates, in service, and in the development of our means of transportation.

The ablest observers and students of industrial affairs in this country, agree that New England's greatest industrial resource, lies in her large supply of highly skilled workmen. It is probable that our continued industrial prosperity depends in a large degree upon our ability to keep and increase this supply of skilled labor. For it is only by means of highly trained men and women that we can hope to turn out finished products of such a quality as will command the best prices. The transportation charges incurred in the distribution and selling of such goods, will be proportionately less than the transportation charges on bulky coarse products, turned out by unskilled labor, which must be sold at a much lower value in relation to their bulk or weight.

It is perhaps natural that the first tendency of manufacturers who feel the pressure of the increasingly keen competition, should be vigorously opposed to the more liberal working conditions which are being adopted in other sections of the country. The plausible argument is advanced that New England cannot afford to meet these conditions owing to its adverse situation in respect to coal and freight rates. Is it wise for New England to allow other sections of the country to maintain more favorable conditions for skilled labor? If the conditions under which employment can be obtained in New England are lower than those which prevail elsewhere, it is inevitable that the more enterprising, intelligent and skilled men and women within our borders will gradually and continually drift to those localities where conditions of work are more favorable.

Furthermore, there is a field of economy and thrift in this connection which we in New England, cannot afford to overlook. Strikes, lockouts, large groups of employees hostile or

antagonistic to their employers, are all the source of immeasurable losses, not only to the community at large, but to our industries themselves. It is of vital importance to New England business that its leaders should develop a far-sighted and resourceful policy in dealing with the labor situation.

Another serious disadvantage to New England industry lies in the fact that the cost of living is higher here than it is in some sections of the country which produce the food necessary for their population. We in New England import 75% of our food. The transportation charges on this food add substantially to its cost to the consumer. This has an injurious effect on New England business. If mill operatives, for instance, can live better on the same wages in St. Louis than they can in New England, there is bound to be a tendency for those industries which employ the best class of help, gradually to move their plants where living costs are cheapest. In such localities they will find a more abundant, more contented, and more capable supply of labor.

Industrial prosperity and agricultural development are largely interdependent. This is more true to-day than ever before, because of the increase costs of transporting food.

In the interests of the continued prosperity of New England, we need to foster and encourage our agricultural resources. We have not been doing this in the past. During the last fifty years, while our population has largely increased, products of our farms have shown a steady and alarming decline. We need to encourage better and more efficient agricultural methods, accompanied by a discriminating selection of the things to be produced on New England farms. We need more productive stock, a better selection of seed, intensive cultivation of land, more fertilizer, and a wise selection and rotation of crops.

The valuable work being done along

these lines by our State College, by the Agricultural Extension Service, and by our farm organizations, should be encouraged. They not only help the farmer, but indirectly they contribute fundamentally to the prosperity of all business in our community.

We have in our midst the best markets for farm products to be found anywhere in the world. But, unfortunately, these have not been developed in the interests of New England farmers. Others have profited by this natural advantage. We have in this country the most extravagant system of distributing food to be found anywhere in the world. Much can be done to reduce the cost of food and to increase farm profits by means of co-operative buying and selling. In New England, at least, we cannot afford longer to support a system of food distribution which charges the consumer, on an average, twice as much as it costs to produce that food on the farm. Here is a field for constructive progress which will benefit both our industries and our farmers.

Many of the policies and lines of action which I have suggested can be initiated and developed only by the business men of our community. They are broad, economic questions which must be handled as other practical problems are handled.

But there are a few things which can be done through our government. Of recent years, taxes have grown to such an extent that they are a serious burden to the farmer, to the householder, and to many business enterprises. At present, our taxes are not equally distributed. Certain classes of property bear more than their share of the cost of government. Other classes of property escape taxation either in part or in whole. This discrimination is not only unjust, but it may even threaten the continued prosperity of those interests most heavily burdened. This is a time when taxes should be distributed fair-

ly on all classes of property, in some reasonable proportion to their ability to pay.

In the last ten years the cost of running our state government has more than doubled. Much of this increase is inevitable, and due to causes we cannot control. But we should take every precaution against waste, inefficiency and the extravagant use of public moneys. Realizing the taxes are unusually high, and that the functions of Government have been enormously extended, some 25 states have been making a careful survey of all the departments of government. These surveys have for their object, increasing the efficiency, and introducing economies, in conducting the business of the state. I believe that New Hampshire could profitably order a similar investigation of its State's affairs to be made by men of experience and training in such matters.

In brief, it seems to me that the business prosperity of New England could be substantially increased; first through the wise development of our water powers to overcome the disadvantage of expensive coal and high freight rates. Secondly, by encouraging the development of our forest to provide cheap raw material, at least for one great industry. Third, by developing our agricultural resources, and a cheaper system of food distribution, in order to lower the cost of living. And finally, by a vigilant and intelligent effort to institute efficiency, thrift, and economy in all public expenditures. This to be accompanied by a wider and more equitable distribution of the cost of government, through an equalization of the tax burden.

Such action calls for the cooperation of all elements and classes, to unite in overcoming the difficulties which menace the prosperity of New England. This is a matter in which we all have the most vital interest. If all classes of people understand the

fundamental causes of the present situation, it will be possible to enlist their united cooperation in a constructive plan of action. For this purpose, a free discussion and full publicity, concerning existing conditions, and the action necessary to meet these conditions, is most desirable.

FANTASY

By *L. Adelaide Sherman*

Drunk with the sunset's spilled red wine
Day has swooned, and the western hills
In dappled amethyst, mauve and gray,
Bend and weep over prostrate Day—
Each tear in a drop of dew distils.

Back where the sentinel fir-trees stand,
Blackly agleam on the sky-line white,
Hark! he has broken the holy hush;
The seraph-throated hermit thrush
In liquid triplets greets King Night.

I have fled from the House of Day,
Spite of her warders, Toil and Care;
Breathing the balsam breezes pure,
Into the gem-shine, star-shine lure—
Palpitant sky and dew-dipped air.

Fleeing, I laugh at the House of Day—
Weariness, like an out-worn dress,
Slips away on a shimmering tide,
A sea of fancy, deep and wide,
Soft impearled by the moon's caress.

Flash of an arrow, crystal tipped,
Silver meshes that hold me fast;
Song of a pixie, light of a star,
And an elfin echo, faint and far,—
A faery herald's bugle blast!

High I wing me with bird and song,
With the moon and steadfast stars I shine.
Lo! I am one with flower and tree,
And a glory throbs in the soul of me!
I, too, am drunk with the sunset's wine.

THE NEW WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

By John H. Foster, State Forester.

The Crawford Notch, one of the most famous gateways in the White Mountains, was named for Ethan Allen Crawford, one of the first settlers in the region. It is a source of gratification to know that a tract of 6,000 acres, extending southward from the gateway for a distance of about six miles, belongs to the people of New Hampshire and is known as the Crawford Notch State Forest Reservation. This reservation occupies the northerly half of the township known as Hart's Location. On either side the boundary extends to the summits of the mountains bordering the Saco river. The purchase of this reservation was made possible by a special act of the Legislature of 1911.

To the east and west of the State Reservation lies the White Mountain National Forest which makes of the region altogether a splendid stretch of forested mountains, valleys and slopes now in public ownership. A short distance below the gateway are the Silver Cascades, well worth a stop on the part of motorists passing through the Notch, but unfortunately frequently overlooked. Mounts Avalon, Willard, Willey and Frankenstein comprise the border range on the west, while the magnificent slopes of Mt. Webster occupy much of the easterly border of the valley. The southern border of the reservation is near the crossing of Bemis Brook, where a vista has been cut through to the river and a magnificent view may be obtained of the summit of Mt. Washington.

Within the Crawford Notch reservation and some three miles below the gate of the Notch, is the site of the original Willey House, famous the country over on account of the great slide which on

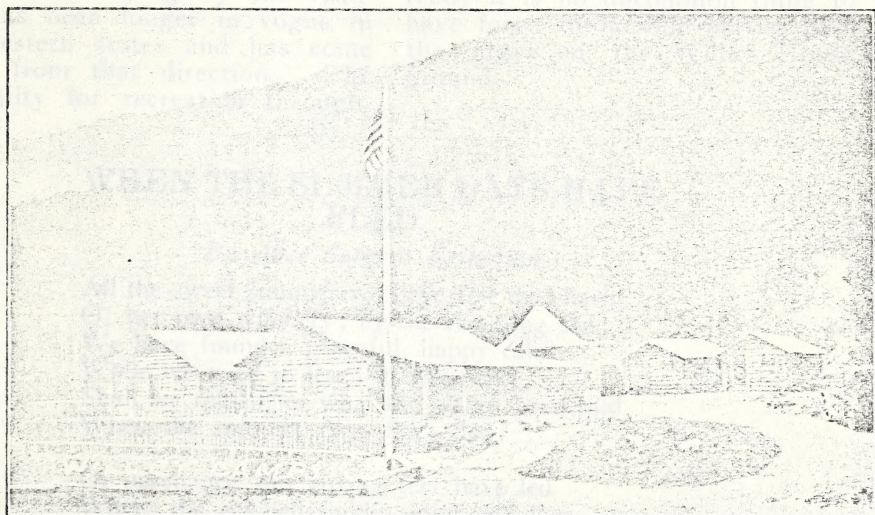
August 28, 1826, came down the slope of Mt. Willey and killed the entire Willey family, who had rushed from their home upon the approach of the avalanche. It is well known that the house itself remained untouched. This house was afterwards enlarged by the addition of another building and used as a hotel. The original house was finally destroyed by fire and the hotel buildings eventually disappeared. For many years now the only suggestion of previous habitation at this famous spot has been the clearing in the otherwise unbroken forest, the remains of the cellar walls of the original Willey House and the walls of other buildings. Gravel from the great slide has been used for many years in constructing and maintaining the state highway, known as the Theodore Roosevelt Highway, which passes the spot.

One-half mile below the Willey House site is the headquarters of the State ranger or patrolman employed by the Forestry Commission as caretaker of the reservation. The ranger cabin is known as the Allen Spring Camp, where there is located one of the finest springs in the mountains, close by the highway and near the State cabin. Through the fire season the State ranger watches for fire, patrols north and south along the state highway and the railroad above, allots camping space to forest travellers and motor tourists and gives permits for building fires. He is at the service of the public and is always glad to accommodate passers-by, point out places of interest and render every service possible free of charge. The open spaces between the Allen Spring Camp and the Willey House site are used for the accommodation of

the public for 'camping purposes. Two permanent camps away from the highway and on a roadway leading to the Willey House Station on the Maine Central railroad a half mile below the Allen Spring Camp have been built by private parties under leases from the State. The station on the Maine Central railroad, known as the Willey Station, makes the Notch country accessible to parties wishing to visit the place either from the north or south by railroad.

Thousands of persons each year

Boston, who has freely given his services in the interest of this mountain country. One of the cabins is for a public rest room, with fireplace and toilets. The other cabin is a store and lunch room, where food and supplies as well as souvenirs, both for the trumper and automobile party, may be purchased at reasonable prices and under regulation by the State Forestry Commission. Smaller cabins, also of peeled spruce are placed artistically in the rear, both for service quarters and for use of over-



WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

stop at the Willey House site to see the historical spot and enjoy the unsurpassed view of the mountains afforded by the clearings made years ago. To accomodate the public and increase the recreational advantages, the forestry Commission has this present season undertaken by lease to J. F. Donahue of Bartlett to erect two peeled spruce cabins close by the site of the old Willey House. Plans for the construction have been worked out by Arthur A. Shurtleff, landscape architect of

night parties to a limited extent.

The Appalachian Mountain Club has accepted the Willey House cabins as one of the links in its system of camps east and west across the mountains. The possibilities for future development and service are very great. It is believed that this establishment may be able to render great public service and become a headquarters for camping parties and outfitters for those who wish to spend subsequent days in the woods. There is no purpose or intent to furnish hotel accomoda-

tions. Those who stop at the Willey House over night must either camp out on the public camping grounds, for which there is no charge, or pay a nominal price for the use of one of the cabins where they may have cot beds, but no luxuries.

The recreational use of forests has developed to a marked degree during the past few years. While our mountain roads and trails have long been used by trampers, the auto camping party has come into his own quite recently. It appears that camping by the roadside has been longer in vogue in the western states and has come to us from that direction. The possibility for recreation through-

out our mountain region is very great. The National Government is bending its efforts to establish public camping places, and private parties are beginning to take advantage of the opportunity to accommodate the public in this way. It is believed that the Willey House site is proper and suitable for development in this direction, always remembering that the public must be served freely with all that Nature has provided and that the traveler may pay for food supplies and comforts at reasonable prices. Already it is no uncommon thing to have forty automobile parties pass the night on the Willey House grounds.

WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS HAVE FLED

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

All the sweet summer we have felt the charm
Of her own witchery; by the changing sea
We have found a peaceful, happy calm
While we tried to learn its mystery;
Shall we remember what the waves have said
When the summer days have fled?

Or perchance, our roving feet have led
Where the cowbell tinkles faint and low,
Where the leafy boughs close overhead
And the mountain shadows come and go;
There again, in fancy, shall we tread
When the summer days have fled?

In gardens old, beside the gray stone wall,
We found the roses growing white and fair,
The pure, calm lily, and the poppy tall
Flaunting her brilliant petals in the air;
Shall we picture yet her beauty red
When the summer days have fled?

Now flaming woods reflect the sunsets gold,
And fluttering earthward falls the crimson leaf;
The flocks are coming homeward to the fold,
The farmer binds again the golden sheaf.
And yet, with matchless beauty we are fed
E'en tho' the summer days have fled.

SOUTH OF MOGADOR

By Erwin Ferdinand Keene.

Roaring up the mango-bordered beach,
 White-fingered waves lift high their greedy hands
 To the green-veined, throbbing jungle, out of reach—
 Then whisper down the seaweed-tasseled sands.

Tall palms, like troubadours, lean each to each
 And murmur minstrelsy from many lands,
 Or sing of voyages along thy strands
 When men had much to learn, and more to teach.

From gold-prowed triremes to our steel-ribbed ships,
 For thrice a thousand years, with hope unfurled,
 No dauntless keel e'er kissed thy tide-wet lips
 But claimed thy seizin for some new-found world.
 Land of romance! of ivory, gold, and slaves:
 Thy fevered breast is bosomed high with graves!

THE HERMIT THRUSH

By Laura Garland Carr.

From out the woodland's sacred hush
 There comes a sweet, melodious gush
 Of perfect song. It is not sad;
 It is not gay; it is not glad.
 It is the soulful overflow
 Of bliss not given man to know.
 Nor can the little singer feel
 The mysteries his songs conceal.
 Bird song and human heart combine—
 Then ecstasy! O thrill divine!

BABY'S PUFF

By Ruth Bassett.

Soft as a mantle of feathery flakes,
 Shining as pearl.
 Fragrant as clover covering over
 My little girl.

Silken and light as a rose-tinted cloud
 To earth beguiled.
 Warmly it holds in its delicate folds
 My little child.

A DEGENERATE OF THE PINK FAMILY

By Mary E. Hough.

I remember that you grew
In the sunlight and the dew,
Where stood an old gray farm-house in clustering woodbine
set—

Then you strayed down to the road-side;
Yes, I think I see you yet.
All your kin wore fresh, pink dresses.
Crumpled yours, unkempt your tresses—
Too much flouncing, but I liked you,
Bouncing Bet.

Now you've crept into my garden
Without saying, "By your pardon!"
I shall root you up without the least regret,
Lest you harm my other flowers.
Do you blazonly forget
That you've chummed with weed and sorrel,
That you really aren't quite moral?
O, I heartily dislike you,
Bouncing Bet.

But one morning I was speeding
In my auto—no one heeding—
I saw a stretch of roadside all pink and dewy wet.
You stretched miles and miles from home,
But I knew where we had met.
You were fluttering and graceful,
And I picked a pretty vaseful
Of your bloom,—for I loved you,
Bouncing Bet.

I thought you would be cheery
For my city-flat was dreary
And I owed to you besides a much belated debt,
Or the duty to reform you—
You became my wild-flower pet.

* * * * *

But your pale pink has grown blowsy
And your locks are strangely frowzy—
O, I love you and I loathe you,
Bouncing Bet.

A BIT OF COLOR

By Laura Garland Carr.

There is mist on the mountain,
 There is dew on the vines;
 The humming birds flit
 Down the scarlet-bean lines;
 The bees in the blossoms
 With nectar are muddled—
 And still the pink moth
 In the primrose is cuddled.

The webs of the spiders—
 With jewels bedight—
 Say all will be lovely
 From morning till night.
 Don't, don't with the primrose
 Forever abide—
 Be astir—little moth—
 In this glory outside.

Adown leafy branches
 The sunbeams are sifting;
 Across grassy reaches
 Are shadow clouds drifting;
 The insect brigade is abroad
 In good numbers.
 Be a wise little moth
 And awake from your slumbers.

Did the primrose beguile
 By its hypnotic motion
 Till now you are lost
 In oblivion's ocean?
 And your dreams—are they fair—
 Like the picture you make?
 Then sleep in your primrose
 And never awake.

There's a realm of delight
 In the ether—somewhere—
 We've sensed it and glimpsed it—
 And know it is there.
 Is the little pink moth—
 This primrose marauder—
 A waif and a stray
 From over its border?

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

At the primary election held on September 5, there were more than 15,000 fewer votes cast than at the last primary two years ago.

Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene won the Republican nomination for Governor by a vote of more than two to one over Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover. Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, in a triangular contest, had a comfortable margin over John C. Hutchins of Stratford for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, while Albert Wellington Noone of Peterborough was far in the rear. In the first congressional district, the Republican nomination went to John Scammon of Exeter by a considerable margin over Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester. The other contestants, Fernando W. Hartford of Portsmouth and Albert E. Shute of Derry, were far behind. William N. Rogers of Wakefield received the Democratic nomination for this district without opposition.

In the second congressional district, Edward H. Wason of Nashua was renominated by the Republicans without opposition. A triangular contest for the Democratic nomination between William H. Barry of Nashua, Amos N. Blandin of Bath and George H. Whitcher of Concord resulted in the first named receiving more votes than his two competitors together.

In view of the defeat for senatorial nomination in the fifth district of Fred A. Jones, who was expected to be president of the Senate, it is understood that Benjamin H. Orr of the fifteenth district and George Allen Putnam of the sixteenth district will be candidates for that office. For the speaker of the house Harry M. Cheney of Concord has been suggested. Mr. Cheney was speaker in 1903, but is not yet a candidate.

Another suggested candidate for speaker is Charles W. Tobey of Temple who held the chair in the session of 1919. At present the indications are that the legislature will be an unusually strong one.

The eleventh annual forestry conference under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, in co-operation with the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, was held on August 29-31, at the Keene Normal School and was largely attended. The influence of the Society, under the presidency, first of the late Governor Rollins, and more lately of Allen Hollis, Esq., and under the skillful executive guidance of Philip W. Ayres, has been of inestimable value in the way of education. To it is due in large measure the enlightened public opinion which has made our forestry laws and our state department of forestry things of real vitality.

The attendance at the conference was large, and the interest unflagging. Many came, as usual, from without the state, most prominent among whom was Colonel William B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forestry Service. Of prime interest was the discussion on the second day of the subject of forest taxation. State Forester John H. Foster presided, and Harris A. Reynolds, Secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, explained the new law which has recently gone into effect in his commonwealth. In the general discussion, Governor Brown and former Governor Bass joined, while the viewpoint of the practical lumberman was voiced by S. F. Langdell. There seemed to be a pretty general agreement that if our forests are to be maintained as a permanent valuable resource of the state, some change in taxation is

necessary. Just how this may be done is not a matter of agreement; certainly full relief is apparently impossible without constitutional amendment, and, even granted that, great care will be necessary, as Governor Brown remarked, to relieve timberlands without unduly burdening the heavily timbered towns. The problem is not beyond solution, however, once the need be clearly recognized. Such activities as the forestry conference are going to be of great value in working out an enlightened system.

The success of this year's conference was due in no small part to the cordial co-operation of Director Mason of the Normal school and of the well-known civic spirit of Keene as expressed by the Chamber of Commerce and a committee of arrangements, headed by the mayor, the Honorable Orville E. Cain.

Another and even more important discussion of the question of state taxation was that held on September 14 by the newly organized New Hampshire Civic Association at the State College at Durham. President Hetzel presided and there was an attendance of about one hundred representative men from all parts of the state including three former governors, a justice of the Superior Court, the secretary of the Tax Commission and other public officials, representatives of the lumbermen, farmers, bankers and business men, clergymen, teachers and lawyers.

The discussion was opened by former Governor Bass and Fletcher Hale, secretary of the Tax Commission, after which the conference resolved itself into a discussion of the

specific problems represented by intangibles and growing timber.

There was practically unanimous agreement that the tax situation in New Hampshire is critical and that it is desirable to find some way to tax intangibles and so to change the system of timber taxation as to encourage growth to maturity. The need of economy and of making every dollar of revenue do the work of a dollar was also emphasized.

There was a long discussion as to the scope of constitutional amendments needed to bring about the ends desired. All shades of opinion were expressed, ranging from the view that no amendment was necessary to advocacy by a considerable number of such an amendment as would throw the whole subject of taxation wide open to the legislature, so that it might frame a taxation system which should be elastic and susceptible of prompt change to meet new conditions.

It was voted to authorize the executive committee to select two committees of five each to consider the two problems of intangibles and timber and to report to a later meeting a plan for legislative action.

On the same day of the meeting at Durham a session of no less importance was held at Manchester. This was the first of a series of hearings by the commissioners recently appointed by Governor Brown to represent New Hampshire in the New England conference relative to railroad organization. The future of the railroads in this section will hardly have less influence on the prosperity of New Hampshire than will the system of taxation.

Further hearings have been ill attended. New Hampshire's citizens should awake promptly to the seriousness of this problem.

EDITORIAL

A friend of The Granite Monthly living in Concord offers through the Granite Monthly a prize for the best prose essay contributed by an undergraduate of any New Hampshire High School (including Junior High) before April 1, 1923.

A first prize of \$15.00 and a second prize of \$10.00 will be awarded, and the prize-winning essay will be published in the magazine. The editor of the magazine will reserve the right to publish any manuscript submitted which is considered deserving of special mention even though it does not win a prize.

The following will be the conditions of the competition:

1. All manuscripts must be received by the Granite Monthly, Concord, New Hampshire, on or before April 1, 1923.

2. No manuscript is to exceed 1,500 words in length.

3. No manuscript will be considered unless clearly written on one side only of the paper.

4. The subject of the essay may

be chosen by the writer, with the restriction that it must have to do with the author's personal observation of the men, women and things about him. Historical and biographical papers and literary criticisms will not be considered. The object of the competition is to test the ability of the High School students to observe, to think and to express their thoughts clearly in good English.

5. The essay must not be corrected or revised by any other hand than the author's. Except for this, it does not matter whether the essay is written as a part of the school work or otherwise.

6. The manuscript should not bear the name of the author. The title of the essay and the author's name should be placed upon a separate sheet of paper, to which should be appended a statement of the principal of the school that the author is an undergraduate student of his school.

The names of the judges will be announced at a later time.

SOLITUDE

By Helene Mullins.

In the cool night I wander,
 Dreaming
 Of someone who loves me.
 Someone who loves me
 More than I love white birches
 Glimmering in the moonlight,
 More than I love
 The night's naked silence.
 Someone whom I can hurt
 More than white birches
 Glimmering in the moonlight,
 Or the night's naked silence
 Can hurt me.....

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

POLLY THE PAGAN: HER LOST LOVE LETTERS, by Isabel Anderson. The Page Company, \$1.90.

Mrs. Anderson, hitherto known for *The Spell of Belgium* and similar travel books, here makes her first venture into fiction. She has, however, retained the background of travel, and often the love letters drop into vivid thumb-nail sketches of Italian scenes. Her treatment of such passages, needless to say, is charming.

Polly is a "peppy" American girl on a European tour. At Rome she flirts outrageously with an Italian officer, a Spanish marquis, an American secretary of legation and a mysterious Russian prince, thus starting a series of cross purposes which sustain interest to the end. The story is developed cleverly by means of extracts from Polly's journal and correspondence. The progress of the heroine from gay and thought-

less flirtations at hurdle-jumping carnival dances, and the like, to a settled and very sweet love is most deftly handled.

There is an appreciative foreword by Basil King. The publisher has given the book an attractive dress.

THE ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLAND ROOFTRESS, by Mary Caroline Crawford. The Page Company, \$2.50.

Originally published a score of years ago, this well-written description of two dozen famous old houses is now issued in a new edition. Packed into its nearly four hundred pages is a wealth of historic interest. The tourist will find it a valuable guide-book, and to the fireside reader, it will furnish many a pleasant half hour. It is a book which will add to any library. There are more than thirty excellent illustrations.

A SONG TO PASS AWAY THE EVENING

By Helene Mullins.

Your face is old..old,
My Beloved,
I have known it too long....
I would sell it, I think,
To a peddler,
For a bit of a song.

And then I would lie
In the grass,
And..perhaps..fall asleep,
And because of remorse
For my folly,
I would weep....I would weep....

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

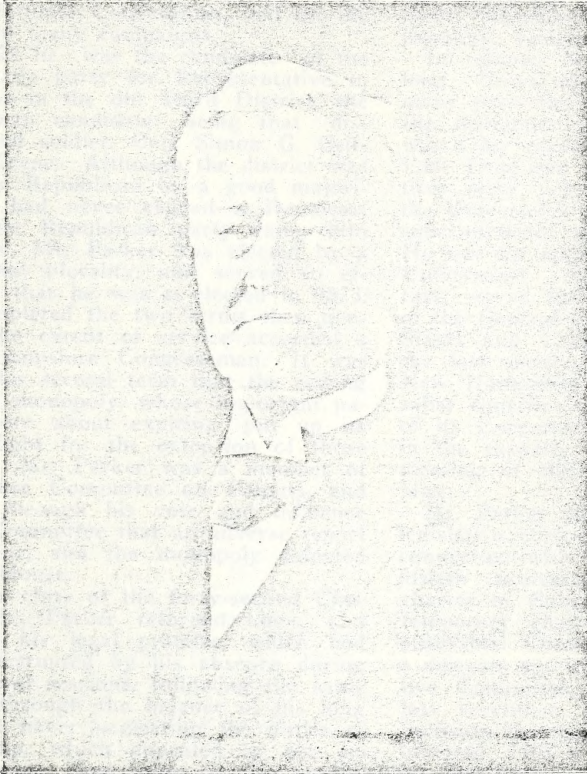
HON. HOSEA W. PARKER.

Hosea Washington Parker, born in Lempster, May 30, 1833, died in Claremont, August 21, 1922.

Mr. Parker was the son of Benjamin and Olive (Nichols) Parker. The son of a farmer, he was reared to a life of industry, such as characterized the life of most New England farmers' sons of his day, and which gave him the measure of physical health and vigor essen-

profession, he pursued a partial course at Tufts College, and then entered the office of Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, the most distinguished lawyer of his day in that part of the State as a student at law, meanwhile teaching school in the winter season, as he had done for some time previously, as a means of earning money to meet his expenses.

Retaining his legal residence in Lempster while pursuing his studies, Mr.



HOSEA W. PARKER

tial to success in any calling. At the same time he developed an ambition for service in a field of effort where the strong mental powers, with which he had been endowed, might have full play.

He made the best of such advantages for education as the brief terms of district school afforded in boyhood, and subsequently attended Tubbs Union Academy in Washington, New Hampshire, and the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vermont. Having determined to enter the legal

Parker served that town as its Superintending School Committee in 1857-8, and was its representative in the State legislature in 1859 and 1860, being unquestionably, the oldest survivor of that body, in date of service at the time of his decease, as he was the oldest lawyer in the State.

In the autumn of 1860, having been admitted to the bar in the previous year, he opened an office and commenced the practise of law in the town of Claremont, which he continued until the

time of his death, or until failing health a few months previous, compelled retirement.

A Democrat in politics, located as he was in a strong Republican town and county, Mr. Parker enjoyed little opportunity for public political service, nor did he aspire to, the same, preferring the steady pursuit of his profession, in which he soon took high rank; but he took strong interest, nevertheless, in the cause of his party, to whose principles he was devotedly attached, and served it faithfully, as opportunity offered, in its conventions, upon its state committee for many years, in no less than three National Conventions, and on the stump in many campaigns.

In 1871 he was the candidate of the Democratic party for Representative in Congress in the old Third District, the Republican candidate being that distinguished soldier, Gen. Simon G. Griffin of Keene. Although the district was normally Republican by a good majority and had never elected a Democrat since the Republican party came into existence, Mr. Parker was elected by a substantial plurality, and served so efficiently that he was re-elected in 1873, and completed the two terms then generally the extent of service accorded a New Hampshire Congressman. It was during his second term that the sewing machine monopoly, whose important patents were about expiring, put up its great fight for the extension of those patents. Mr. Parker was a member of the House Committee on Patents, and it was through his vote and influence in the Committee that an adverse report was made, and the monopoly defeated in the House.

At the close of the forty-second Congress Mr. Parker returned home, and resumed his legal practice, which had been interrupted by his absence during the several sessions, following the same closely through the balance of his long life; but never neglecting the duties of citizenship, which appealed to him no less strongly than those of his profession. He took an active interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community, and was particularly active in furthering the cause of education. It was mainly through his efforts that the bequest of the late Paran Stevens for the establishment of a high school in Claremont was made available. He served for a long series of years as a member of the board of trustees of the school, and had been for more than a generation moderator of the school meeting, as well as town auditor, and

legal counsel. He was universally recognized as the town's "first citizen," and his judgment was ever sought, upon all measures and projects of public concern, and almost always followed.

In business affairs he was also active. He was for many years, and up to the time of his death, president of the Woodsum Steamboat Company, operating steamers on Lake Sunapee, was president of the People's National Bank of Claremont, and long a trustee of Tufts College, serving for some time as president of the board. He was also prominent in the Masonic order and had served for twenty-one years as Eminent Commander of Sullivan Commandery, Knights Templar.

In religion Mr. Parker was a lifelong Universalist and had been for many years the most eminent layman of the denomination in the country. He was a lay reader in the little church at East Lempster, in youth, and for more than sixty years the leading spirit in the Universalist church at Claremont and superintendent of its Sunday School. He was for many years president of the Universalist Sunday School Convention; served for two terms as president of the General Convention of the United States and Canada, and had been for the last sixteen years president of the New Hampshire Convention of Universalist churches and, ex-officio, chairman of its Executive Board, his last service in the capacity having been at the meeting of the board in Concord last May.

Mr. Parker presided at the last great legislative reunion in New Hampshire, in connection with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the charter of Concord, and also served as temporary chairman of the last Constitutional Convention, in which he was a delegate and a member of the Legislative Committee. He had been for the last seventeen years president of the Sullivan County bar, by which he was honored with a complimentary dinner, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday anniversary, at the Hotel Claremont. In 1883 Tufts College conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., and in 1912 that of LL. D.

May 30, 1861, he was united in marriage with Caroline Louisa Southgate, of Bridgewater, Vt., who died September 14, 1904. He is survived by a daughter, Elizabeth S., wife of Rev. Lee S. McColester, D. D., Chaplain of Tufts College and Dean of the Crane Divinity School; one grandson, Parker McColester, assistant counsel of the New

York Central Railroad; one granddaughter, Catherine, wife of Hugh Gallaher of New York, and one brother, Hiram Parker of Penacook, now ninety-two years of age.

H. H. M.

DR. GEORGE COOK

Doctor George Cook, distinguished physician, surgeon, and nationally known fraternity man, and a life long resident of Concord, died there August 31 after a long and serious illness. He was born at Dover, N. H., November 16, 1848, and was the son of Solomon and Susan (Hayes) Cook. After receiving his early education at Franklin, Concord High School, University of Vermont Medical College, and Dartmouth Medical College, he commenced the practice of medicine at Henniker, and in 1875 removed to Concord, where he resided up to the time of his death.

In addition to his medical duties, Doctor Cook found time to devote considerable attention to church work, and for thirty years was vestryman in St. Paul's Church of Concord. During the early part of his career he was also superintendent of schools in Hillsborough, where he practiced medicine for a time. He was an ardent and enthusiastic Greek letter fraternity man; and in past years had made many trips over the United States for the Alpha Kappa Kappa Society, of which he was grand president. During the World War he was a member of the New Hampshire draft board.

He served as city physician of Concord from 1878 to 1884, was inspector of the State Board of Health in 1885, assistant surgeon in the New Hampshire National Guard in 1879, surgeon in 1882, medical director in 1884, and surgeon general in 1893-1894. He was United States pension examining surgeon from 1889 to 1893, a member of the Margaret Pillsbury hospital staff, president of the state medical examining and registration board since 1897, past president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, major and chief surgeon of the First Division, Second Army Corps of the United States Volunteers of the Spanish American War, a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Veterans. He was also a member of the Military Surgeons of the United States, and a member of the American Medical Society.

A willing helper in the time of need, and of a lovable disposition, Doctor Cook

is mourned by a wide circle of friends. He is survived by two sisters and one brother, Mrs. John H. Currier of Concord, Mrs. W. H. Jenness of Rosendale, Mass., and William H. Cook of Cambridge, Mass.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON

George C. Hazelton, orator and author, was born January 3, 1833, in Chester, and died at his summer home on Walnut Hill in that town September 4. He was a graduate of Pinkerton Academy Derry of which he was one of the oldest alumni, and was also a graduate of Union College. He was a member of the Wisconsin state legislature and was president pro tem of that house. For three terms he had served as a member of Congress from Wisconsin, and had been United States district attorney. A Republican in politics, he had been on the stump for every Republican presidential candidate for the past sixty years, and was a member of the Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency. For the past thirty years he has been a practicing attorney in Washington, D. C., where he was legal advisor for several South American countries.

Although advanced in years, Mr. Hazelton still retained those pleasing qualities which made him always much sought after as an orator, and he was the principal speaker at the exercises when the town of Chester celebrated its 200th anniversary August twenty-eighth last. Always deeply interested in the activities of his native town, where he had been an annual visitor, he had found time in the midst of a very busy career to compile and edit a history of the soldiers' monument at Chester.

He is survived by a son, John H. Hazelton, and three grandchildren.

JOSEPH MADDEN

Joseph Madden, prominent New Hampshire attorney, was born in Central Bridge, New York, July 1, 1866, the son of Thomas and Honora (Cain) Madden. After receiving his early education in the public schools of Keene, he studied law in the offices of Don H. Woodward of that city, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1889. For several years he was associated with the late Judge Parsons of Colebrook. Later he established himself in Keene, where he died Sept. 2.

An attorney of marked ability, Mr.

Madden was admitted to practice before the federal court and the United States Supreme Court, and was prominent in many important cases tried before those tribunals. He was a member of the American Bar Association, in 1921 was elected president of the New Hampshire Bar Association, and for many years was president of the Cheshire County Bar Association. In 1907 and 1911 he served as Democratic representative in the State Legislature, and this year was a Republican candidate for the same position. He served also in the Constitutional Conventions of 1901 and 1921. At the time of his death he was chairman of the divorce commission, and had only recently returned from Europe where he had gone to in-

vestigate conditions for the purpose of comparing them with those existing in this country.

Mr. Madden was affiliated with many social and fraternal organizations, being a member of the Keene Council Knights of Columbus, the Foresters, and the Keene Aerie of Eagles. From 1911 to 1915 served as captain of Company G, of the New Hampshire National Guard.

In 1894 he married Eugenie Chalisfour, who survives him, as do four brothers, Nicholas Madden of Chicago, Thomas Madden of Worcester, John Madden of Pittsburg, Mass., and Charles A. Madden of Keene, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Burnham of Nashua and Mrs. Annie Belcher of Manchester, Mass.

RETROSPECTION

By Ethel Davis Nelson.

They were beautiful days,
Those days of the past
But we hurried them on,
 You and I.
We knew not nor cared
The pleasures they brought;
We lived for the days
 By and by.

It was a beautiful life,
The youth that was ours,
But we heeded it not,
 You and I.
We left all its sweetness,
Its freshness and joy,
While we sought for the days
 By and by.

'Twas a beautiful life,
The past that was ours,
And the wealth of its knowledge
 We've gained.
Let us share it with those
Who knew not its worth,
And live in its pleasures
 Again.

The
Granite Monthly
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Jan 23

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

BARRINGTON AND HAMPTON FALLS 200th

AN APPRECIATION OF F. B. SANBORN

ABBOTT H. THAYER MEMORIAL

GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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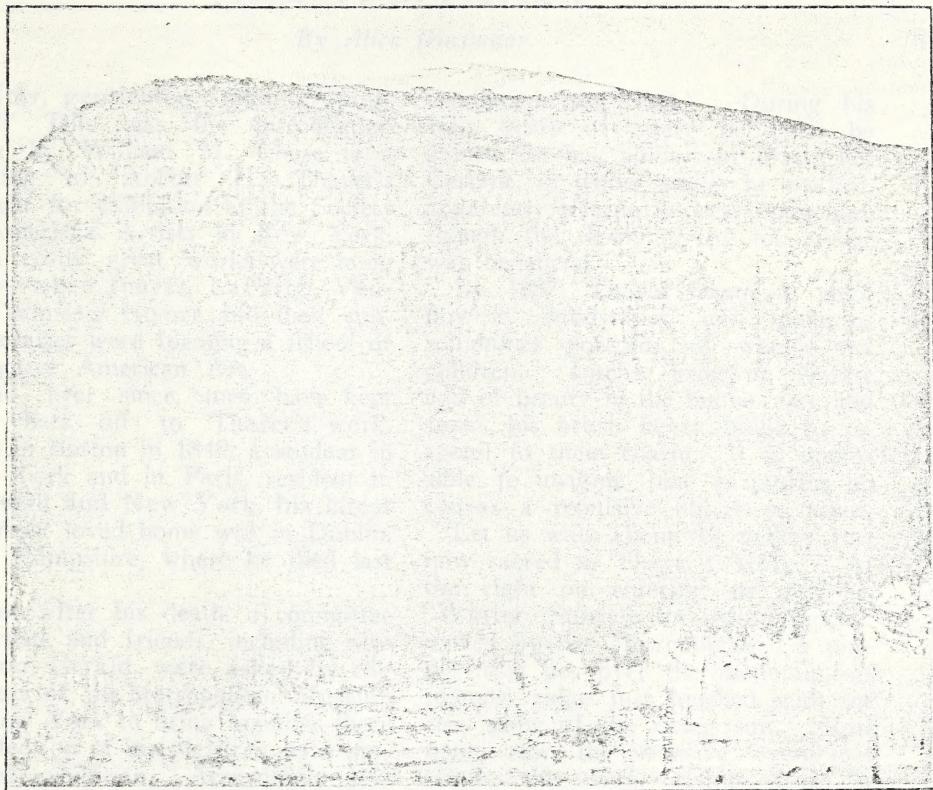
NOVEMBER 1914

No. 11

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

ABBOTT H. THAYER

By Alice B. Emerson



WINTER SUNRISE ON MONADNOCK

By Abbott H. Thayer.

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 11.

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

ABBOTT H. THAYER

By Alice Dinsmoor

"Now, gentlemen take off your hats!" This was the introduction given by William M. Chase to a painting of Abbott H. Thayer's brought for exhibition at the Society of American Artists in New York, when really great works were hung there—when Inness, LaFarge, Vedder, Winslow Homer and their contemporaries were forming a school of distinctive American Art.

And ever since, men have kept their hats off to Thayer's work. Born in Boston in 1849, a student in New York and in Paris, resident in Peekskill and New York, his latest and most loved home was in Dublin, New Hampshire, where he died last May.

Soon after his death, a committee of artists and friends, including also his son, Gerald, were asked by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York to bring together there a collection of his pictures, as a memorial exhibition. Accordingly seventy-eight paintings have been arranged in one of the galleries, and in a smaller room near some representative drawings. Thayer's intimate friend and the most discriminating art critic we have, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, has written the introduction to the catalogue.

With him as authority I am in no danger of straying from the truth in any statements I may make about the artist or his work.

As a boy and a student at the Academy in New York, Thayer painted dogs and horses and the

dwellers in the "Zoo." During his four years of study in Paris he gained in his ability to draw, but Gerome, in whose studio he worked, apparently left no impress upon him, though the discipline of his atelier was beneficial.

By 1887, Thayer began to paint flowers, landscapes and pictures, sometimes portraits of women and children. Intense lover of Nature and of beauty in the human face and form, his brush never failed to respond to their charm. It is impossible to imagine him as putting on canvas a repulsive object or scene.

Let us walk about the gallery just now sacred to Thayer's work. At the right on entering we find his "Winter Sunrise on Monodnock," owned by the Metropolitan. A purple haze lies over the mountain, its topmost ridge just touched with the rosy glow of the rising sun. Row upon row, the massive evergreens climb the side, rising from "a roughly generalized foreground" reminding one of Corot. Mr. Cortissoz says of this picture, "This is one of the greatest landscapes ever painted in America or anywhere else—a personal impression of nature."

A little beyond it, is a later picture of the same subject, which is to me yet more impressively beautiful. The sun has risen a little higher, not only lighting the topmost snowy heights but also throwing a dark, rich glow over the bare shoulder of the mountain. This

canvas, painted in 1919, belongs to the Thayer estate. I should suppose that the Corcoran or some of the other great art museums of our country would add this treasure to their collections.

With it should also go the majestic "Monadnock Angel"—his last picture and unfinished, but eloquent. The Angel, a life size woman's form with dark hair and round, girlish face, in a loose white robe such as Thayer loved to put about his figures, stands with spread wings and outstretched, half beckoning hands, on the mountain side, partly among the evergreens. It is as if Thayer had said to himself, "I will not leave my beloved mountain until I have bequeathed to her an angel form that shall ever bid nature-lovers to her shrine."

At the opposite end of the room is his "Caritas," familiar to all frequenters of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A great pleasure indeed it is to see the majestic, statuesque figure and the lovely children beside her, here in New York. Near this hangs a three-quarters portrait of Alice Freeman Palmer, the early president of Wellesley College, lent by that institution. The shy wistfulness that those who knew that strong, noble woman never failed to find in her face, is there. Close by is one of the artist's most beautiful angels—the property of Smith College. She has laid one wing against a cloud, and resting her head upon it, has fallen asleep. The face is girlish and lovely.

For several of the pictures, his own children have served as models. Notable among them there is the

"Virgin Enthroned" one of his largest canvases and owned by his ardent admirer, Mr. John Gellatly, "The Young Woman in the Fur Coat" and "Lady in Green Velvet" have the splendid virility that we associate with Renbrandt and Leonardo. The "Boy and the Angel," painted between 1917 and 1920, Thayer himself was inclined to consider his best work. The Boy of perhaps ten years stands close in front of a strong, masterful angel, whose one hand is bent protectingly toward him, while the other, raised high above him, points forward.

The history of the "Figure half-draped" is as romantic as it is strange. "Painted" in New York City in the 80's it was unearthed in some old box of canvases and forgotten sketches in the barn at the artist's home at Monadnock, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1920. No one apparently of the artist's family had remembered its existence during these thirty years or more, and it would seem that the artist himself had lost track of it." It is "lent anonymously," and I am told was sold for a higher price than had ever been paid for a painting by an American.

The woods and the flowers and the winds, especially as they are associated with his beloved Monadnock, were inseparably a part of Thayer's very being, and so it was most fitting that when "the earthly home of his tabernacle" had been reduced to ashes, they should be scattered on that mountain top to be guarded by the angels of the mountain and the clouds.

FRANKLIN B. SANBORN

AN APPRECIATION

By Harold D. Carew

Franklin B. Sanborn, last of the abolitionists, disciple of Emerson, counsellor of John Brown, friend and biographer of these two crusaders and their contemporaries, Higginson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Channing, Bronson Alcott, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Hawthorne, was perhaps Hampton Falls' most illustrious son; and this year, when that little New Hampshire town is celebrating its two hundredth anniversary, it is timely to record something of the man whose career as a patriot, historian, publicist, and biographer gave him world-wide distinction.

Frank Sanborn was essentially a radical, a soldier of the common good. He played many parts during his more than eighty-five years, and each part he played well. His death on February 24, 1917, marked the closing of a remarkable life such as is given to few men. It is perhaps too early to make a critical estimate of his work, although his influence on three generations was very great. It is a singularly remarkable fact and one worth recording that with his advancing years, when most men's literary output diminishes and their activity in current affairs become lessened, Sanborn maintained his voluminous production with the same vigorous bouyancy that marked his earlier years. He was a veritable storehouse of knowledge, with wide experience covering the greater part of one century and no inconsiderable part of the present one. It is unthinkable that a man who molded his opinions under the influences of such a remote period as the 1850's and who was a leading

participant in the anti-slavery movement, could have kept abreast of the times not only as a student but as a leader and a teacher of modern democratic ideals. But this he did up to yesterday, as it were, championing what he believed right and opposing what he thought wrong; writing a spirited defence of this and caustic criticism of that; supporting this movement with all the passionate fire of his forceful and attractive intellect and directing with unrestricted vigor the shafts of harsh condemnation against what he considered mistaken ideals and false standards.

Born in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on the last day of the year 1831, the years of his youth became intimately associated with the little town of Peterborough—an association whose spiritual influence for more than sixty years gave Peterborough the enduring dignity of a shrine. This interest was the memory of a romance shattered into tragedy under circumstances at once the most poignant and pathetic. In his "Recollections of Seventy Years," written when he was seventy-five, he chronicles the story of his meeting with Miss Ariana Smith Walker of Peterborough in the little church at Hampton Falls one Sunday morning; of his subsequent visits to the Walker home, of the courtship that followed, and of the hurried marriage that took place when her approaching end was only a matter of days. Sanborn made many pilgrimages to Peterborough during his lifetime, to "the little wood across" and to other scenes which he cherished with deep rev-

erance and which he describes with vivid, sentimental appreciation. My repeating the story here is needless when he himself has told it so much better than I could repeat it. No sympathetic insight of mine would be comparable to the tribute he weaves round the reality and the memory.

II

As a publicist Sanborn was pre-eminently a leader, an authority who spared no one for the sake of nicety of expression. A hater of sham and hypocrisy, he had no use for the social and political demagogue. He had an almost uncanny ability to forecast political events. I recall a notable instance, in February, 1912, when Roosevelt had announced his hat was in the ring for the presidential nomination, he prophesied to me the outcome of the feud between T. R. and Taft. He likened Roosevelt to President Buchanan, who divided the Democratic party in 1860, and declared that if the Oyster Bay statesman, whose political life Sanborn considered then at stake, did not receive the Republican nomination at Chicago, he would not submit to defeat, but would straightway proceed to organize a third party. That was four months before the memorable cry of fraud went up in the convention hall. What Sanborn told me was printed as an interview in a Boston newspaper. His opinion was widely heralded throughout the country, though his dislike for Roosevelt was generally understood; and in the light of events that followed, this prophecy serves to indicate the accuracy of his political predilections.

I have said that Frank Sanborn was a radical. He was a radical in the sense of being unconventional. I have said that he was a hater of sham and hypocrisy. The very foundation of his social philosophy

precluded his being otherwise. The only aristocracy he recognized is the aristocracy of intellect. He was a keen and critical analyst, capable of understanding the motives that move men, quick to detect superficial traits and shallow pretense. Intuitively he perceived cause and effect with sweeping precision, and through his long life he never lost the spirit of radicalism born of freedom. It was the radical spirit which made him an agitator and led him into that courageous circle headed by Wendell Phillips.

The year 1835 witnessed the mobbing of William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of Boston by slavery sympathizers. Abolition was then in general disfavor except with a little knot of agitators here and there, and anyone known to be in sympathy with the movement was socially and politically ostracized. That same year, Phillips, just admitted to practice as an attorney in Massachusetts, had seen the mobbing of the friendless editor. Soon after he threw himself into the cause with all the ardor and sincerity of youthful conviction. Seventeen years later, when Sanborn arrived to participate in the struggle, Phillips and his co-workers were yet regarded as dangerous radicals.

Sanborn must have counted well the cost, but his radicalism born of freedom urged him into the work on the side of righteousness. Public opinion had not yet crystallized against slavery, and conservative business interests exercised complete mastery over the situation, giving of their time and influence and money to repel these crusaders for equal rights.

Sanborn was secretary of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee during the dark days of border ruffianism and bloodshed when Kansas Territory was the center

of the struggle between the forces of anti-slavery settlers and Southerners who wished to save the territory to slavery. To his office in the Niles Building in Boston came John Brown one day, and of this first meeting Sanborn says: "I was sitting in my office one day in 1857 when Brown entered and handed me a letter from my brother-in-law, George Walker, of Springfield. He had known Brown as a neighbor and a borrower of bank loans while carrying on a large business as a wool dealer He (Brown) was profound in his thinking and had formed his opinions rather by observation than by reading, though well versed in a few books, chiefly the Bible." Sanborn possessed a keen insight which at once aided him in understanding Brown's motives and ideals. Of Brown he further records: "He saw with unusual clearness the mischievous relation to republican institutions of Negro slavery, and made up his fixed mind that it must be abolished not merely, or even mostly, for the relief of the slaves, but for the restoration of the Republic to its original ideal."

Brown was entertained at Sanborn's house in Concord, Massachusetts, during his visits to New England to raise money for the defense of "bleeding Kansas," and Sanborn, though having no knowledge of the old captain's plans, aided indirectly in the plans for the Harper's Ferry raid which lighted the fires of civil war. Indeed, it was the finding on Brown's person of letters written by Sanborn which caused the issuance of a summons for Sanborn to appear before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of the event which ended so disastrously for the captain. A record of this brief but loyal friendship which terminated with the execution of Brown at Charlestown, Virginia, on December 2, 1859, is

made both in his biography and in his "Recollections."

John Brown's heroic figure has taken its place in history, and time has removed him sufficiently from our day to enable us to judge his worth and influence fairly. Contemporary judgment is not usually unbiased but there are those who have the vision to determine aforesaid what the estimate of other times will be. This is particularly true in the case of John Brown.

III

Sanborn's friendship for Brown "led to unexpected and most important results," as he himself has recorded. Those unexpected results were his complicity, indirectly, in the plans for the foray on Harper's Ferry—the event which definitely served notice on the slaveholders that slavery in free territory would be repulsed by conflict; his subsequent summons to Washington, and, later, the order that he be arrested and brought before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of "Brown's treason;" and Sanborn's sensational escape into Canada upon advice of his counsel, John A. Andrew, who later was to become the war governor of Massachusetts.

"I have met many men and women of eminent character and of various genius and talents, among whom Brown stands by himself—an occasion for dispute and blame as well as for praise and song," says Sanborn in his biography of the old captain. "I belong now to a small and fast dwindling band of men and women who fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago resolved that other persons ought to be as free as ourselves. Many of this band made sacrifices for the cause of freedom—the freedom of others, not their own. Some sacrificed their fortunes and their lives. One man, rising above the

rest by a whole head, gave his life, his small fortune, his children, his reputation—all that was naturally dear to him—under conditions which have kept him in memory, while other victims are forgotten or but dimly remembered. John Brown fastened the gaze of the whole world upon his acts and his fate; the speeding years have not lessened the interest of mankind in his life and death; and each succeeding generation inquires what sort of man he truly was What more impossible than that a village girl of France should lead the king's army to victory? —unless it were that a sheep farmer and wool merchant of Ohio should foreshow and rehearse the forcible emancipation of four millions of American slaves?"

Sanborn believed with Wendell Phillips that the recognition or permission of a wrong is "an agreement with hell;" that a nation, like an individual, cannot hope for enduring greatness if it lose its sense of moral responsibility; and that the claim set up by the slaveholding oligarchy that slavery was constitutional must be met with militant defiance, even by conflict if necessary. This was the keynote of his rebellious youth, an index of his character throughout his career. His early beginning as an apostle of freedom, a beginning which was fraught with great personal danger, made him forever a staunch defender of human rights.

Like all men with decided opinions, and unafraid to pronounce them, Sanborn was as thoroughly hated by some as he was sincerely loved by others. He never hesitated to say what he thought, was blunt and brusque at times, and, occasionally, with his peculiar gift of phrase, wielded a scathing satire almost brutal in its frankness. He never, when asked his opinion, concealed his thoughts, never equiv-

ocated for expediency's sake; and what we modernly refer to as "calling a bluff" he revelled in. A born agitator, he had no patience with vain pretension, and his condemnation of it cut like a rapier. With Voltaire he could say to an opponent: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it."

IV

Emerson chose Concord for his home because of its ancestral associations. Thoreau was born there and lived away from the town only for a few weeks at a time. Bronson Alcott went there to live in 1840, Hawthorne took up his residence in the Old Manse two years later, and the next year Ellery Channing wrote to Emerson why he had come all the way from Illinois: "I have but one reason for settling in America. It is because you are there. I not only have no preference for any place, but I do not know that I should even be able to settle upon any place if you were not living. I came to Concord attracted by you; because your mind, your talents, your cultivation, are superior to those of any man I know, living or dead. I incline to go where the man is, or where the men are, just as naturally as I should sit by the fire in winter. The men are the fire in this great winter of humanity."

In December, 1854, Sanborn was invited by Emerson to take charge of his children as pupils, and in March of the next year the young Harvard student, not yet finished with his own studies, removed to Concord and opened a school in the village. He welcomed the invitation, for it gave him a means of livelihood and an opportunity to be near the poet-philosopher and to enjoy the company of Thoreau, whom he had met that year in Cambridge. The poet-naturalist

had just published "Walden," and Sanborn, temporarily editing one of the Harvard magazines, had reviewed the book. Thoreau sought out Sanborn when he next went to Cambridge, but the young reviewer being out when his visitor called, the two did not meet until nearly a year later. From the meeting which took place at Concord came a friendship which lasted until Thoreau's death in 1862.

The golden age of Concord literary days was, in many respects, from 1878 to 1888, the decade during which the School of Philosophy was held. The school was in some measure a fulfillment of the promise of Transcendentalism, for which Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker had labored as editors of "The Dial," the publication which was Emerson's dream of an international magazine. The school became world famous, having at one of its sessions, which were held for four weeks each summer, as many as a hundred students. Although the Concord circle had already lost Thoreau and Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, and Channing took active part in its formation. Emerson's death in 1882 gave the following session of the school over to studies in Emersonian philosophy.

How far reaching have been the influences of the school it is impossible to say, though certainly as a forerunner of university summer schools and the Chautauqua it served to stimulate thought on other subjects than philosophy. Sanborn's leadership in organizing the movement led the other members to choose him secretary of the association.

The first of Concord's brilliant group to lay down his pen was Thoreau. Two years later (1864) Hawthorne died in Plymouth, New Hampshire. Sanborn knew Hawthorne less intimately than he did

the others, for the author of "The Scarlet Letter," having received an appointment from his old friend and classmate, President Pierce as consul to Liverpool, had left Concord early in 1853, and did not return until late in June, 1860. Hawthorne knew little about politics and cared less. He took no more than passing interest in the social movements of the day, and the two found little in common.

V

In his "Recollections" Sanborn tells us that one of his decisions in early life was to do his own thinking. "I saw no reason why," he wrote, "I should take my opinions from the majority or from the cultivated minority—or from any source except my much-considering mind." And he stoutly maintained this resolution to the last. That is why he would neither be gagged by convention nor stampeded into action by popular clamor. He was a liberal in politics and in religion, and his independence made him a detached observer of current events. His semi-weekly letters contributed for nearly half a century to the Springfield Republican were always written with refreshing vigor and were a source of inspiration to that journal's great army of readers interested in politics and letters.

Sanborn as a biographer of his friends flings away all bookish culture and shows the sensitive appreciation with which he noted every utterance, every incident worth remembering, during his years of friendship with the men who made New England the center of American literature. Perhaps more than anyone else he was better fitted for the work. He knew the truth, either from their own lips or from his personal knowledge of events to which he wished to give permanency. From the time of his going to Concord he kept an ex-

acting account in his journal of all meetings, conversations, and occurrences, and he placed upon these records the stamp of historical accuracy instead of leaving them to be shaped by the mere guesswork of those who were to come after him. Events in which he himself had participated are so closely interrelated to the story he tells that we find it the more interesting for the personal touch, the intimate understanding with which it is told, the authority in which it is clothed. Sanborn made his biographies more than literary reminiscences. He lifted his subjects into the realm of living memories. Under his touch they are not historical char-

acters but people very much alive to one who studies them; not authors who lived and wrote for a reading public a half century ago, but teachers imparting wisdom, apostles bearing the message of a new spiritual philosophy.

Sanborn was blessed with long life and he devoted it to great causes. He was not a great writer but he was a faithful and painstaking one. His temperament was essentially that of the biographer, and he became Concord's Boswell. Although the fame of his friends transcends his own, he earned a worthy place for his name in the Republic of Letters.

PROMETHEUS

By Walter B. Wolfe

Rosy the snow lies under my ski
And the sun bronzes my face;
Glittering sapphires on the white slope
Dare me to race.

Morning triumphantly rules on the crest;
Sun in the heavens is high;
Only the valleys are dark far below
Where the fogs lie.

There men still sleep in darkness and dreams;
Somberly reigns there the night;
Here on the mountain in splendor there glows
Celestial light.

Over the chasm! Exultant I course
Swift as the wind, to the west;
Aura of sunlight and streaming white gold
Flung from my crest.

Prometheus am I! And I ski from the heights
Down over blinding white snow,
Bearing the torch of Apollo with me
To world below.

HAMPTON FALLS BICENTENNIAL

By Frances Healey

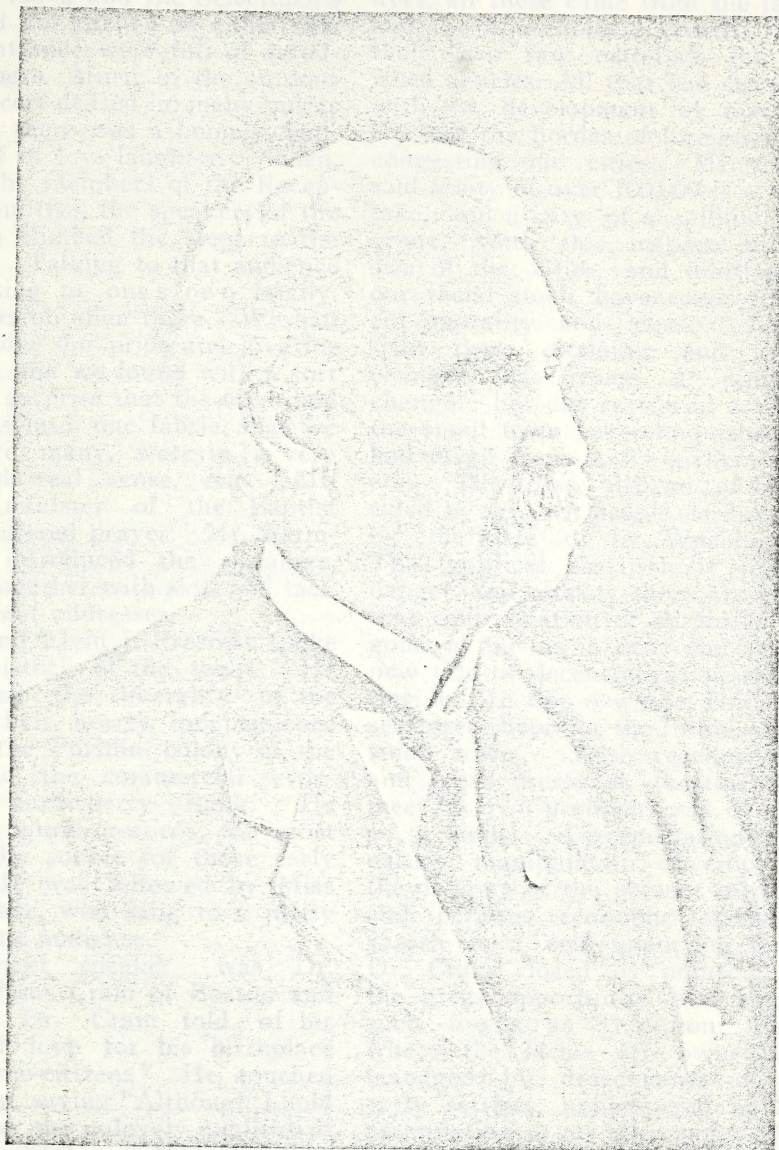
August 24, 1922 was such a day as belongs to Hampton Falls, misty and overcast, with a hint of rain that did not fall. A warm day, tempered in the afternoon by a fugitive east wind that brought into the Town Hall a breath of the sea, that sea that nearly three hundred years before, bore Stephen Bachiler and his little company from Old England to the New. On this day the town celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the separation of Hampton and Hampton Falls, and the folk of the latter town stoutly maintaining that theirs is the parent.

The town has always been proud of her sons. With the sturdy independence that is the inheritance of all New England towns, there has been a liberality of mind, a touch of statemanship in more than one, and these have given the town a certain wideness of vision. They built large, two-story houses on their well-kept farms, and the town has always expressed prosperity and thrift. The population has fluctuated very little, running between five and seven hundred in the past two hundred years. Farms have changed hands, but the owners have worked their land as a means of livelihood, which has meant that Hampton Falls has always been a town of homes, and not of "summer places," and transient visitors.

Among her famous sons was Nathaniel Weare, who was sent to London in 1682 to settle a dispute concerning land titles. His grandson, Meshech Weare, Washington's friend and the first president of New Hampshire, lived here, and his house and the monument on the Common are our most conspicuous landmarks. Frank B. Sanborn, the Sage of Concord, was born and

brought up in the town, one of a large and brilliant family. He and Warren Brown, progressive farmer and politician and author of the excellent History of the town, were own cousins. Here in the quiet beauty of Miss Sarah Abbie Gove's house, John G. Whittier visited and rested, and here he died. Of the next generation, Ralph Adams Cram and his brother, William Everett Cram, have brought honor to the town, and Alice Brown's books have immortalized the country life of forty years ago.

For this celebration, committees had been appointed and money appropriated at the Town Meeting in March. Walter B. Farmer was chairman of the General Committee, which included Mrs. Sarah Curtis Marston, Mrs. Annie Healey Dodge, Mr. George F. Merrill and Dr. Arthur M. Dodge. Invitations were sent to every man and woman who claimed residence or ancestors here. When the day came, nearly every house in town was decorated with flags. The fields were empty, the front doors locked. All had turned toward the Town Hall, where the program was to be given. Automobiles kept coming all day, in the morning for sports and visiting, for renewing old friendships. There were no outsiders. Everyone belonged here and seemed akin to all the rest. Signs urged each one to register. In the lobby, presided over by the Reception Committee, was the book, given to the town by Mrs. Berlin. Page after page was filled, over 700 names in all. Bows of tri-colored ribbon were given, these bows being the tickets of admission to the hall for the afternoon and evening sessions. With the ribbons were the programs designed by Samuel Emmons Brown.



THE LATE WARREN BROWN
Historian of Hampton Falls.

They carried out the scheme of the day in their beautiful lettering copied from a book of 1722.

There were games and sports for those who wanted to see them, and

in two large tents pitched near the Library just across the road from the Hall, the Town served luncheon to its guests and its own people.

By half past two every seat in the

hall was taken and the Selectmen's room and the kitchen on either side of the entrance were full of standing listeners. Music of the outdoor band concert drifted in, many voices hummed, there was a homely, happy sound of low laughter. Then, escorted by members of the Reception Committee, the speakers of the afternoon climbed the steps to the platform. Talking to that audience was talking to one's own family. There was no alien there. We had met to show our pride and love for the town, and we found with a sort of happy surprise that the town had woven us into one fabric, that we who were many, were in a very deep and real sense, one. Mr. Parker, minister of the Baptist Church, offered prayer. Mr. Farmer then introduced the speakers, binding together with skill and tact, the different addresses.

Reverend Elvin J. Prescott spoke on the history of the town. He emphasized the liberality of the fathers, their hearty independence both of the Puritan colony at the south, and the commercial settlement at Strawberry Bank. He used the church records, the most trustworthy source for those early days. He was followed by Miss Mary Chase, who sang to a justly enthusiastic audience.

The next speaker was Dr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston and Sudbury. Dr. Cram told of his pride and love for his birthplace and "fellow-citizens." He touched on the past, saying "Although I hold no brief for the unlovely qualities of the Puritans, they did develop here in New England a certain high character that has influenced and to a large extent moulded the whole country." He sketched the town life of forty or fifty years ago when all necessities were raised on local farms. Wheat and vegetables, beef, pigs, sheep for food, wool and flax for clothes, candles, soap, shoes,

dyes, all these came from the land, and the householders created from their own raw materials the finished articles. All that has changed with the development of machinery and the hordes of foreign-born, congesting our cities. Mr. Cram said a city of over 100,000 is a mistake, and a city of a million is a crime. With this increase in the size of the cities, and dilution of our racial stock, have come different morality and ideas. Along with these economic and social changes has come a political change. For one reason or another the small town has relinquished or had taken from it, its earlier powers. The town, instead of being ruled by its own people, is directed by the state or by Washington. This political situation is full of danger, and already there are signs that centralization of authority has gone as far as it can, and that a new tide of decentralization is setting in. In this new tide, Dr. Cram sees great hope for the future of the small town. With responsibility and power restored, the town can meet its own problems and develop as a unit. Transportation difficulties, manipulation of crops, all the dangers of the present intricate and perilous economic structure, vanish in a self-supporting town. Dr. Cram closed by pointing out the great opportunity that awaits such towns as Hampton Falls, where the farms are owned and managed by descendants of the early settlers, unhampered by the assimilation of an alien population.

The town showed its hearty approval and enthusiasm for its distinguished townsman by prolonged applause. He had touched a chord in all hearts, for he had said the thing we believed and had longed to hear put into words by a man of power. It was this note of hope and of faith in a living future for Hampton Falls that dominated the

entire day, and to Dr. Cram belongs the honor of putting it into words.

Mrs. Walter B. Farmer read the following poem written by another famous child of Hampton Falls—Alice Brown:

HAMPTON FALLS

O pleasant land of field and stream,
Down-dropping to the sea!
No words could weave a dearer dream
Than your reality.

The sunbright mists bewitch the air
Above your bowery grace.
And fair you are,—but ten times fair
The veil upon your face

Of spin-drift, salt, and fragrance blent,
The ocean's benison,
Mixed for a moment's ravishment,
And, with the moment, gone.

And you are fair when driven snow
Lies hollowed, darkly blue,
And fair when winds of morning blow,
And drink the morning dew.

And fair when orchards richly hang
Beauty on bending trees,
Become, where late the bluebird sang,
A bright Hesperides.

Mirror of England's Midland bloom
Ribbed with New England rock!
Our sires, who framed our spacious room,
That staunch, enduring stock,

Were not more leal to you than we
Who love you,—nor forget
The faiths that kept our fathers free
Are yours and England's yet.

The final address was given by
Rev. Charles A. Parker. He too

looked toward the future, and saw the town growing in success as the ideals of cooperation grow. Miss Frances Healey read a prophecy concerning Hampton Falls in 2122 A. D., and the afternoon meeting closed with the singing of America, led by Joseph B. Cram.

For a few hours the Town Hall was deserted as duties of farm and house and "company" called the people home. But at eight o'clock every seat was again taken, chairs and settees in every available spot giving added room. The program of the day was given by townspeople, that of the evening by distinguished guests. No one who was there will forget that he has heard Arthur Foote play, and the town will always remember that he helped make the day one that the town recalls with pride. Mr. Charles T. Grilley of Boston read and was very generous to the enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller of Boston and Little Boar's Head sang alone and in duets with Mr. Charles Bennett of Boston and Kensington. Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Mr. Foote, sang two of Mr. Foote's own compositions. "It was a wonderful audience to play to," one of the artists said. Fittingly, the celebration closed with a dance of the young people, to whom the future belongs.

MISS HEALEY'S PROPHECY

The east wind blows in from the sea
Across the town eternally.
Two hundred years ago it passed
Through virgin timber. And the last
Old house it whispered over then
Is gone. Has this new age of men
Built more enduring homes than they,
Our fathers of an earlier day?

What will the east wind blow across
These coming years? There will be loss
Of landmarks known to you and me.
Of all these orchards, scarce a tree
With roughened, gnarled boughs, will bear
Apples, where once great orchards were.
And houses, homes of joys and tears,
Will be forgot uncounted years.

Yet dear, quaint names will last. Who can
Forget Drinkwater Road, and Frying-Pan?
Or Brimstone Hill, its smoking lid
Clamped with the starry-pointing pyramid
Of Holy Church? The Common too,
Shaded by antic maples, through
Whose leaves, windswept, the sun pours down
On sons and daughters of the town.

The sons and daughters! They will bear
Names dear to us. And they will share
This fair town's honor and heritage
Binding them to our earlier age.
Sanborn and Batchelder, Prescott, Brown,
These are the names that built our town.
Janvrin and Farmer, Dodge and Weare,
Cram and Moulton, Lane, Pevear,
Healey and Merrill, Greene, all these
Names endure in our histories.

The east wind sweeping in from the sea
Will find strange houses where ours be.
More and statelier, shadowed by wings
Of swiftest airplanes. The ether sings,
Hums and whirrs in myriad keys
Perpetual, vibrant mysteries.
Ethereal voices from some bright star.
And shouts of heroes centuries dead
Will be caught up and heard and read.
Caesar, rallying legions in Gaul,
Boadicea, the thin, shrill call
Of Jericho trumpets,—every man,
Every sound since the world began.

- Then men will acknowledge, as men now should.
One holy, eternal brotherhood.
And they will look back on this age of ours
That slowly conquers physical powers
As an age of beginnings, of gropings blind.
For the holier, mightier powers of mind.

Some few old fogies may care to drive
 An automobile, though half-alive
 The neighbors think such doddering folk;
 For sixty miles an hour's a joke!

And railroads, antiquated long,
 Are quaint, remembered things of song.
 Comforts and labor-helps will then
 Fill every house. In some dark den
 Of ancient store-room may be hid
 Quaint coal-hods, Grandma's dear stove-lid,
 And some may have a whole cook-stove
 With all attachments Treasure-trove
 To antiquarians that will be!
 And some new modern house that we
 Think of as grand and up-to-date
 Will seem to them most antique!
 And they will shake their heads and say
 "Men built well in that early day!
 Those good old days of nineteen twenty
 With lumber cheap and workmen plenty!
 Such timbers as we never see
 In twenty-one hundred and twenty-three!

"And they had time, our ancestors,
 To play, to celebrate! Their doors
 Were freely open to guests! They ate
 Enormous piles of food! A plate
 Was heaped! While we but swallow
 A dinner pill! And know to-morrow
 We'll have another. It must, I think,
 Have been great fun to eat and drink
 With all your folk three times a day!
 But the modern is the easier way!"

Perhaps two hundred years from now.
 When you and I have long been ghosts,
 We'll visit Hampton Falls again
 And wander through the towns with hosts
 Of our forefathers. How we'll laugh
 Together, we and they! And find
 Though years and centuries pass, not half
 The difference we thought to see. Man's mind
 Has little change, and swept away
 Th' inventions of our hurried day,
 The men of seventeen twenty-two
 Were not unlike the rest of you.
 Nor will they centuries after me
 Be greatly changed essentially.

TRAGEDIES IN MY ANCESTRY

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

It's the great tragedies that grip, either in fiction, drama, or history. There is in the human mind a certain fear, dread, perhaps sad memory, which gives a psychological basis for keen response to the tragic. We read, watch or listen breathlessly: then go away to ponder and never forget. In twenty years' study of such scraps, notes, records of my ancestry as I have been able to find, it is the tragic things that stand out before me. When read and dug out from original sources, the tragic things stand before us with vividness. I see with all its surrounding pathos, the body of a seventeen year-old lad (Betfield Sawyer) dragged from Smith's River in Danbury, and taken to the rude home in Hill—then laid away in the little family yard beneath the pines.

I see time and time again, scarlet fever and diphtheria enter the overcrowded households, and I feel the wearing care, the fears, the sadness of the fathers and mothers, as perhaps one, two, or even four of the little ones are taken away to the Churchyard. I see the widow with her children clinging about her, as the broken form of the husband and father is brought home, dying or dead, from accident, drowning, or a fall. Ah! the life of our brave ancestors in harsh New England was hard and full of sorrows in those days of insufficient equipment, to withstand the climate and give comfort.

I want to speak here of three such tragedies.

First, I take up the scourge of diphtheria. More dreadful a hundred-fold than small pox ever was. It originated in 1735, in Kingston, within six miles of where I was born, and where my ancestors had lived. Tradition said it started from a sick

hog. The germ theory of the spread of disease was unknown. Sick children were hugged and kissed by weeping parents, brothers and sisters. Funerals were public. It is easy to imagine the havoc it made. Into the family of my great, great great-grand-father it came. Two years before scarlet fever had taken two small children, now diphtheria took three more; taking five of the nine children from the home. What sorrow—depressing, deadening, it must have left. (Yet even in tragedy, there comes comedy. The clergymen furnished it in this case. They held a solemn conclave of prayer throughout the New Hampshire colony, and finally put forth the solemn judgment, that the plague was a visitation from God upon the people, because they did not pay their ministers on time. And they pointed out as proof, the fact that Massachusetts had a law compelling prompt and full payment, and that hence Massachusetts had no plague.)

I pass from Kensington up into the old settlement at Hill. Here scarlet fever takes the only two children of the strong young husband and wife, one aged three, the other one. The husband is unlettered, but he is a rude philosopher, such as Soutarev and Bonderev, who had such influence on Tolstoy. He says I will not bring children into the world to die. What's the use? He leaves his wife, refuses to again co-habit and goes off and lives alone; years later he becomes a lay Universalist preacher. David Sawyer was wrestling with the world-old problems, over which every generation has labored and sobbed and sighed.

Once more I turn back south, and I stop beside "Suicide Pond," near Whittier's home; and its sad story

greatly impressed the great poet, and he wrote his poem upon it. There the quiet, beautiful and shy maiden, loved by all, drowned herself at the age of 22. One of my ancestors loved the maiden; proposed to her marriage. She, in the purity of her heart, her sweet nature and quick conscience, would not allow him to marry her, without her telling him, that years before, when a maid of

seventeen, she had once, with a hired man on the place, violated the sanctions of morality. And he, poor dupe, felt in the harsh judgment of the standards of Puritanism, that she was thus unfitted to be his wife. Clothed in the carefully ironed dress she had hoped to be her wedding garment, she threw herself into the pond: he lived to be 87, unwedded, lonely and sad. The tragedy of ignorance.

THE BLACK ROCK OF NANTASKET

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

What great upheaval in the ages past
 Raised your huge shape above the ocean bed?
 What changes, inconceivable and vast,
 Sent the waves tossing round your massive head?
 The lights send signals to you through the mist
 From far away across the hurtling sea,
 The waves croon softly, by the moonbeams kissed,
 And stars come out to keep you company.
 Our lives are like the ships that pass you by
 Drifting so swiftly to Eternity,—
 While there, grim, fixed, immovable you lie
 Looking with steadfast eyes out toward the sea.

URANIA: MUSE OF ASTRONOMY

By Louise Patterson Guyot

Great mother to the little stars, who cry
 And huddle close about your skirts, afraid;
 White queen of constellation-haunted shade;
 You walk the unknown places of the sky
 Where foreign moons and alien planets fly.
 In space and darkness terribly arrayed
 Where even a sun would shudder to have strayed
 You have your throne, with heaven and hell near by.

Goddess, your heart is gentle as Love, I know,
 But you have eyes deeper than Death. Your hand
 Is kind, but foolish people here below
 Cannot believe beauty so great and grand
 Heeds little things: they think themselves forgot.
 Only the wise, who know you, fear you not.

BARRINGTON CELEBRATES

By Morton Hayes Wiggin

The picturesque old town of Barrington, arrayed in gala attire and aided by perfect weather, indeed did itself proud in the four-day celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of its incorporation. August nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second. It could be said without danger of exaggeration that it, as a whole, was the grandest and most successful event taking place within its borders during its long and eventful history.

On Saturday afternoon and evening of the nineteenth, the celebration was opened by a sale and entertainment in the Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Barrington Woman's Club. The entertainment proved to be excellent. The entertainers—J. F. Hicks, solist; Miss Norma and Mr. J. L. Slack, cornetists; and Mrs. Leonard Merrill, reader—were at their best and were greatly appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds of the sale netted a very considerable sum toward the new community house which is to be erected as soon as funds become available.

The Congregational Church was crowded at the eleven o'clock service Sunday morning to hear the anniversary sermon delivered by the Rev. Francis O. Tyler, pastor of the church. Rev. Mr. Tyler was assisted in the service by the Rev. Chester W. Doe of Strafford in recognition of the fact that during the first ninety-eight years of its history, Strafford was a part of Barrington.

Directly following this service the congregation went to the site of the first Meeting House of the Town. Here a tablet, placed there

by the Congregational Christian Endeavor Society, was unveiled. This service took place after the choir, accompanied by two cornets, marched to the scene singing "Come to the Church in the Wildwood." This was followed by reading of the Scripture by Rev. Mr. Tyler and prayer offered by Mr. Doe. The tablet was unveiled by little Virginia Lougee, a descendant in the seventh generation from the first deacon of the Church, Hezekiah Hayes.

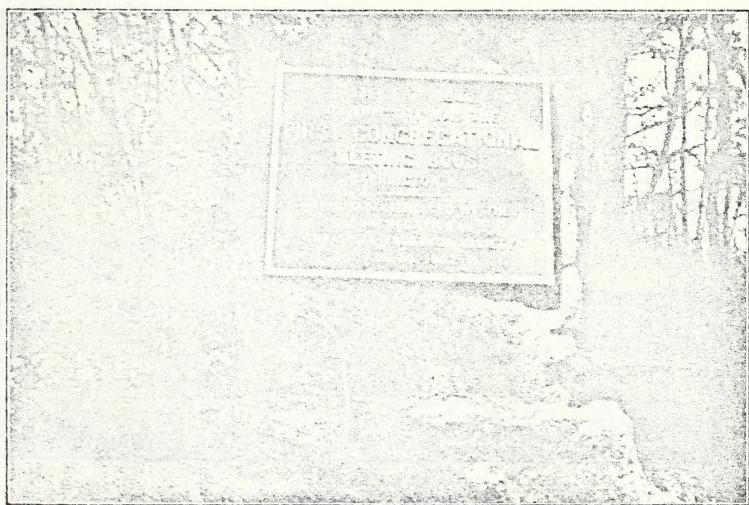
Following this ceremony an address, "The History of the First Congregational Church," was delivered by Morton H. Wiggin, a descendant from Deacon Hayes in the sixth generation. Mr. Wiggin said as an introduction that full appreciation of the early New England community life and spirit could be obtained only by important co-factors, politics and religion, and of these two religion as centered about the old meeting houses was the more important. He then spoke of the derivation of the term "Barrington" as from the early English walled "Tun" or town of the clan of "Boerings" or "Barings." The speaker then laid a political foundation to the address by briefly mentioning the steps leading to the building of the First Meeting House, namely: the grant made by the General Court of Massachusetts to the town of Portsmouth in 1672, in reward for a donation made by Portsmouth to Harvard College; the failure of Portsmouth to apply for the grant and the subsequent grant by the General Court of New Hampshire in 1719 of the "Two Mile Slip" or "New Portsmouth" to a group of opulent Portsmouth merchants in-

terested in iron mining along the banks of the Lamphrey River. It was of great interest that the speaker noted that the old line marking the upper boundary of this "Slip" passed directly in front of the tablet being dedicated and that it crossed the road at a point where many of the listening audience were standing.

Because the town of Portsmouth generously voted to repair H. M. S. "Barrington," that town was given a tract of land west of the Dover line six miles wide and thirteen

in Portsmouth which appropriated two hundred pounds for a meeting house thirty-six by forty-four. This was commenced at the foot of Waldron's Hill, but not being centrally located, was removed to the site which the dedicated tablet marks, where it was completed.

Mr. Wiggin then spoke of the call given by the town to Rev. Joseph Prince, a missionary-evangelist of note, who formed the First Congregational Church, June 18, 1755, and served as its pastor for thirteen years, during which time the rec-



TABLET—SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE

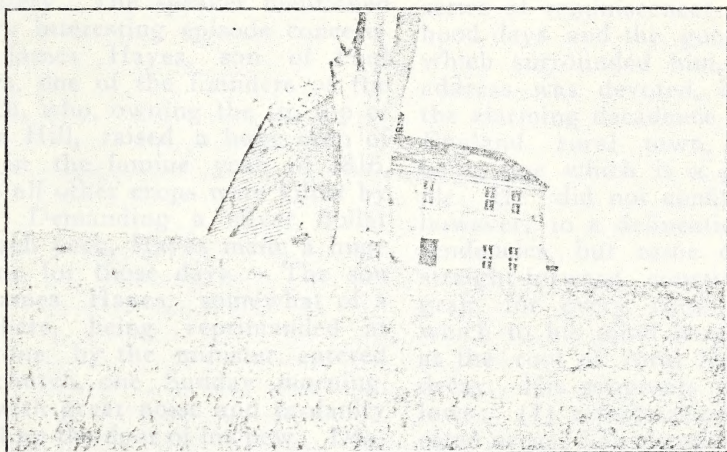
miles long, which now includes the towns of Barrington and Strafford. The date of the charter for the town of Barrington as well as Chester, Nottingham and Rochester, was May 8, 1722. Since there was provision that a meeting-house must be built within seven years and the support of preaching in the charter, the religious history of the town begins at that point. The speaker spoke first, in this connection, about the four parsonages which have served the Congregational Church. He then spoke about the town meeting held

ords show that he always received his salary promptly. He next spoke of the Rev. Benjamin Balch, a Harvard graduate and chaplain during the war of 1812 on the U. S. S. "Ranger," who received a princely salary, since Barrington was, during the latter part of his thirty-one year pastorate, the third largest town in the state; of the fact that he is the only pastor of the church ever buried in the town; of the memorial service in 1912 in which his remains were removed from the Old Parsonage Lot to Oak Hill Cemetery. The pastors serv-

ing the Old Church were then commented upon.

The building of the new Church in 1840 and the new Town Hall in 1854, taking away both capacities of this old building, necessitating the selling of it to be removed to another spot as a dwelling was dwelt upon. Mr. Wiggin next described the Old Church as of a plain exterior, with pitch roof and two doors in front and with no steeple. The ornate interior with its great sounding-board over the high and richly carved pulpit, the pen-like

who is a descendant of Deacon Hayes in the fifth generation, spoke of the first Deacon, Hezekiah Hayes, of his advent from Dover to Barrington, his marriage to the daughter of Captain William Cate of the Cate Garrison, his service in the Revolution and the large number of his descendants. He spoke of the long public service of Deacon Benjamin Hayes, of Deacon John Garland of Green Hill, recalling concerning the latter the story of the stern command to his son to go out into the night to get a "back-log."



THE FIRST PARSONAGE

old pews with seats completely around, the great gallery around the three sides of the room, a constant attendant in which was the old negro slave of Capt. Hunking and Rev. Mr. Balch, "Old Aggie"; of the lack of stoves and the use of "foot warmers." The speaker finished his address by a brief resume of personages and events since 1840 and an eulogy to the Old Church.

Following the singing of the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," Deacon Elmer Wiggin delivered an address, "Deacons and Leaders of the Old Church." Deacon Wiggin,

for the fireplace. The son returning with a small one was rebuked and told to go out and not return until he had a sizable back-log. The son remained away nine years but upon return brought in a huge back-log on his shoulder, saying, "Here is your back-log, Father."

Although the Garland family moved back into the wilderness in 1812, they did not get outside the bounds of their native town. The speaker next spoke of Deacon William Cate of the Cate Garrison, the leading figure in the town of his day. He mentioned public spirited Deacon Wingate of Madbury who

in 1848 moved to Weare, but never liked his new surroundings, for at home in Madbury he was "Esquire Wingate," but in Weare he was "Old Man Wingate." Mention was made of Deacon Thomas Hussey, father of Professor T. W. H. Hussey; Mrs. Judge Knapp of Somersworth, who left a fund known as the "Hussey Fund" to the Church; of Deacon Thompson, who had three sons in the Civil War, one of whom was killed in action and buried in the debris of Fort Sumter, although there is a tablet to his memory in Oak Hill Cemetery. The speaker mentioned a very interesting episode concerning James Hayes, son of Paul Hayes, one of the founders of the church, who, owning the tip top of Green Hill, raised a huge crop of corn in the famine year of 1816, when all other crops were killed by frost. Demanding a silver dollar for each peck, Hayes made a huge fortune for those days. The son of James Hayes, somewhat of a reprobate, being reprimanded at one time by the minister, entered the church, one Sunday morning, and with great noise and profanity nailed up the door of his pew. Deacon Wiggin mentioned as deacons of the new Church, Deacon Joseph Babb, Deacon J. R. Drew, Deacon Samuel C. Ham, Deacon William C. Buzzell, brother of Captain Lewis Buzzell of Company F., Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who was killed leading his men against the enemy at Suffolk, Virginia; Deacon Horace G. Carter and the deacons now serving with the speaker, William B. Swaine and George B. Haley. The address ended with a eulogy to the sacrifice made by the faithful church members of the past.

This impressive dedication ceremony was concluded by the singing of "America."

Sunday evening "Old Home

Vespers" were held with a filled church auditorium in attendance. The Vespers were opened with a song service followed by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tyler. Miss Hilma Anderson of Everett, Massachusetts, sang a selected solo that was much appreciated. The address of the evening was given by Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, who took as his subject "Where there is no vision, the people perish"—Prov. 29: 18. Mr. Ham, who is the son of the late Deacon Samuel C. Ham, began his address by a series of reminiscences of his boyhood days and the good influences which surrounded him. His main address was devoted, however, to the alarming decadence of the New England rural town, Barrington being one which is a good example. He did not confine himself, however, to a delineation of these tendencies, but came out with a straight-forward constructive program for every rural community which to his mind would strike at the root of rural New England decay. His proposals were as follows; (1) reforestation of deforested areas; (2) introduction of the graded school; (3) the utilization of the water power of the town to generate electrical power which would bring industry into the life of the town; (4) renewed interest in the Church and a careful study of its place in the community; (5) the formation of a "Vision Committee," which would hold before the community as a whole a vision of a greater future. In closing his address, Mr. Ham pleaded for the conservation of the rural youth for the rural communities, and for a vision to be always held before the community; for "Old men shall dream dreams, but young men shall see visions."

Following Mr. Ham's very able address, a mixed quartette from the

choir sang the "Vesper Hymn." The service closed with the singing of "Abide With Me" and the benediction.

On Monday at 2 p. m., there was a Play Carnival and Sports at Depot Field, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Giviens, the County Y. M. C. A. Secretary. There was a Junior and Senior 100 Yard Dash, Obstacle Race, Sack Race, Relay Race, Three-legged Race, Tug of War, Potato Race, and Group and Mass Games. This feature was greatly enjoyed by a large group of boys and young men.

The concert of the Schubert Male Quartette of Boston, assisted by Dorothy Berry Carpenter, on Monday evening was attended by an enthusiastic audience which taxed the capacity of the Congregational Church, and was generally acclaimed the treat of the anniversary. The rendering of the "Vocal March," "Arion Waltz," "Aloha" and "Songs of Home" by the quartette were enthusiastically greeted and many encores were responded to. Dr. Ames, in his rendering of the "Roses of Picardy" and the work of the bass, Mr. McGowan, were very well received. Miss Carpenter, the reader, took the audience by storm in the recital of "Daddy Long Legs," "A Model Letter" and "A Joy Ride."

Tuesday was the great day of the anniversary, beginning with a band concert at 9:30 a. m. by the Barrington-Northwood Band, E. L. Wiggin, director. At 11 a. m., without delay, the anniversary parade, one of the finest ever held in this section, started. It was headed by Chief Marshal William S. Davis and Assistant Marshal, George B. Leighton, followed by the Barrington-Northwood Band. In the rear of the Band marched the combined John P. Hale Council of Barrington and the B. W. Jenness Council of Strafford, Junior O. U.

A. M., there being about one hundred men in line, an array of thirty-three beautifully decorated floats, followed by a detachment of World War Veterans in line of march and Civil War Veterans in automobiles. Automobiles lined both sides of the line of march for nearly half a mile, the line of march being from Oak Hill Cemetery through the East Village and a counter march back through the East Village to the Congregational Church. The judges of the parade, Mr. C. C. Copeland of Boston, Mr. Newall of Boston and Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, awarded the prizes as follows according to (1) appropriateness, (2) detail, (3) originality: First prize, West Barrington—a log cabin, the interior decorated with old-fashioned furniture and implements, the detail complete even to a fire place. Second prize, Fred Stone—a beautifully decorated team with historic background. Third prize, John P. Hale Council, Junior O. U. A. M.—a large truck decorated with national colors with four soldiers guarding the Goddess of Liberty. Fourth prize, Madbury Industries—a decorated truck with a complete barnyard scene. Other floats deserving particular mention were the beautiful Girls' Club Car, the Congregational Church, the advertising car of A. L. Calef, the complete blacksmith shop of William Palmer and the Woman's Club. All of the floats showed originality and tasty design and were liberally applauded as they passed the waiting throng.

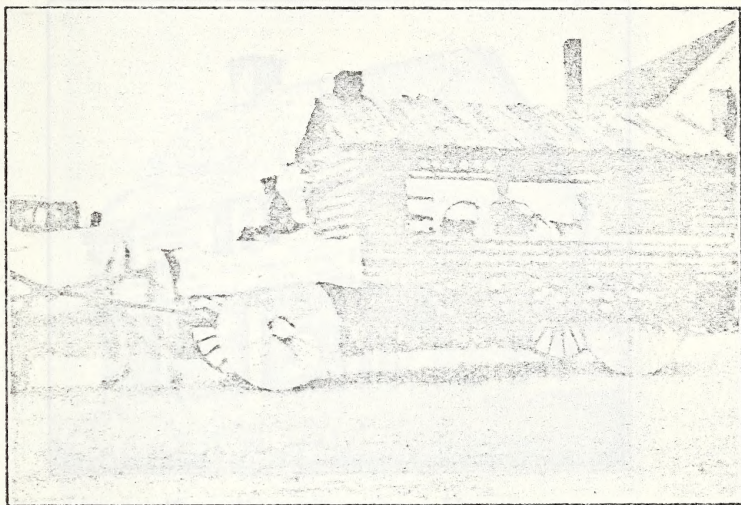
During the picnic dinner hour a most enjoyable occasion was had, especially by those renewing old acquaintances and recounting old tales.

At 1:30 p. m. the Old Home exercises took place. These were opened by a selection by the band and prayer by Rev. Francis O. Tyler. The address of welcome was delivered by Charles A. Tib-

betts, President of the Day. "The Old Garrison," a poem written by Robert Boodey Caverly, the famous local poet, about the old Cate Garrison, was recited by his grand-nephew, Master Robert Caverly of Strafford. The historic address of the day was delivered by Mr. John Scales of Dover. In his introductory remarks of twenty-five minutes, he spoke of the first impressions he received, when he came to Barrington to reside, 70 years ago, on the Judge Hale Farm.

miles to the west was the Land of Canaan.

Mr. Scales next explained why the town came to be called Barrington. The town of Portsmouth repaired the frigate of the Royal Navy, named Barrington. The tax payers got their pay from the Provincial Assembly by its making them a gift of a tract of land, six miles wide along the west line of Dover, and extending back twelve miles into the wilderness; beyond, the wilderness extended to Canada.



WEST BARRINGTON FLOAT—FIRST PRIZE

He came from his native home in Nottingham, where he was born, in a house that had been in the possession of the Scales family a hundred years. It was the first frame house built in that town, which is the same age as Barrington. Mr. Scales said that the route of removal from Nottingham to Barrington was through Ireland, France, via the Wild Cat road, to the historic Province Road, over Waldron's Hill, to the valley of the Isinglass River, and made the final stop at Mt. Misery. Two miles to the north was Sodom and three

Each tax payer, of record of 1720, '21, '22, had a number of acres in proportion to his tax. In this connection he gave an interesting account of the beginning of the settlement.

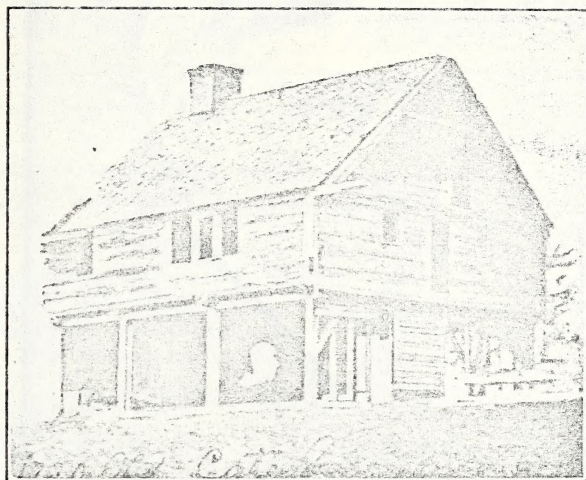
One of the early settlers was Capt. Mark Hunking, a distinguished sea captain and merchant of Portsmouth. He built a large colonial mansion near Winkley's Pond, not far from the Madbury line. Captain Hunking became one of the leading citizens, and died in that house in 1782. He owned negro slaves; one was Agnes, who

died in 1840, aged 100 years. The other was Richard, whose marriage to Julia, negro servant of Col. Stephen Eyans of Dover, is on record on page 174, Vol. I, of Dover Historical Collections. The whole story of Captain Hunking was very interesting.

Mr. Scales gave an extended account of how Major Samuel Hale of Portsmouth bought 720 acres of land, in one tract, and gave it to his three sons, Samuel, Thomas Wright and William Hale. Each

where the lumber was abundant all around them. The Hale Brothers were mighty men and the story Mr. Scales told was very interesting.

Mr. Scales spoke of the men who were conspicuous in the Indian wars; also of those who have a brave record in the Revolution; also those in the War of 1812. Of those in the Civil War he gave several very fine sketches. Among the number was Col. John W. Kingman, Col. Daniel Hall, Col.



THE CATE GARRISON HOUSE

son had a third. That purchase was made near the close of the Revolution, and the sons came up there about 1780. Samuel and William had a store, where the Judge Hale house now is, which now bears the ridiculous name of Norumbega. The account books that they kept are now extant. Mr. Scales gave extracts from the pages, showing what was bought and sold. One of the never-failing articles was rum, usually bought in pint quantities. The Hale Brothers also became largely engaged in ship-building, having a ship-yard right there on the farm,

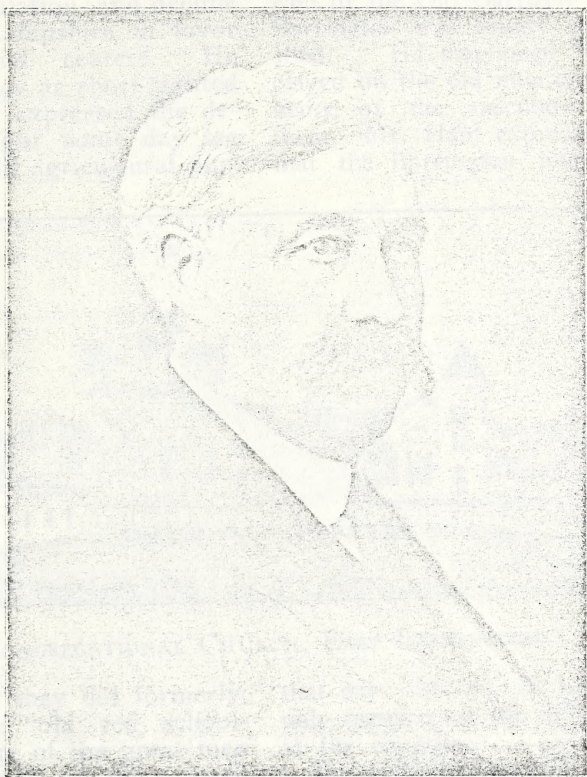
Andrew H. Young, Captain Lewis H. Buzzell. He spoke of Barrington's great scholars and college men, of whom the town has a fine record. One of these was Professor Sylvester Waterhouse, who for forty years was Professor of Greek in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Probably there was no instructor in any college or university who was his superior in this department of learning. Mr. Scales closed with a very interesting story of the success and remarkable career of the late Frank Jones of Portsmouth, who was the only millionaire that Barrington

ever gave birth to. The story was amusing as well as interesting.

Following a very well-rendered duet by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham of Strafford, there were several short addresses given by Ex-Gov. Samuel D. Felker and prominent sons of Barrington. By a curious coincidence all of the

mistic view of rural New England, particularly emphasising what wonderful advantages came to the farmer by way of modern invention.

Mr. Austin H. Decatur, of the firm of Decatur and Hopkins of Boston, after a bit of reminiscing concerning his boyhood spent in Barrington, spoke of the great



HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER

speakers except A. L. Felker were former pupils of Mr. Scales, the previous speaker, when he was principal of the old Franklin Academy in Dover.

Ex-Governor Felker in his remarks of introduction spoke of Barrington as being the native town of his parents and of the events of his boyhood that occurred in Barrington. He then gave a very opti-

strides that business had taken during recent years. He emphasized the necessity of better education in rural districts, the value of community spirit and co-operation. He spoke very highly of the Community House project and urged that it be carried out, pledging his continued support.

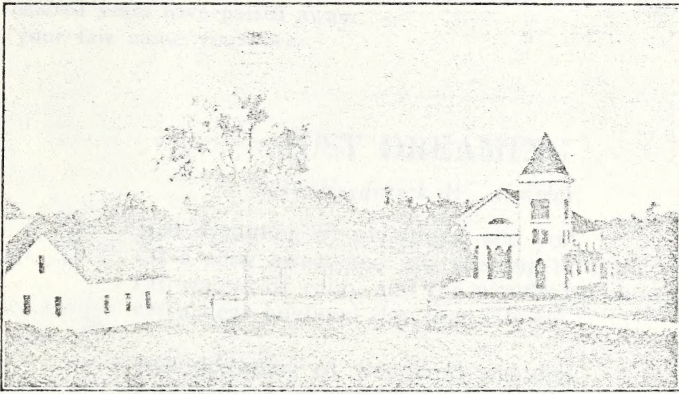
Ex-Mayor Frank B. Preston of Rochester laid before his audience

an eloquent delineation of conditions which were a distinct menace to the country. He referred to conditions attending the fall of great empires of history, and compared those conditions with conditions in America today.

The State Commissioner of Agriculture, Andrew L. Felker, decried the depopulation and decline of rural New Hampshire in favor of the industrial centers. He branded this policy as short-sighted and unwise. He expressed the desire that he might some day see the farmer and all agricultural pur-

speeches, selections were rendered by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham. Also the Scotch song sung by Master Robert Caverly in costume was enthusiastically received.

In announcing the ball game which followed the exercise, Mr. George S. Ham of Durham exhibited the Old Garrison Bat which was won by the Old Garrison Nine, when Barrington was county champion, in 1868. He mentioned those who played on the old nine and recounted many of the anecdotes concerning them. Mr. Ham expressed the wish that the Barrington nine might win



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAST BARRINGTON

suits flourish as they did formerly. He praised the "old red school-house" and spoke of the great men who were products of these institutions.

Professor Frank W. Preston of New Hampton spoke of the value of the practical side of education. He made particular mention of the old "Rough and Ready Debating Society" which so many years flourished at Pond Hill. He noted that four of the men on the platform with him were attendants of that old society. He recited a poem which he had composed many years before.

During the interval between

that day. Mr. A. B. Locke was the only member of the old nine present at the exercises.

The ball game at 3:30 p. m. was at Oak Hill Field between Barrington and Strafford. From the beginning it proved to be a pitchers' battle between Fisher of Barrington and Miller of Strafford. Fisher had the edge on Miller, striking out twenty-two of the batsmen facing him. His team, however, failed to bat and field properly, so Barrington lost by the score of 5-3. It was hotly contested throughout and much enjoyed by a particularly noisy group of rooters.

The anniversary ball, in the evening, was scheduled for Calef's Hall,

but the hall proved inadequate, so dancing on the lawns was enjoyed until a late hour.

It is estimated that upwards to two thousand people were in town all day Tuesday, and to a person they agreed that they had had an excellent time.

The following poem was written by Herbert D. Caverly, Clerk of the Roger Williams Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, in commemoration of the occasion.

Oh! Barrington, fair Barrington,
I am thinking of you today.
'Twas among your hills and rocky rills
That I was wont to play.

Two hundred years have passed away
Since your fair name you bore,

But the name is just as dear to me
As any gone before.

The honored ones who founded you,
And here viewed the sunset sky,
Have now gone to their reward
Where sunsets never die.

They braved the hardships and the
storms,
Till their hair was silvery gray,
And for the heroic deeds of yore
We honor them today.

There's history still for you to make,
Ye sons of noble sire.
So keep the Barrington standard high
And ever send it higher.

JUST DREAMING

By Frederick W. Fowler.

Just dreaming of moonlight and you,
Of a song sweet and low stealing through,
Of waters of calm, and the wonderful charm
Of a dear boyhood day that I knew.

Just dreaming of woodland and dell,
Emblazoned by youth's magic spell,
Of meadow and hill, and the cool shaded rill
Of a land that I once knew so well.

Just dreaming of air-castles fair,
With a world of romance in the air,
Of power and fame, and a world honored name.
Of wealth and of freedom from care.

Just dreaming of servants at call,
Of success and enjoyment to pall,
Of great things to be that were coming to me—
Dreaming, just dreaming, that's all.

THE PROCESSION OF DISCONTENT

By William M. Stuart

"He didn't want to go, 'n' that's all there's to it. If he wanted to go, he'd go, wouldn't he?"

William Channing Lawrence spoke not as one having authority, but as one having a grouch. Nor was his caustic remark addressed to anyone in particular. As Miss Fleming would have said, he was solitary and alone—if we expect the presence of one Pete, a dog of no particular race, color or previous condition of aptitude.

It was the twelfth anniversary of William's birth and in honor of the day he had been relieved from the customary labor about the farm. But he had hoped for more—a great deal more. At the county-seat, ten miles distant, a circus was scheduled to function on this beautiful spring day and he had futilely thought to beguile his father into taking him there.

"Nothing doing, Willie," Lawrence, Sr., had said. "I'm too infernal busy to waste a whole day looking at clowns and monkeys. But I'll make you an offer. If you'll walk the straight and narrow path for the entire forenoon and stick around within hearing distance so's to help me if I need you, I'll fix it up with Brown's folks so you can go with them to the circus in the afternoon. They're going to drive the car. You won't be able to hear the calliope nor see the parade, but you'll be in at the big show."

"I'll walk that path all right, Dad. Leave it to me. Where is it? And can I take Pete with me?"

"You and Pete are a bad combination to walk any path except the one that leads to destruction. What I meant was, you must cut out all your usual stunts—behave yourself all the forenoon, if you want

to go to the circus in the afternoon."

"Oh!" breathed Willie with relief, "that's easy. Don't I always behave, Dad?"

Lawrence coughed behind his hand. "Well, holidays—too much liberty—sometimes have a bad effect on you," he answered. "You want to watch your step. Mind—no tricks or funny stunts. The penalty is—stay at home."

Although the lure of the calliope and the red-coated bandmen was strong, Willie reflected, in substance if not in the exact words, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and accordingly tried to resign himself to the hard fate of a forenoon of inactivity.

Hence it came to pass that the joy of the lad was not unmixed with sorrow and regret as he strolled about the paternal acres seeking the wherewithal to amuse himself until such time as neighbor Brown should fare forth with his noisy four-cylindereed conveyance.

But where is the red-blooded boy of twelve who would fail to respond to the call of out-of-doors and the satisfying sense of sweet liberty? Therefore, into a face where intelligence and freckles were mingled, there gradually came a look of quasi-content.

As he passed the granary on his way to nowhere in particular, his eyes were attracted by a beautiful red window-casing that had recently been placed in the building. He was strangely fascinated by it and an irresistible urge moved him to hit it with a stone. There was no special reason why he should hit it—other than its proximity to the window. But this fact

added the zest of hazard that his soul craved. He had no desire to break the window, but thoughts of the probable attitude of his fond parent in case he unfortunately did so gave to it the lure of adventure. He felt that he must hit that casing.

Searching out a nice pebble, he drew back his arm. A thrill probably akin to that experienced by William Tell on a certain legendary occasion coursed up his spine. He fairly tingled with excitement.

The stone rebounded from the building one foot from the right of the window.

"I kin do better'n that, can't I, Pete, old stockin'?" observed Willie anxiously as he reached for more ammunition.

All further hazy plans for the forenoon's entertainment were now subordinated to the absolute necessity of hitting that casing as soon as possible. He knew the could hit it. He must.

Pete wagged the remnant of a once glorious tail and beamed with all the sympathy that a single good eye could convey. His moist, excited panting lent strength to his companion's arm.

The next stone did not rebound from the side of the building.

It crashed through the window.

A startled shout resounded from the depths of the structure and the cause of the boy's earthly pilgrimage emerged, his face flushed with passion.

"Willie!" he bellowed, "did you throw that stone?"

"Yes," replied the lad fearfully and George Washingtonally.

"At your old tricks again, eh? Don't you remember what I told you? Well, just for that you will take thirty cents out of your bank to pay for the window. It's too bad you can't have a holiday without trying to tear everything up by the roots. I'd tan your hide

if it wasn't your birthday. Now go and feed the brindle calf. Maybe a little work'll be good for your mind."

A trifle subdued, Willie filled with whey the new shiny tin bucket—purchased the day before—and slowly approached the habitat of the brindle critter aforesaid.

His calfship snorted loudly at the advance of boy and dog, blatted a couple of times, jumped into the air and half strangled himself with the restraining rope in his frantic efforts to indicate his joy befittingly according to the calfish code.

Placing the bucket before the enthusiastic quadruped, Willie watched him plunge his head in and audibly quaff the nourishing fluid. The animal stamped his feet with bliss, blowed like a porpoise and bunted the vessel. The bail lay against his head in juxtaposition to one of his incipient horns.

The boy was curious to know what would happen if the bail were slipped over the horn.

He accordingly slipped the bail over the horn.

The calf, in order to breathe, soon attempted to withdraw his head for an instant from the bucket. That handy utensil followed even where the calf's head did lead. It stuck closer than a brother.

Instantly the erstwhile confident calf became demoralized with fear. His morale vanished. He emitted a terrified snort, flourished his tail, humped his back and charged blindly across the stable. The rope parted under the strain and he struck the wall like a shell from a French 75. The new bucket crumpled into an unrecognizable mass of tin.

But a sudden presence intervened. The father stood beside the son.

"What is the trouble?" he asked

in other than honeyed tones.

"The calf got the bail over his horn and it scairt him," answered Willie truthfully.

"Willie, didn't you put the bail over his horn on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Fifty cents more out of your bank to pay for the pail," thundered the elder Lawrence. "It's mighty queer you can't have a little liberty without abusing it. Just one more sculip and instead of spending the afternoon at the circus, you'll spend it sprouting potatoes in the cellar. Now come and help me tag the sheep."

"If we'd a gone to the cirkiss when we ought to, all this trouble wouldn't of happened," grumbled the disconsolate lad as he reluctantly followed his angry parent.

With abbreviated tail drooping in sympathy with his masters' mood, the ubiquitous Pete acted as rear guard to the procession of discontent which wended its way toward the sheep-fold.

"Your job is to catch the sheep in that pen and lead them to me as I need 'em," the father announced. "See that you hold 'em fast and don't let any get away. I don't feel like chasing sheep all over the farm."

The first sheep was promptly caught and thrown to the ground. The farmer bent over her, sheep-shears in hand and hat on the ground. His bald head glistened with perspiration. It was very hot.

A consuming curiosity to know just what the sultan of the flock in an adjoining pen would do, if released, swept over Willie. He felt that he must know. But thoughts of his rapid devolution from the heights of liberty to the depths of servitude gave him pause and somewhat cooled his ardor. The threat of the potato-bin was not pleasant, either. Then curiosity got the upper hand again. At all hazards it

must be satisfied--come what might.

He glanced at his father. That person was absorbed with his task. Willie opened the gate of the sultan's pen and the doughty animal stalked majestically forth.

For a time the lord of the flock considered the crouching attitude of Mr. Lawrence in silence. He seemed to commune with himself. Was this posture a challenge to combat? Apparently it was even so, for the man's head was thrust out belligerently and it glistened in the sunlight.

The spirit of the ram was troubled within him. Yea, as he considered, he waxed exceeding wroth. His lower lip began to twitch, he shook his head, baaed softly, stamped his feet and backed up as far as the limits of the barnyard would permit.

Then before the excited eyes of William Channing Lawrence the sheep launched himself full upon the poll of the reverend parent.

Confusion, worse confounded, reigned for a space.

A life replete with battles lost had tended to render Pete a pacifist. But now the din of conflict caused his old time spirit to flame. With fine abandon he hurled himself into the fray and was speedily engulfed in the vortex of man and beast.

Then to the fascinated eyes of Willie there appeared in rapid succession the pugnacious head of the ram, the determined face of the faithful dog and the bald head of the father. Over the swirling mass a cloud of dust mercifully settled and, though he was fain to tell how the battle fared, he could not. Torn by conflicting emotions, he could but wait and hope for the best.

There came a sudden gleam of polished steel. The warlike sultan, smitten amidship by the sheep-shears wielded by a muscular arm,

emitted a grunt of pain and detached himself from the hurly-burly.

The tumult and the shouting died, while the farmer arose from the ruck with a changed countenance.

"Will-yum," he cried in accents wild, "is my head all stove in?"

Then before the son could answer, the light of battle entered the father's eyes. He seized a club and advanced upon the sultan who had made a strategic retreat into a corner of the barnyard fence and was there waging a rear-guard action with the now thoroughly bellicose Pete. Into this carnage the farmer sprang and there proceeded to instil respect for the human species into the troubled mind of the sheep.

After this task had been suitably accomplished, Willie heard the voice of his father ask in tones wherein suspicion lurked:

"Will-yum, how did he get out?"

But William Channing Lawrence had passed around the corner of the barn. He had no curiosity to ascertain what would ensue if he remained. He knew. And, besides, he was struggling with duty and desire.

On the one hand he could hear the voice of Duty calling in clarion tones from the potato-bin; on the other was the lure of Clark's woods, where in a little brook many hungry trout lay in wait. He felt in his pocket. Yes, the line was there. Although Paradise, disguised in the habiliment of a circus, had been irretrievably lost, sanctuary from the wrath to come abode temporarily in the sylvan shades.

His hesitation was brief. Whistling to Pete, he vaulted lightly over the fence and ran across the meadow toward the mass of bright green foliage that swayed gently before the breath of the pleasant May zephyrs.

EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM

By Helen Adams Parker

He leaned upon his stick, and he tottered when he walked,
And his words came slow and falteringly—the little that he
he talked—

And when he died the minister hadn't much to say,
And the neighbors filed out of the church the same old way.

But one of them who'd loved him, and was glad he'd gone
to rest,

For he knew how bare his life was—just a feeble spark at
best—

Crossed over to the empty house with nothing there for
looks,

And saw ranged on an old brown desk, his little line of
books.

He took a Latin Horace, all thumb-marked, worn, and thin,
And opening, read with filling eyes, a passage marked
within:

Extinctus amabitur idem—and written down below—

Though dead he shall be loved the same,—his words, a
trembling row.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Laura Garland Carr

In November Mother Nature
Has her babies safe in bed—
Well packed and softly covered in
Beneath her leafy spread.

She knows they will be snug and warm—
No need to vigil keep—
What harm can find a way to them
When winter's snows are deep?

And so she turns to leave them—
Smiling backward all the while;
And this is Indian summer—
Nature's tender goodbye smile.

LATE NOVEMBER

By George Quinter

The oak shakes off a leaf or two
And settles itself for the winter;
It is eager for the snow blanket
About its roots
And for the north wind,
That kindles a weird melody
Against its widespread branches.

There are footprints in the mud
Where November rain has beat;
A bear has been this way,
Seeking a den....

The hill beyond the gray wood
Is still a rusty green....

SEPARATION

By Helene Mullins

These fields,
The tall, dark trees,
And restless streams
Are poignant thoughts
Of you
That gnaw
Ceaselessly
At my heart,
And... bit by bit..
Crumble it
Away.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

Another school year has begun. Both of our normal schools are overcrowded, with prospective teachers unable to find housing in dormitories and forced to get less out of their course because floating on the edge of the current of school life, rather than in the full stream. Requests for money to build new dormitories at Plymouth and Keene are likely to come before the next General Court.

Our institutions of collegiate rank are victims of the same overcrowding. New Hampshire College, grown in plant and efficiency to proportions of which we may be proud, has over 1,000 students, more than she can care for to the best advantage. Dartmouth, after two or three decades of tremendous expansion, finds herself in a condition requiring the taking of stock.

At the opening of the Dartmouth year, President Hopkins startled the student body (and the country as well) by this statement:

"Too many men are going to college. The opportunities for securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right. The funds available for appropriation to the uses of institutions of higher learning are not limitless and can not be made so, whether their origin be sought in the resources of public taxation or in the securable benefactions for the enhancing of private endowments.

"It consequently becomes essential that a working theory be sought that will co-operate with some degree of accuracy to define individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld.

"This is a two-fold necessity, on the one hand, that men incapable of profiting by the advantages which the college offers, or

indisposed, shall not be withdrawn from useful work to spend their time profitlessly, in idleness acquiring false standards of living, and on the other hand that the contribution which the college is capable of making to the lives of competent men and through them to society shall not be too largely lessened by the slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity."

In the nation-wide discussion that followed Dr. Hopkins' revolutionary statement, there was approval as well as disapproval. Some educators deny that there are too many college men, yet there are many close observers who agree that in our colleges there are a surprisingly large percentage of those who cannot, or will not, profit by an attempt to master the education provided by such institutions. The shrewdest critics of Dr. Hopkins point out the fact that, granting his premise, some test must be found satisfactorily to determine those eligible to the "aristocracy of brains" to which he would restrict the privileges of our costly higher education.

Some of the undergraduate comment upon the situation has so much common sense as to deserve mention. It is to the effect that no college should admit more students than may be given the full advantages of life in dormitories, commons and chapel, and no more than, with the existing plant, may be given instruction in groups small enough to get the maximum individual benefit with the minimum of the defects of mass education.

The Town of Dublin celebrated on October 12, the hundredth anniversary of its library, said to be the oldest public library in the United States. Prior to 1822, there existed in many town libraries owned by private societies, but not open

free to the public. Dublin had two such, each with a few hundred volumes—one owned by a society of men, the other by a society of women. The fact that gives Dublin distinction is that in 1822 the two libraries were united as one, augmented, and made available to all of the citizens of the community. The united library was at first known as the Dublin Juvenile Library, and was intended primarily to encourage the education of children. The leading spirit in the movement was the Reverend Levi W. Leonard, who became the first volunteer librarian. Dublin and the state do well to mark this anniversary year. It is worth notice that the adjoining town of Peterborough in 1833 organized the first free public library to be maintained by taxation.

It is an encouraging sign that the people of New Hampshire are each year doing more to make the outdoor attractions of our state more available. Last month State Forester Foster told in this magazine about the new Willey House Cabins which will do much to encourage enjoyment of the grandeur of the Crawford Notch. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, besides opening up the Lost River to many thousands of visitors annually, has co-operated with the state in making public reserves in various beauty spots, notably the tops of Monadnock, Sunapee and Kearsarge.

Within a few weeks the state has received from Mr. Joel H. Poole, in memory of his son Arthur, the gift of a strip of land for road purposes which will make the Monadnock reservation more accessible. During Old Home Week the Tory Hill Woman's Club started an enterprise to repair the old road on the Warner side of Kearsarge. Everybody took hold with a will. Some gave money, some contributed labor,

others lent horses, teams, transportation, tools. A road-making bee was held. The result is an automobile road to the Halfway House, which will doubtless next year be continued to the "Garden," where the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests has located a log cabin. One ambitious automobile reached that spot this fall.

The year has also seen a beginning of the work on the projected trail to connect Monadnock and Sunapee Mountains by way of the state forest acquired in Washington last year. The trail will within a few years be an actuality, and may then be continued to Kearsarge, whence its next objectives should be Ragged and the state forest on Cardigan. Not many years hence the Granite State may by trail thus lure the tramp from the Massachusetts line and connect him by the White Mountain trails with the rugged north-land of New Hampshire, thence across to join the splendid Green Mountain trail of Vermont.

Politics in New Hampshire shows signs of off-year anaemia. It seems impossible for the average voter to acquire enthusiasm about home problems, even when there is to be elected a legislature which will have to deal with rather unusual questions of taxation and budget. Both political parties, at their late September elections, adopted platforms setting forth at length their claims to the voter's confidence and their aims for the future. The Republicans cite the record of Governor Brown's administration in keeping every state department and institution within its appropriation, in carrying the new Portsmouth bridge to its present stage without issuing the bonds provided for that purpose, and in reducing the state debt by more than a million dollars.

The main line of cleavage between the parties is upon the forty-eight hour question. The Democrats declare unequivocally for the immediate enactment of a law making forty-eight hours the maximum working-week for women and children. The Republicans concede the ideality of such a law, but raise the question of its practical bearing upon local industries competing with those in which a longer week obtains in other states. They favor a national forty-eight hour law, and advocate a special legislative committee to investigate and report, during the next session of our General Court, the facts which bear upon the advisability of New Hampshire enacting a similar State law.

Both parties are making special efforts to reach and organize the new women voters. If there be any apathy among the freshly enfranchised, it will not be due to lack of encouragement. The non-partisan League of Woman Voters is working throughout the state to arouse interest and intelligence in the exercise of the franchise. The most outstanding example of their activities was a recent school of citizenship in Keene.

An interesting by-product of a sluggish campaign was the situation resulting from the defeat of Fred A. Jones by John W. Barker for the Republican nomination in the fifth senatorial district. Soon after the primary, doubt was expressed as to the eligibility of Mr. Barker to serve. The constitution of New Hampshire provides that no person shall be a senator unless he has for seven years next before his election been an inhabitant of the district.

Mr. Barker, a native of England, had been actually resident in Lebanon for more than seven years, but had completed his naturalization only two years ago. The question of

eligibility turned upon the interpretation of the word "inhabitant." Should it be defined as "resident" or "citizen"?

The Republican State Committee discussed the problem. At first the friends of Mr. Jones were inclined to press the question, but, it appearing that Mr. Barker did not doubt his eligibility and Mr. Jones having declined to make it a personal matter, the committee decided to do nothing. Upon this an individual voter in the district petitioned the Ballot Commissioners to keep the name of Mr. Barker from the ballot.

It was late October before a hearing was had and a decision reached. The Commissioners, Attorney General Oscar L. Young and Harry F. Lake, Esq., (the third member of the board, Harry J. Brown, Esq., not sitting because of illness), decided adversely to Mr. Barker.

The question was immediately taken to the Supreme Court upon a writ of certiorari. There was a hearing on October 30, and an opinion was handed down on the following day declaring Mr. Barker ineligible. Immediately upon the decision of the Ballot Commissioners, the Republican State Committee nominated Ora A. Brown of Ashland to fill the vacancy, and as a result of the Supreme Court decision his name will go before the voters of the fifth district on November 7.

The strike situation, as it affects New Hampshire is still far from clarified. Coal is being mined, but not much is yet available; so that good old-fashioned wood-smoke is seen ascending from the majority of the chimney-spouts. As the weather grows colder the pinch will become felt.

The railroad strike is not settled in New Hampshire, whatever be the situation elsewhere. The Concord engine-house and shops being the largest in the state, the capital city

has felt the effects of this strike more than any other place. Practically every Concord shopman left his work on July 1. The few who remained were generally guarded to and from the shops. Strike-breakers began to come in within a few days. As they were principally, if not wholly, housed within the railroad enclosure, there was comparatively little occasion for trouble on the streets.

Of such trouble there was, however, a little—two or three assaults in the early days. A night raid at the shops, by parties as yet unapprehended, resulted in some of the strike-breakers being driven out of town.

As a result of conferences with the Mayor of Concord, Governor Brown called out two companies of the National Guard. Whether or not they were needed, has been the subject of keen controversy. Whether the City of Concord should pay for the troops, has also given rise to contention. Up to date the city has paid tens of thousands of dollars. The troops were withdrawn late in October, after the Chamber of Commerce had urged that they were no longer necessary.

Meanwhile the same sort of talk has been going on in Concord as in other railroad centers during the strike. On the one side the railroads have claimed everything was normal. On the other the strikers have claimed impairment of rolling-stock to the point of danger to the lives of trainmen and travelers. They have published lists of late trains. They have criticized the waste of railroad money in housing, feeding, bedding and entertaining the "scabs," besides paying them overtime.

The "scabs" meanwhile have been sifted and settled, and, with the few who stuck and the few strikers who have returned, are represented by the railroad as a permanent force, whom they have allowed to organize in an independent association for the purpose of making agreements.

A peculiar situation exists here, as elsewhere; it is believed that the shop work is being done in part by men who struck on other lines and are "scabbing" here. Another interesting thing is the claim of certain artisans that their business has been seriously damaged by the striking shopmen underbidding for work on mechanical jobs. The merchants find the strikers naturally with less than normal ability to buy, and the strike-breakers within the railroad enclosure do not find normal opportunity to spend their wages. Moreover, if the strikers are not to go back to work, the community will face the necessity of a general shaking-down—some jobless men moving out and leaving unpaid bills, new men taking their places with inevitable experimenting with credits, the sale of homesteads (perhaps at loss), the problem of housing the new-comers, the general difficulties of assimilating in bulk and immediately several hundred new families.

With these problems in mind, it is understood that some Concord business men are trying to bring the strikers and the railroad into some sort of agreement. What may be accomplished, with one group bound to win and the other confident of victory, is among the unknowable things. The situation is regarded by many people as sufficient proof, from the standpoint of community interest, of the public damage done by industrial warfare.

The textile strike goes on in New Hampshire, except at some points, as it has since last winter. Because of the longer duration of the trouble, the community losses have been more keenly felt than in the railroad contest. Due to the overshadowing size of the Amoskeag Mills, the textile strike has rather centered in Manchester. Long ago the strike, which began because the mills required a cut in wages, with the 54-hour week, became a deadlock. While the work-

ers might possibly have accepted the wage-cut with a 48-hour week, they have steadily refused to go back to a 54-hour week even with a proffered return to the old wage. The mill managers have been adamant. Various futile attempts have been made on the part of the public to accommodate the parties. The last was an abject failure. A committee under city auspices invited the two sides to send representatives to meet each other. Both agreed, but October 17, the day fixed for the meeting, the strikers' delegates declined to attend the meeting because strike-breakers were among the company's delegates. Bishop Guertin, as we go to press, is exerting his influence to get a resumption of work on the basis of 51 hours a week at the old wage until February 1, before which a permanent arrangement would be hoped for. At Somersworth agreement has been reached on a 51 1-2 hour week.

Later advices are that the Amoskeag employees accepted Bishop Guertin's proposition, but the corporation declared itself unable to adopt

the shorter work-week in view of southern Competition on the 55-and-60-hour basis.

Thus the war goes on. Both sides lose money; the community suffers; and the community has small information as to the validity of the claims and counterclaims made by the contestants in the hope of winning popular support, which in the end is recognized as a pretty valuable asset to either side.

Representatives of fourteen Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade met at Tilton on October 18, and took steps toward the organization of a State Chamber of Commerce. One of the principal objects of the organization will be to co-operate with the New Hampshire Publicity Commission in raising \$100,000 to advertise New Hampshire. The new organization will also take up the study of traffic on the highways in the hope of working out some sensible and consistent method of handling traffic throughout the State.

SONNET

By Louise P. Guyol

I am a lover of the commonplace,
The calm monotonous things of every day:
The sun that sets the same red-golden way
So many times a year; the dew-and-lace
Of cobwebbed lawns at dawn; the silver trace
Of the moon's high career; the flaunt and play
In tulip-gardens each recurrent May;
Women, and men; a child's adorable face.

I never set great store on rarity—
However often seen, can beauty fail?
An ordinary bluebird seems to me
As lovely as the peacock's haughty tail.
Not educated—well, that's no disgrace,
It's kind to kind; I love the commonplace.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

BAREFOOT. DAYS AND SUNDOWN SONGS, by Raymond Huse. Published by the author at Concord with the Rumford Press imprint. \$1.00.

This book by a New Hampshire man, for a number of years prominent in the pulpit life of Concord, is a collection of homely and unassuming verse. The reviewer is disarmed by the opening lines of the stanzas entitled "To My Critic:"

You need not tell me, critic dear,
Because you see I know it,
I have too much preacher blood
To be your kind of poet!"

The "preacher blood" courses strongly through most of the two score poems in this collection. The very first in the little book is a bit of poetry which prettily hides a lesson.

When the sun has passed the hilltops,
And the solemn shadows creep
Slowly down the purple mountain,
Then from out the mystic deep
Of the ocean of the twilight
Notes of music float along.
Daylight is the time for action,
Sunset is the time for song.

But the reviewer must not quote; the reader should have the pleasure of discovering for himself the shrewdly simple way in which Mr. Huse clothes his thoughts. The preacher has not forgotten his barefoot days, or the ways in which boys react to life; he has touched them up with a bit of mature, but reminiscent philosophy. Clever indeed is the playing of experience against adolescence in "When a Youth First Takes to Rhyming."

This little volume betrays the author as an appreciative lover of Nature in her every-day moods, which are interpreted in simple and homely, but apt, phrase. In one verse he speaks of Riley as having

"heard the notes
That rise from common sod."

It is these very notes that Mr. Huse evokes.

INDIAN LEGENDS IN VERSE, by William C. T. Adams, Superintendent of Schools at Keene and formerly Professor of Education at the Plymouth Normal School.

Dr. Adams has put into metrical form about twenty Indian legends, including such of special local appeal as those of Pemigewasset, Passaconaway, Chocorua and Monadnock. For most of them he has adopted the form of verse used in "Hiawatha." Prefixed to most of the verse are prose treatments of the same legends. There is an introduction upon Indian characteristics and customs. The book is aimed to reach the child when he is at the mental age of the mature savage, when, in fact, the child, is at the primitive stage of development. There are illustrations by Beatrice B. Adams and the book is from the press of the W. B. Ranney Company of Concord.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY AND STORY FOR CHILDREN, by Grace Edith Kingsland, Secretary, New Hampshire Public Library Commission.

Children's Book Week, which comes annually in November, is designed to interest parents and friends in making better and more books (with the emphasis on "better") easily accessible to children. This may be done both by building up the child's own library by gifts on Christmas, birthdays, and other special days, and by seeing that the local public library is well supplied with books suitable for juvenile patrons.

A magazine devoted to the state may well consider at this season what books dealing with New Hampshire in a manner likely to appeal to young

people are available. Unfortunately, these are few in number and often slight in content. Some are among the forgotten books of a previous generation, such as "A Book for New Hampshire Children, in Familiar Letters from a Father," published anonymously by Richard Grant of Exeter in 1823, later attributed to Hosea Hildreth who was for some time professor of mathematics at Phillips Exeter Academy. One paragraph runs: "Nothing indeed can be more gloomy than the State Prison. If you were to go into it, to see how it looks, it would make you shudder. There are now about fifty wicked persons in it; but I do hope that no New Hampshire child that reads this letter will ever behave so bad as to be locked up in that dreadful place."

At this time Peterborough was famous because "there are more manufactories than in any other town in the state." He also says, "We have in New Hampshire a great many saw-mills and corn-mills (commonly called grist-mills), a considerable number of manufactories for making cotton cloth and woollen cloth, and a few for making nails. We have ten, or twelve Banks, where money is kept to let out to people that wish to hire money. All New Hampshire people are generally pretty good to work, though there are some in every town that are lazy and idle, and spend their time a dram-shops (commonly called "grog-shops"). But these are considered very naughty people. Their poor little children often go ragged, and sometimes have no bread to eat."

These extracts will show that this book will appeal only to adults curious about manners and customs of early days and to the exceptional child. There is great need for a similar current book about our history and industries for use in schools. At the eleventh hour request of the editor of this magazine, I have compiled very hastily a few titles available in many libraries as well as in the State

Library, although some of them are no longer in print. It does not pretend to be a complete list and doubtless many a reader will miss his childhood favorite and exclaim, "How could she overlook that!" Such readers can help to make a more valuable future list by sending these titles to the writer. Stories with scenes laid in the state have not been included unless they had some historical or descriptive value.

ABBOTT, JACOB. Franconia stories. 10v.

Quaint stories of child life on a farm in the Franconia region in 1820. Still liked by children in spite of their avowed purpose to "develop the moral sentiments in the human heart in early youth."

ADAMS, WILLIAM C. T. Indian Legends in verse. c1922.

Several of the poems are founded on our Indian legends. See review elsewhere.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY. Story of a Bad Boy. c1870.

Based on the boyhood life of the author in Portsmouth. "Tom" and his friends are natural fun-loving boys. Equally popular with children and adults, it is a book that will never grow old.

BREWSTER, EDITH G. Some three hundred years ago. c1922.

Pictures "what children who lived on our shores when forests were cleared for home-making. . . . might have done in the midst of the true and thrilling happenings" of history. Stories center around Portsmouth and neighboring towns. Author is a resident of Portsmouth.

BROWNE, GEORGE WALDO. Hero of the hills; a tale of the Captive Ground, St. Francis, and life in the northern wilderness in the days of the pioneers. c1901.

Life in New Hampshire just before

the Revolution. John Stark and other real characters appear throughout its pages. Author claims to have kept as near actual facts as does the average historian. The scene of his *Woodranger* is also in New Hampshire at a slightly earlier period.

COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON. Old times in the colonies. c1880.

Readable history of colonial times for children in the upper grades. Has three chapters on the settlement of New Hampshire and several pages about John Stark. Author was born in Boscawen in 1823.

CRAM, WILLIAM EVERETT. Little beasts of field and wood. c1899.

****.— More little beasts of field and wood: 1912.

Delightful books about wild creatures for children of ten years and upward. Observations were made in and around the author's native region, South Hampton.

DUDLEY, ALBERTUS TRUE. Following the ball. c1903.

Scene of this book, as well as of the three other titles in the series, is laid at Phillips Exeter Academy, where the author was formerly a teacher.

FASSETT, JAMES H. Colonial life in New Hampshire. c1899.

The only history of early New Hampshire for children.

HARRIS, AMANDA B. Old time school days. c1886.

While written for adults, children of to-day will enjoy learning how very different the rural schools of the early 19th century were from those they attend. The author, a native of Warner, drew on her memory for this account of school houses, games, and pupils of former days.

JOHNSON, CLIFTON. New England; a human interest reader. 1917.

The history, industries, and nat-

ural beauties of the New England states, as well as anecdotes and brief biographies of their famous men and women, are given in a lively style. For children of 11 years and over.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. In the poverty year; a story of life in New Hampshire in 1816. c1901.

The true story of a year in which drouth and frost brought much suffering, woven around 12-year old Philomena and her kindly neighbors.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. Peter and Polly. c1876.

The 13-year old twins in the autumn of 1775 went from Massachusetts to stay with relatives in a "thrifty New Hampshire town" while their father fought for freedom. Good picture of home life, bringing in what the revolutionary war meant to our forefathers and their families.

ROLLINS, FRANK WEST. Ring in the cliff. c1888.

Scene of this story by a former governor is laid in Portsmouth and vicinity. The boy hero builds a boat in which he goes fishing at the Isles of Shoals and incidentally discovers buried treasures on Star Island.

SMITH, MRS. MARY PRUDENCE WELLS. Four on a farm. 1901.

Four New York children pass a jolly summer on a New Hampshire farm. For children of 10-12 years.

----- Their canoe trip. c1889.

The trip made by two boys began at a lake in Frankestown and continued down the Piscataquog and Merrimack Rivers on to Boston by the numerous inland rivers in Massachusetts.

the Revolution. John Stark and other great characters appear throughout its pages. A reader cannot but be kept in mind of the fact that the author is a native of the State. The book is a most interesting one for children of 11 years and over.

CONYER, CHARLES. CARTOON. Old times in the country. 1880.
 A book of history of colonial times for children in the upper grades. Has three chapters on the settlement of New Hampshire and several pages about John Stark. Author was born about John Stark. Author was born in Portsmouth in 1851.

CRAN, WILLIAM. EVERY. Little beads of gold and wood. 1890.
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EDITORIAL

Last July, Mrs. Edith Bird Bass of Peterborough unexpectedly found herself the owner of THE GRANITE MONTHLY. Mr. Pearson, the former owner, had stipulated that he should relinquish the conduct of the magazine with the September issue. Not feeling able, on account of prior duties, to assume active editorial and business charge of the magazine immediately, Mrs. Bass prevailed upon the writer to act as editor until January, 1923. Although Mrs. Bass has, by personal letter to the patrons of the magazine, made known these facts, it may be fitting for the acting editor to make some announcement in the magazine itself.

In the last two months the writer has been impressed anew with the fact that THE GRANITE MONTHLY, in spite of its moderate circulation, has a firm hold upon its readers and contributors. This is fortunate, because the undertaking is not, in the nature of things, one which can be financially profitable, but must be viewed as a sort of co-operative undertaking in which many join for the maintenance of a magazine devoted to the past, present and future of New Hampshire.

The subscribers and advertisers

are playing an indispensable part by furnishing the funds with which to pay the printer, the engraver and the postmaster. Quite as important a role is that of the contributors, from whom comes voluntarily a stream of history, essay, fiction and verse for which no editor can fail to be thankful.

Mrs. Bass intends to maintain the general policy of the magazine and has in mind a number of features which cannot fail to interest our readers. These will be announced from time to time.

In spite of the fact that the field of the magazine is limited, there is practically no limit to the attractiveness which it can attain in both material and dress, provided only that the circulation can be so widened as to furnish the necessary funds to pay the increased production costs. Plans are already forming with a view to enlarging the circulation. This is a matter in which every reader of the magazine may be of assistance. Can you not carry your present co-operation a step further and, by suggestions to your friends and to us, help us to enlarge the public which we reach and thereby enhance the value of the magazine?

ELWIN L. PAGE.

SUBSTITUTE

By Helene Mullins.

I left the gates of my heart open
For Love to enter,
But lo! a mountebank has strayed
Within its portals,
And I cannot drive him out.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CHARLES C. BUFFUM

Charles C. Buffum, Register of Deeds for Cheshire County, died of heart failure while driving his car through the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 16.

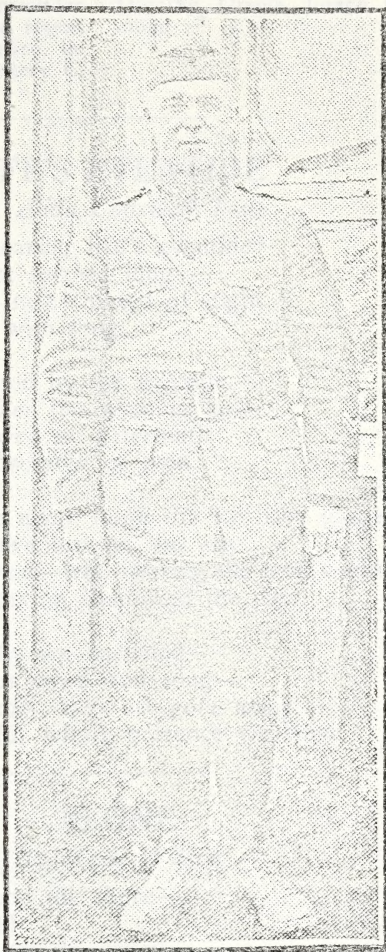
Mr. Buffum was a native of East Dorset, Vermont, the son of Parris E. and Ann R. Buffum, and was born February 4, 1849. He was educated in the schools of East Dorset, and moved to Keene at the age of twenty-two. For some time he was employed by the Cheshire Railroad, then was for seven years assistant postmaster. In April, 1883, he assumed the office of Register of Deeds. Had he lived to the end of the present term, he would have had forty years of continuous service. He was a candidate for re-election this month.

As a Register of Deeds, Mr. Buffum was painstaking and progressive. During his administration of the office he was active in re-copying and re-indexing the records and in adopting such modern methods as would make the registry of greater value to the public.

Mr. Buffum took an active part in the life of Keene. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, its treasurer for several years and interested in its activities. He was a Mason in his fraternal affiliations. He was at one time treasurer of the Union School District of Keene and for some years a member of the Board of Education. He had also been treasurer of the Elliott Hospital. From time to time he served as Special Justice of the Keene Police Court. Formerly a director of the Keene Savings Bank, he was at the time of his death a trustee of the Cheshire County Savings Bank.

In 1873, Mr. Buffum was married to Sarah, the daughter of Warren Wilson. She survives him, as do three sons; James Caleb of Webster, Massachusetts; Robert Earle of Boston; and Charles Edward of Boston.

conia, but also throughout the state. He was in constant demand as referee or umpire at games, and was at one time director of the athletics at the State College.



JOSEPH H. KILLOURHY

On October 19, there died at Laconia, as the result of an automobile accident a few days before, Major Joseph H. Killourhy of the staff of Governor Brown. Major Killourhy was one of the most popular of the younger men in central New Hampshire. He was born in Meredith about forty-five years ago, but had lived in Laconia since early boyhood. His attractive personal qualities and his activity in sports and military affairs made him a wide circle of firm friends, not only in La-

MAJOR J. H. KILLOURHY

He was for twenty years in the engineering department of the City of Laconia, but left his work in 1917 and enlisted in the military service as a private in the Twenty-Third Engineers. He served at St. Mihiel, and after the drive was commissioned Second Lieutenant. On March 9, 1919, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. He served in the Argonne drive to the end and was in Germany with the army of occupation.

Major Killourhy was a leading spirit in organizing Frank W. Wilkins Post, No. 1, American Legion of Laconia, and was its first commander. He was recognized as one of the most powerful Legion men in the state and was junior vice-commander of the state department. Upon the recent re-organization of the National Guard, he was commissioned Captain of Battery C, 197th Artillery, Anti-Aircraft.

He was a member of Laconia Council, Knights of Columbus, of Laconia Lodge of Elks and Interlaken Grange.

There survive his widow, Mary, and seven children, Margaret, Gladys, Frances, Dorothy, Ursula, Joseph H., Jr., and Raymond.

LIFE'S EVENTIDE

By Alida Cogswell True

Can it be we are nearing life's eventide?
The day has not seemed long—
The morning bright ne'er hinted of night,
So glad it was with song.

At noontide we paused by the wayside,—
Looking back o'er the winding lane—
It's sunlit path showed no aftermath
Of shadow, of sorrow or pain.

After the noon, more oft we have paused,
And find we have lost on the way
A companion—a friend—who nearing the road's end
Disappeared—leaving shadowed the day.

Now we wonder why we hastened—
Why stinted our word and song—
For now when we may, they are gone away,—
These friends for whose presence we long.

ALONE

By Marie Wilson

She walked upon the shore—
Alone!
The gray-blue sky drew near
the deeper waves;
Her figure scanted, breezed—
close. Dark hues,
She, wave and sky—
Alone!

The afternoon of day—
The afternoon of life—
Yet hours shy of close,
Yet years to fly like this—
Sky, wave and she—
Alone!

Vol. 54

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 12

The
Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THREE NORTH COUNTRY FEATURES

GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents

\$2.00 a Year

Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class mail matter

MOUNTAIN A TRAIL

By Gertrude M. H. H. H.

Through the silent forest, where the
Grand with mighty arms has woven its
Once travelled by a band of Indians, who
Their homes and altars, and their
Their paths, and their altars, and their
To the cold, and the cold, and the cold
But with a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Leap and a leap, and a leap, and a leap
To avoid the cold, and the cold, and the cold
And still with a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Going easy, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Memorized, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
But in a corner, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Squaws and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
As they went, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Where to go, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Kiss to the, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Stumbled, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
In such a way, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Silently he, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
And with a spring, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Silent, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
And a spring, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Then the, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Which, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Afterward, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
To hear, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Or to see, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Bury, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
"My people, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
You must, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Like the, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Like a, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
So, at, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
They left, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Night, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
Her, and a spring, and a spring, and a spring
forest.

Physically but he was seemed to shrink upon the heavy old warrior
Prostrate on the frosty ground. At last, his mind by pain disordered
He rose, and wandered down the old trail, often in other days pursued,

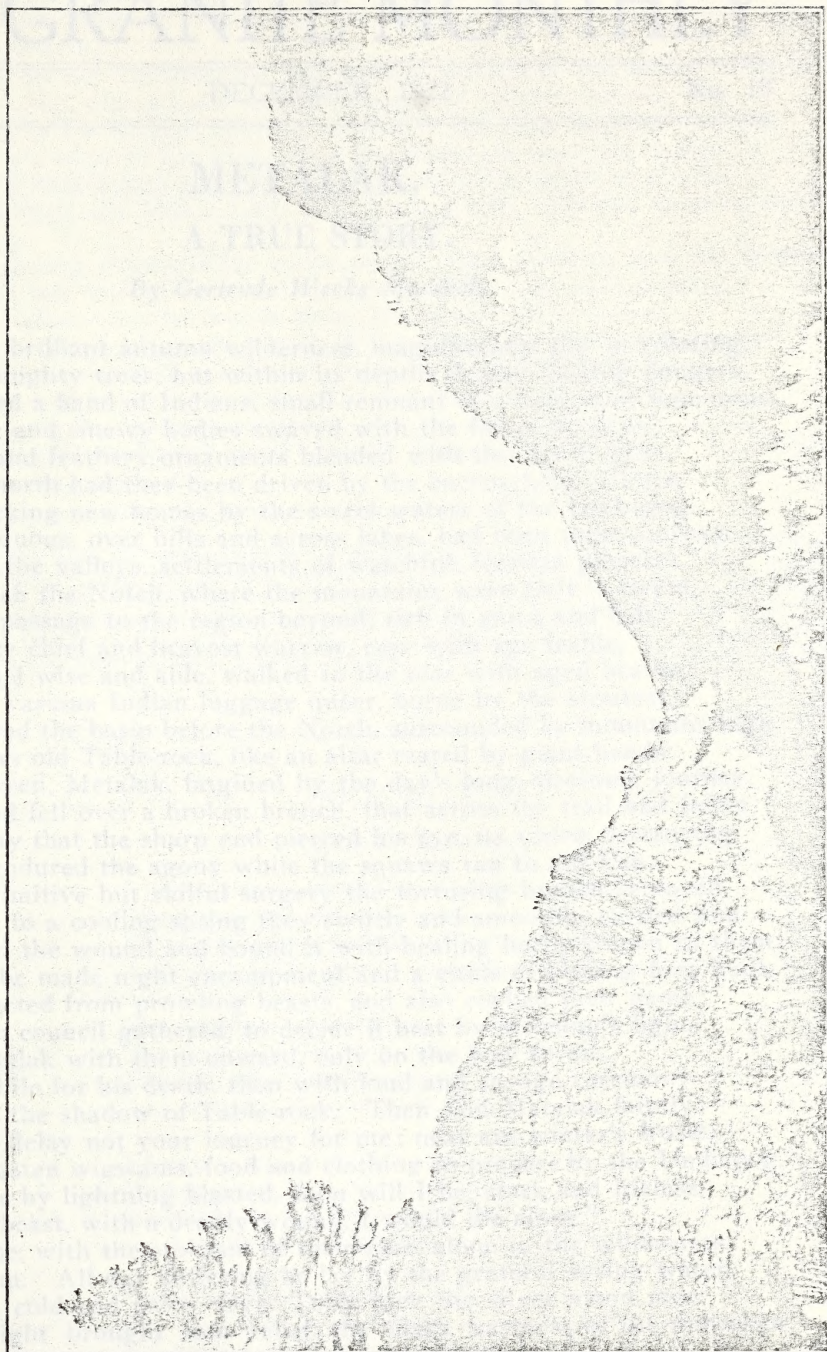


TABLE ROCK—DIXVILLE NOTCH

Courtesy of J. J. Lannin Company

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV.

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 12

METALAK.

A TRUE STORY.

By Gertrude Weeks Marshall.

Through the brilliant autumn wilderness, magnificently gay in coloring,
Grand with mighty trees, but within its depths deadly lurking dangers,
Once travelled a band of Indians, small remnant of a tribe once numerous.
Their bronze and sinewy bodies swayed with the forest shadows,
Their paint and feathery ornaments blended with the forest hues;
To the cold north had they been driven by the encroaching Whites,
But were seeking new homes by the sweet waters of the Umbagog.
Long and arduous, over hills and across lakes, had been their journey,
To avoid, in the valleys, settlements of watchful, fearless pioneers
And still reach the Notch, where the mountains were cleft in twain,
Giving easy passage to the region beyond, rich in game and fish.
Metalak, once chief and bravest warrior, now with age feeble,
But in counsel wise and able, walked in the rear with aged braves,
Squaws and various Indian luggage queer, borne by the stoutest.
As they neared the basin before the Notch, surrounded by mountains high,
Where towers old Table-rock, like an altar reared by giant hands
Nigh to Heaven, Metalak, fatigued by the day's long, tiresome journey,
Stumbled and fell over a broken branch, that across the trail had fallen
In such a way that the sharp end pierced his eye, its vision destroying.
Silently he endured the agony while the squaws ran to aid him
And with primitive but skilful surgery the torturing branch removed.
Silent, while to a cooling spring they swiftly and smoothly carried him
And cleansed the wound and bound it with healing herbs known to them.
Then the tribe made night encampment and a circle of blazing fires built
Which protected from prowling beasts, and also cooked their game;
Afterward in council gathered, to decide if best by morning's light
To bear Metalak with them onward, only on the way to die.
Or tarry awhile for his death, then with loud and savage ceremony
Bury him in the shadow of Table-rock. Then said Metalak faintly:
"My people, delay not your journey for me; near are winter's frosts,
You must hasten wigwams, food and clothing to prepare by the Umbagog.
Like the tree by lightning blasted, soon will I be, stark and lifeless.
Like a wild beast, with a deadly wound, I would die alone."
So, at sunrise, with the stoicism of their race, alone in the wilderness,
They left him. All day suffering he lay by the grateful spring water.
Night came, cold and pale. Over Table-rock the silver moon rose.
Her clear light brought into relief the black vastness of the unbroken
forest.

Pityingly her beams seemed to shine upon the brave old warrior
Prostrate on the frosty ground. At last, his mind by pain disordered,
He rose, and wandered down the old trail, often in other days pursued,

Down the Mohawk Valley to the base of Mount Monadnock (Spirit Mountain),

Thence up the Connecticut. He passed, unheeded, the homes of settlers, Until at last, starved and exhausted, against a cabin door he fell. The settler's wife, just lighting candles in the early autumn twilight, Heard the noise at the door; there she found the poor old Indian. In her strong young arms she carried him to the settle by the fire, And of broth and liquor made him drink, which, with the warmth, revived him.

There among those strange white people, once enemies, now his friends, Metalak was nursed back to life, sightless, but new and pleasant. Many Indian ways he taught them, life in the wilds to ease, Indian methods of clearing land, clever snares for birds and beasts, Sugar to obtain from maple sap, to make the useful snowshoe, And the soft fringed moccasin, also the graceful swift canoe. Many years he lived among them, striving their kindness to repay, Peaceful and contented, until, gently, Manitou called him to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

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[Note: Mrs. Marshall furnishes a memorandum regarding the story of Metalak which may interest the reader unfamiliar with the local setting. The Mohawk Valley of New Hampshire extends from East Colebrook to Colebrook Village. Monadnock Mountain is across the Connecticut in Vermont. Metalak, after the accident related in the story, found his way unaided to Stewartstown, where he was found at the door of Mrs. Samuel Weeks. Later the town of Stewartstown cared for him.]

THE ALIEN

By Lilian Sue Keech

I know a lane where the sweetbrier blows,
Clinging to the old stone wall.
Where, in the spring, the violet grows,
And black birds to their sweethearts call.

The trumpet vine clings to the tree,
The dogwood wears its mantle, white.
The butterfly flits fancy free,
And weds the flowers in its flight.

I know a lane—'tis far away—
Where grows the wild sweetbrier.
And what to me are orchids gay,
Or Jacqueminot's dull fire?

I'd rather be a milkmaid, free,
My bare feet in the dew.
Than wear the gold that's driven me
Far from that lane and--you.

THE INDIAN STREAM WAR

By Mary R. P. Hatch

[Mrs. Hatch, who is a novelist and playwright now living in Massachusetts, here presents in fictional form a bit of history which she first heard from the older generation when she resided many years ago in northern New Hampshire. The tale of the Indian Stream Territory reads almost like fiction even in the historical records. Mrs. Hatch gives it the reality of the personal touch.]

Mrs. Pilsbury sat knitting in her high-backed rocker. She was in her ninety-third year, but apparently as strong as ever. She had renewed her youth, or so she said, in knitting for the soldiers, a pair for every year of her age, and now that the war was over she still knit for the poor people of the desolated French countries. "Only to think on't," she said to the Irving girls, "and I didn't use to know there was sech a place as Belgium. It's live and learn, sure enough."

Judge Irving's daughters were spending a few of the summer weeks in the country to rest from arduous days in Washington. They had been in France many months, working in canteens, and one had driven her own car for the Red Cross, while the other had helped in the hospital. Both had become engaged, one to a French officer, Count Declarine, and the other to a government official high in the confidence of the President. Having done so well for themselves and their country, they felt that a rest in the place where their father first saw light would do them good. So here they were, sitting on the back porch munching winter apples and talking to Mrs. Pilsbury. Back in the kitchen they could hear Mandy stepping briskly from pantry to kitchen, occasionally calling loudly to Ephraim who was having a brief rest from the spring planting.

"I do no' 'bout putting the west field into oats," he said. "I'm sort-

er studying on't, Mandy," they heard him say.

"You know better'n I do 'bout that," replied Mandy.

"What say?"

"You know a sight better'n I do what to plant and what not to plant," was Mandy's reply in a high-pitched tone.

"Pity he's so deaf," said Mrs. Pilsbury. "I can hear a sight better'n I uster, seems ef."

"Father says you break every record in keeping young", said Ethel. "It's the nicest thing in the world to live so long and to pile up experiences of four or five generations and to know all about our great grandparents."

"I've lived through five wars. Less see: there was the Mexican War, the Injun Stream War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and this War, the last that ever was."

"What about the Indian Stream War? I never heard anything about that."

"Didn't your pa ever tell you about that? Wall, it was a real, actual war and folks was killed and all that, but I guess folks don't know much about it in a gen'ral way."

"Tell us about it, dear Mrs. Pilsbury, won't you?"

"If you never heard on't it stands me in hand to tell you. But I can't understand how it is your pa never knew about it. His fathers' uncle went to it; and so did Peter Muzzy and Eli Cole, both on em neighbors of his grandsir."

"Perhaps he knows, but I never heard him speak of it."

"Wall, it happened in the Injun Stream Country, jest on the aidge of Canady, 'bout thirty miles from here. I was up there at the time sewing for old Mis Peters in the line house. 'Twas right on the line bewixt Canady and the Territory,

and so they called it the 'line house'.

"Them Peterses was a quarrelsome set, father and sons, and it was Ephraim Peters that set the fuss a goin'. Born smugglers, the whole on 'em. In 1812 old Peters used to keep a tailor's shop in the line house, and he'd buy sights of broadcloth, pretendin' to make it up into suits of close. He did, some on't, but the most on't his boys Ephraim and Henry'd carry in packs through the woods in the night to Hoskins' hut, and some men would meet 'em there with sledges or pungs and carry the goods to Portland and Boston. It was easy, you see, bein' so fur off, and next to no houses 'round there. But the smugglin' was found out, being carried on 'round the line, and Government sent up some malishy men. There was a lot of fighting betwixt 'em and a good many men was killed, first and last, for they went armed to the teeth all the time, as the sayin' is. Henry died of a wound he got.

"About this time, Amos Bounce of Canaan, Vermont, used to git permits to take cattle into Canady. He owned a saw-mill there. But after a while folks said he fetched in as many cattle as he took over, but sold 'em to the Britishers. So the custom house officers got old Lieutenant Demmit to guard the line, so he couldn't take over no more. Wall, Bounce, he come along with a yoke of cattle and persisted in goin' over. Demmit, actin' on orders, shot him down. They 'rested Demmit, the civil 'thorities did, and carried him to jail. But he got away and took to the woods and lived there all winter. The nex' summer Bounce's friends found him, in August it was, and they shot him through the back. Then they fetched him out of the woods and carried him to Guildhall in a two-horse wagon. Your pa's folks must 'a' seen him go by. Folks said he

was cheated shameful on the way; anyway he was dreadfully jolted and throwed into the cart like a log. Miss Ellis, she told me with her own lips about it, and how they stopped to her house for water and how she mentioned she would carry some to Demmit, and how they wouldn't let her. He died soon after he got to Guildhall.

"Government took it up and sent a comp'ny of regular soldiers up that put a stop to smugglin' of all sorts. Bounce's son, Henry, was took up to be tried for treason, but, bein' so young, never fetched to trial. But all this, you see, sorter set the Injun Stream folks to sword's p'int with the States and made 'em friendly to Canaday, and when the committee from the States and Canady tried to set the boundary line betwix' 'em, why they couldn't, or wouldn't, agree. The settlers all 'sposed they was in New Hampshire, but the Canadians claimed all the land west of Injun Stream, and that was jest about half of Injun Stream Territory, as it was called.

"Canady built roads and laid out a township and seemed determined to have it, hit er miss. The Peterses and Bounces, and a lot more, wanted to go with Canady. There was two hundred and eighty-five people there and they had eight hundred and forty-seven acres of land under cultivation. They claimed their deeds under Philip, a chief of the St. Francis tribe of Injuns, and the survey that was made by Jeremiah Eames. You know the Eames that are descended from old Jeremiah. I told you folks about his seein' Mis Eames, his wife, under the ellow tree when she come to him after she was killed by fallin' down the sullen stairs. Wall, old Jeremiah Eames drawed up most of the old deeds of them, times, and it was him that made the

survey of the Canadian line, bein' as how he was a great surveyor, too.

'Everything got dreadful onsettled—some makin' out they was in Canady and some contendin' for the States. If a settler owed a debt and a sheriff tried to collect it, why he stood out and the neighbors took sides. Canady about this time sorter took charge and made some of the settlers do malishy duty. This was in 1831, when I was about five years old. But I rec'lec' wall hearin' folks that about it.

"Them that was for the States got scat and applied for help, but before they got it a separate government was talked of. The custom house officers taxed 'em with dooties, and this set 'em all by the ears; so what did they do on July the ninth, in the year of our Lord 1832, but set up a government of their own. I rec'lec' mother's tellin' me about it jest as plain as if it was yisterdy. She said how Miss Peters had 'em all there, and mother went up to help. She didn't set down to the table, but her and Mis Peters heerd it talked over whilst they was waitin' on the table. It was all planned then. They called the government 'The United Inhabitants of Injun Stream,' and it was to be in force till the boundary line was settled. They had an assembly and a council. Eph Peters was one of the council, and mother said she never should forget the airs he put on, if she got to be a hundud. They had made up their minds, they said, to resist New Hampshire anyway.

"'We'll show 'em,' Eph said, 'we aint goin' to be tred on.' But land sakes alive! They didn't know what they was a doin'. When the news got to Concord in a week or two, why the Governor and his Council said right off that sech doin's wan't to be allowed. So they

sent a letter to Sheriff White—Anabel White, you think so much of is his great granddaughter—and in that letter claim was laid to Injun Stream Territory in the name of the United States, and they said they should enforce the laws there.

"There was great excitement all along the line, and to all the houses where lived the ones that wanted to go back to smugglin'. Mother said she heerd it all talked over lots of times, how if Injun Stream was nootral it would be the makin' of them all, and Ephraim Peters went a horseback up an' down the settlement tryin' for to stir 'em up to resist. Eph's wife went gaddin' about the neighbors a-tryin' to stir up the women folks, and the council met that night and voted to abide by their laws instid of the United States, and so it went on all winter. The United States must 'a' ben turrible shiftless to 'low it, but the snow was deep and the stages coundn't run, so mebbe the Governor and Council didn't really know how the Injun Stream folks was cuttin' up.

"Anyway, smugglin' was took up agin, that I know, for one day I peeked into a closet that happened to be unlocked—mother had sent me to borry some seleratus—and I see stacks and stacks of broadcloth and silks and velvets; and that very night Nickleson Bennett, the chore boy to the Peterses, was woke up in the night by strange sounds, so he told father. He got up and peeked out his winder and he see Peters and his wife jest as plain as day, and he said they was a handin' out them goods to two men in a long pung sleigh. He told father he stood at the head of the ladder he clumb up by, and the end on't almost teched Mis Peters, so you see they wan't fur apart, and he couldn't ben mistook. But they never spoke, none on 'em, not one word, leaswhile he stood there, so

he told father. Livin' as the Peterses did, with one side in Canady and t'other in the States made smugglin' dreadful easy.

"One of the Peterses' great friends was Justice Ellinwood of Hereford. He lived next house to the Peterses on the Canady side, and most folks 'spicioned he had a hand in the smugglin' business. Justice Ellinwood was allowed to serve writs in the Territory, but the Coos county sheriff was forbid, and Ellinwood made speeches time and agin urg'in' the people to resist if he ever tried. So when the sheriffs, there was three on 'em, come to serve a writ on Ephraim Peters, why he swore he wouldn't turn out no property to be 'tached, and so the sheriffs 'rested him and was takin' him away when the Bounces come up and rescued him from their hands. It was right in the door yard; I see it all from our back door. Mis Peters happened to see me, so she sent me over to Ellinwood's to tell him about it, and he set right down and drawed up a warrent in the name of Great Britain against the sheriffs.

"Bein' that Blanchard was the only one that lived to Injun Stream, the others comin' from Canaan and Stewartown, jest Blanchard was 'rested by a force of about fifteen men and took to Canady for trial. But Mr. Haynes, Blanchard's neighbor, as soon as he was told, got on his hoss and started for Colebrook, notifyin' the men folks all along the way that Blanchard was took by the Britishers. The men all armed, and in a little while three hundud men 'sembled at Canaan and they was sent out different ways to find and rescue Blanchard.

"Mis Peters was turrible excited, and she ast me to stay and run ar-rands for her. First she sent me over to Mis Haynes' to borrry some yeast, jest as if nothin' had hap-

pened, and she told me to stay and find out what I could. Bein' a child so, of course I didn't know nothin' about law and justice, and I liked to know things. Mis Haynes was second cousin to Mis Peters on the father's side, and they neighbored considerable, though they wan't no great friends, and the menfolks scerce ever spoke to each other when they could help it. I was glad to go, for I thought it a good chance, and I staid most all day. Mother said I might when I dodged in through the back way to ask her. I was there when Blanchard come back with Mr. Haynes, and I heard all about the rescue.

"Blanchard was within a mild of Ellinwood's house, where they was takin' him, when they was met by eight men on horseback, all of 'em armed, that had come to find him. They ordered that Blanchard be give up, but no, they refused. They all talked and parleyed, telling them of the three hundud men up Canaan way, and finally they give up Blanchard. Not a blow was struck and not a shot fired. But a reward of five dollars was offered for the capture of Peters, bein' as how he was an old offender, and two officers, Aldrich and Hurlbert, started right off to find him, but as soon as they crossed the line, Ellinwood with a dozen men at his heels, met them and ordered them back off his grounds. He ordered his men to 'rest Aldrich and Hurlbert, but Hurlbert drawed a pistol and Aldrich advised Ellinwood not to go nigh Hurlbert for he might git shot. Then Ellinwood told one of his men to take Aldrich's horse by the bridle and he tried for to 'rest him, but Aldrich fit him off with his sword, and then Ellinwood and his men begun to throw stones. Two stones hit Hurlbert, and upon that he fired and hit one of the men. Up come thirty or forty men from Canaan, and Ellinwood got scat and run in-

to the woods, Aldrich after him. After they had quite a squirmish, they took Ellinwood and fetched him to Colebrook, but in a few hours they let him go. Edgar Aldrich is the son of the one that took Ellinwood.

"Wall, Canady took it up, and so did the States, and there was great excitement all round. The Adjutant General, he ordered into service, to help the sheriff of Coos County, a captain, lieutenant, one ensign, one sergeant, two musicians and forty-two privates for three months, if they was needed. I've seen the list many a time. I can name mor'n half on 'em now. The order was give at six o'clock to the colonel and at three o'clock next mornin' twenty men had come, some on 'em travelin' nineteen miles afoot. This was in November, 1835. I saw 'em march by and they looked grand, I tell ye. The officers had a sword and belt, with a plume on their caps. The uniform was blue trimmed with red. Some of the men had on malishy suits, and the horses was dressed out as gay as the men.

"There was some fightin' and some was 'rested. Canady 'thorities threatened, and Governor Badger said he would order out more troops if they was needed; but after awhile the troubles sorter died out, some movin' across the line into Canady and the rest thinkin' it best to submit. The line house was shet up. Some of the settlers made claims that wan't fixed up till 1840, when Webster settled with Great Britian. Less see, it was called the Webster-Ash-

burton Treaty, and in it the line was laid down as the States claimed. And now here I been knittin' for the allies over there, and the French and Injuns and Britishers and Canadians all fightin' together. My land, how things do change, don't they?"

"How can you remember so much?" asked one of the girls.

"Why, I hain't nothin' to do but remember nowadays. I set and set, and things come back jest as clear as when they happened, a sight clearer than what happened last week. When you are children the things you see and hear make a great impression, and I was allers a great hand to ask questions, and father and mother wan't seldom ever too much in a hurry to tell me. I'll tell you sometime some stories that father used to tell us childun settin' round the fireplace, mother spinning on the big wheel and father whittlin' out axe-helves or sugar taps or hoe handles. He was jest as busy evenin's as mother was."

Mrs. Pillsbury finished her sock and tale together, both yarns proving of long duration, saying with true authors' egotism, "I call that story a good deal better than some you read nowadays, for it's true. I wonder if Mandy don't want me to help her with the ironin'. She is stepping considerable fine and makin' some noise, so I guess I'd better go."

"You promised to tell us about an old-fashioned dance sometime."

"You mean a junket. Yes, I'll tell you about one we had when I was a girl at Square Doolittle's."

MEMORIES

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

Meadow-set among the hills,
Pine-screened from the river,
Lulled at dusk by whippoorwills
And the veeries' silver thrills
Of swinging song a-quiver,—

Century-old, the farmhouse lifts
Ripened planks and spaces;
Smokes from ancient chimney rifts;—
Scorns the winter's savage drifts;—
Summer's sun outfaces.

At one corner stands a shrub
Lilac-sweet in Junetime,
And the garden is a club
Where the bumblebees all rub
Shoulders in the noontime.

Phlox is there and mignonette,
Balsam, purple pansy,
Larkspur, lilies, Bouncing Bet,
Peonies and,—backward set,—
Hollyhocks and tansy.

Often, summer afternoons,
By the damask roses,
Grandma sews and hums old tunes,
Sometimes knitting as she croons,—
Grandpa reads and dozes.

All within the house is neat,—
Front hall to back entry,—
Clean and cool and country-sweet,
Shaded from the sun and heat,—
Silence for a sentry.

Spacious rooms, low-ceiled and dim,
Painted floors, broad-boarded,
Chairs and tables old and trim,
Little woodstoves squatting grim,—
'Gainst the winter hoarded.

Landscaped walls their scenes repeat
Up the slim-railed stairway
To slant roofs where raindrops beat,—
Summer evenings,—quick retreat
To slumber's pleasant fairway.

From the ell the steep back stairs
 Toward the kitchen stumble,—
 Fragrant from its morning cares,
 It leisurely for tea prepares
 With the kettle's grumble.

In the milk room, pans are set,
 Shining cool and dimly;—
 Ranged in creamy silhouette,
 Big and little crocks beset
 Shadowed shelves so primly.

Just inside the woodshed door,
 The dinner bell hangs,—teeming
 With summons for an eager corps
 From mowing field or threshing floor
 To hearty dishes steaming.

Where the barn casts ample shade,
 Leo lies a-panting,
 Resting from a far crusade,
 Heedless of the hens' parade,—
 The swallow's squeaky chanting.

High within, sweet-smeling mows
 With clovered hay are drifted;—
 The linter mute, until the cows,
 Herded home at evening, drowse
 Above milk streams down sifted.

Mossy-rimmed, the old trough stands
 With icy water streaming,—
 Brown depths shot with silvery bands
 Of minnows caught by childish hands,—
 A-dart and thinly gleaming.

Ah! that brook, that, alder-grown,
 Through the pasture wandered,
 Murmuring in undertone
 As it slipped o'er sand and stone,
 Wise thoughts, gayly pondered.

* * * *

*They are distant many a day,—
 All these scenes and faces,—
 Time has swept them far away,
 Love will cherish them alway
 In the heart's high places.*

THE OLD DOVER LANDING

By John B. Stevens.

We shall be able to see ancient Dover as a whole, when Mr. Scales' history is published. But writers of newspaper sandwiches, magazine tales, sketches and gropings, may still be expected to find something new and interesting.

The popular history of an old New England town has a large element of anecdote, plainness and coarseness in it. Stray waifs—straws in the intellectual atmosphere—not infrequently afford material for the most efficacious treatment.

Always there will be occupation for the tradition hunter's leisure hours and lighter moods. For years to come the Water Side and Tuttle Square are likely to yield traces of color and suggestion.

The stories will not smell of the lamp. They are likely to address the sensibilities rather than the intellect of readers. One hundred years ago, neither the Landing nor Tuttle Square was a literary center. With few exceptions, the people did not apprehend books. From generation to generation every son was a chip of the old block. They were plodders, and it was not difficult to manage them. Common opinion only nibbled at the rights of labor, leaving many things to the minister.

The Old Landing has more human interest than any other part of Dover. From the sea to the great north country, the best route was through the ancient town. For purpose of trade everything wanted in the lonely region was unloaded on the Landing wharves. The people of the riverside realized this advantage. They built schooners and gondolas and established a line of communication throughout the state.

The alternate bustle and languor of the Landing streets and stores

and open places, the old-fashioned taverns and underground bars—cool in summer and aflame with comfort in winter, sailors from Boston and Portsmouth, all furnish material for the sketch-writer. And we may rest assured that the primitive yarns told before yawning fireplaces, piled high with timber from dismantled ships, have not wholly passed into oblivion. However, it must be admitted, that much lies buried under new crusts and may never be discovered.

From the town pump to where John Williams' store stood, Main street reeks with memories of the olden times. Even so far down as the closely packed lane, later known as Linton's, the interest extends.

Agent Williams, Superintendent Paul, Editor Bragg, Captain Rogers, Dr. Joseph H. Smith, John P. Hale, B. P. Shillaber and Charles Gordon Ames, with others of note, lived at different times in the neighborhood. Matters are different now. But all has not been said. It is far from easy to overstate the rudeness of the old days. But the buildings they set up must be allowed to redound to the honesty of the period. Grim and grimed to-day, an air of permanence still remains.

The painter, Gookin, turned many a dollar down there. He sketched everybody; crumbling warehouses, boat shelters, schooners, gondolas, the ripples, reflections and gleams of the river. Thanks to his brush we know just how the leading inhabitants looked. But there was a finer mind at work. At the highest pitch of the locality's activity, the peering eyes and listening ears of the boy Quint were busy. And to him we are indebted for what we really know about the

dateless head of Dover tide-water.

A very old man, whose people lived close to this river long before our second war with Great Britain, gave us much information regarding the Landing. We have not been so fortunate as to Tuttle Square. But when the Tufts memorabilia becomes available, doubtless some wonderful stories will come to light. The old man spoken of said the ancient people, up and down Main street, went to extremes. They were either excessively well-to-do or extremely poor. There was no middle class, so no general sense of propriety existed. The butchers often slaughtered hogs on the Square. The auctioneer stood on the watering trough. Frequently a battle-royal at fisticuffs delayed proper use of the street. And between whiles terriers killed rats, and there were cock-fights in the vicinity.

But patience measurably brought about better conditions. Time takes hold of human nature as no man has yet. As years went on, and when their daughters found employment in the mills, the people became more refined, dressed their meat at proper places, and conducted their pugilistic combats on the wharves. And now the raw hand of improvement is spreading its rule over all the locality. This will

cost something. The point of many an old story will be blunted. The prosy cotton mills are helping out the spoliation. The whirl of a spindle cramps the antiquary's hand.

The demon rum has been exercised without bill or book. This is not all. The old buildings must go. Though strong enough to sustain themselves for a thousand years to come, within another generation very few will be in existence. The original inhabitants died out, and one at a time three nationalities have come in. There is some danger of tameness and dulness, but the language of the ballfield and fistic arena may offer restraint.

At any rate the Landing is a notable melting pot. Moreover, the impression is gaining, that some day we shall be proud of the ancient Landing. There Dover's battle for better living began. There it started on a plane low enough for us to see the stages of advancement. Landing hearts were easily exalted. They instinctively throbbed and burned in hours of national danger. Their tough thews and sinews filled uniforms in every great struggle. The wine of their lives has been spilt on all of our tented fields. And the sea has had no braver sailors. All this it may be well to remember.

IN THE GARDEN

By Alice Leigh

Strange comfort I have drawn from these:
 Gypsy colors on swaying trees;
 The fall of crisped leaves on the grass,
 The touch of tendrils as I pass;
 The scattered flame of asters, tall
 Against a somber graying wall;
 The way of wind with roses—
 Swiftly their wonder about me closes,
 As if a sudden, deep belief
 Had laid cool fingers on my grief.

OUTDOOR SPORTS IN COLONIAL TIMES

By Samuel Copp Worthen

[Mr. Worthen, of New Hampshire family connections, is a resident of New Jersey and practises law in New York City. He kindly allows us the use of this paper, which was prepared for a meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which he is the genealogist in his home state.]

A devotee of our woods and streams has remarked that many astonishing cures have been made by "that most effective of surgical instruments, the gun"; and that the fishing-pole has cheated death of more victims than the apothecary's pestle and pill-box. Though exaggerated, this statement contains a germ of truth. Outdoor sports strengthen the muscles, soothe the nerves, accelerate the circulation of the blood and produce a subtle impression upon mind and character. They have always been justly regarded as an important factor in the development of national virility. Hence a brief glance at the favorite sports of the colonists prior to the struggle for independence may not be without interest.

A pessimistic Englishman, writing soon after the war, reported that there was plenty of shooting in the United States, but little that could be called hunting. There were (he said) no greyhounds, no hares with the manners and habits of the home-grown product, and scarcely a pack of hounds in America! He complained that hunters did not follow deer but shot them from ambush like Indians. He evidently thought all was wrong which did not conform exactly to the rules prescribed in the tight little Isle of Britain. The colonists for the most part preferred to abandon stereotyped traditions and to act in a manner suited to the new conditions by which they were surrounded.

Deer were hunted in a variety of ways. Sometimes the hunters posted themselves on knolls or other

commanding positions and waited for the deer to pass within shooting distance of their "stations," after they had been driven from cover by men and dogs. Others sought their haunts by the shores of lakes and rivers; or in Indian fashion attracted them by moving to and fro in the tall grass, alternately imitating the cry of the male and raising into view the head and horns of a full-grown buck. This sport was not devoid of danger, for deer will fight desperately when wounded or at bay, leaping up and striking with their sharp-edged hoofs. The numbers killed will be indicated by the fact that in 1764 over 25,000 deer skins were shipped from New York and Philadelphia.

The critic above quoted might have felt more at home if he had witnessed a fox hunt in Virginia. This was a favorite sport from Maryland southward, but little practiced elsewhere. Gay parties rode to the hounds over hill and dale, through swamp and thicket, in the approved English fashion, all striving to be in at the death of their cunning and resourceful, if not very ferocious, prey. No doubt Washington frequently took part in this invigorating pastime. Other typical sports in the south were cock-fighting and horse-racing. The races were regarded as the great events of the year. Planters came in from all parts of the country to enter their horses in the "quarter-races" or to contest for a purse in three-mile heats. Shops were closed and streets deserted, and for hours the roads leading to the race-course were choked with horses, vehicles and pedestrians. Then as in later days, however, gatherings for the enjoyment of this fine sport were too often marred by an excessive manifestation of the gambling

spirit, and by drunkenness and fighting among the lower elements of the population.

In the North hunting and fishing, target shooting, snowshoeing and field sports, such as running and jumping, were popular diversions. It is not easy to draw a dividing line between sports and useful activities, as the two were often combined. For example, a "raising," when the whole countryside turned out to help a neighbor put up a house or barn, was made a highly festive occasion. Joy was added to the proceedings by copious drafts of cider or New England rum. Shouts of mirth arose as the canteen was passed from mouth to mouth, and when the building was completed one of the party would dedicate or christen it by climbing to the top, repeating some rude couplet and breaking a bottle or attaching a branch of a tree to the gable.

Trips through the frozen wilderness on snowshoes were not always made purely for sport, though constituting the best of outdoor exercise. The snowshoe men of early days were the main defense of the settlements against marauding savages. On snowshoes the backwoodsmen of the north sallied forth to track the lordly moose to his lair and engage him in single combat. Thus equipped they pushed across the icy wastes with trap and gun in quest of the fur-bearing animals.

Sometimes expeditions were directed against wolves and bears, and were almost as much in the nature of defensive warfare as sport. Wolves came down in famished packs from Canada, killing sheep and pigs and other domestic animals and rendering it unsafe for children to go to school unattended. Bears were also regarded as troublesome enemies, and bounties were paid for their destruction.

The best time to hunt bears was

in the early part of the winter, after the snow had come, but while they could still find nuts for food and had not yet sought their dens for the remainder of the cold season. Dogs were trained to track them down, snap at their heels and dodge back in time to avoid their teeth and claws. Thus they were held until the hunters came up. Sometimes a bear would take refuge in a tree. When besieged there he would not try to escape by sliding down the trunk, but would roll up, precipitate himself suddenly from some high branch to the ground and trundle away like a hoop into the woods. If cornered or wounded these animals would fight savagely and were capable of making things lively for their human as well as their canine opponents.

The men and boys of our Northern climes also delighted in such minor sports as angling for trout and pickerel; spearing "suckers" as they swarmed up the brooks and streams in the springtime, or the flashing salmon as they strove to leap obstructing water-falls; and thoroughly enjoyed creeping through rain and freezing cold in quest of the much prized canvas-back.

A volume would be required to do justice to my subject. This very incomplete account may, however, convey some idea of the part played by open-air sports in moulding the minds and bodies of our colonial ancestors. Much stress has been laid upon the lessons which they learned during their long conflicts with the French and Indians and the discipline which they derived from the hardships and privations incident to frontier life but outdoor sports, such as those above described, no doubt aided materially in building up a race of strong, resourceful men fit to cope with the trained armies of Britain on the field of battle.

A BROOK IN THE WOODS

(Late Afternoon in Autumn)

By Charles Wharton Stork

Smoothly, swiftly the brook swirls by,
 And through the tree-tops the paling sky
 Wistfully smiles and watches it go,—
 Wonders why it must always flow:
 Joy lies in seeing, and joy in loving;
 Joy is in being, not in moving,—
 So broods the sky. The stout old trees
 Wonder too as they stand at ease,
 Stare at the shadowy surface black
 That goes and goes and never comes back,
 Or in some pool where the light falls through
 See themselves and the filmy blue
 Of the sky. "Whirl on!" the trees then scoff,
 "You can't even whirl our image off."
 But bluff and staunch as the great trees stand,
 They drop through many a listless hand,
 Bit by bit and fold upon fold,
 Their raiment of crimson and cloth-of-gold.
 And this is the song that the brook bears deep
 In its liquid heart, while it seems asleep:

I can not tell why I have to run,
 When the pausing-time of the year has begun,
 When the winds are drowsing and birds are few,
 When all is strange, but nothing new,
 When Death is more tender than ever Life was;
 And yet I may never take breath, because—
 Because, because—shall I never know why,
 When Nature's footsteps are lingering, I
 Must hurry, must hurry, and never be still?
 The little fish in my depths are chill;
 They go to hide in the good brown mud,
 And my water-plants droop with the sinking flood
 Of the vital warmth from the world and me.
 But I do not pause, though more stealthily
 I seem to go; I am hushed to hear
 The last half-sigh of the failing year.

BATH--A TOWN THAT WAS

By Kate J. Kimball

"Bath? Where is Bath?" The question was asked a few years ago, by the head of a New Hampshire school for boys—a school of national fame.

Bath is in Grafton county forty-one miles from Dartmouth College, eighty-two from Concord, thirty from Mount Washington, and one hundred fifty from Boston. (These are not the numbers used by conductors that take up mileage on the trains of the Boston and Maine.)

The town is pleasantly located in the valley of the Connecticut. The Ammonoosuc River enters its borders near the northeast corner; and, after pursuing a circuitous course and receiving the waters of the Wild Ammonoosuc four miles from its mouth, flows into the Connecticut at the southwest angle of the town. Near the confluence of these rivers Mount Gardner rises with a bold ascent, and extends in a northeasterly direction, nearly parallel with the Connecticut River, the whole length of the town.

Bath was first surveyed in 1760 by marking its corners and designating it as Number 10. In 1761 a charter was granted to sixty-two men. One of the provisions of the charter was that every grantee should plant and cultivate within the term of five years, five acres for every fifty acres of his grant. This provision not having been complied with, the original charter was forfeited, and a second one granted in 1769. This priceless document is said to be still in existence.

The first Town Meeting was held in 1784. In 1785 delegates from twelve towns met at the house of William Eastman in Bath and chose Major John Young as a member of the General Court to be convened at Portsmouth, Meshech

Weare, then being president, as the executive head of the state was styled under the Constitution of 1784. This William Eastman was the son of Hannah Eastman who was taken captive by Indians at the same time Hannah Dustin was captured. Mrs. Eastman was taken to Canada, where her husband found her after a search of three years. The Indians rarely killed white women on account of their superiority to squaws in the noble art of cooking.

In 1793, three towns, Bath, Lisbon and Lincoln, united in choosing a Representative, and these three towns continued to form one Representative District until 1800 when Bath alone sent a Representative.

Champlain, the noted French explorer, is said to have been the first white man to set foot upon the soil of what is now New Hampshire. This occurred in July, 1605, but the first settlement was not made until 1623. The North Country, or Cohos, as this part of the state was called in early times, was settled late on account of fear of depredations by the French and Indians, coming down from Canada. Daniel Webster once said in a public speech, "My elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, reared among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at so early a period (1761) that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

The first settler in Bath was Andrew Gardner who came in 1765, and for him Mount Gardner was named. At one time there were no less than nine families living on the

mountain. The first settler in the village was Jaaziel Harriman. He was the first man that brought his family with him. The Harrimans were the first settlers that came to the North Country by the way of Salisbury, where the Websters lived. The pioneers employed an old hunter to guide them through the wilderness, and they were four days performing the journey from Concord.

The first vegetables raised in town were planted by Mercy Harriman, then nine years of age, who carried the soil in her apron to the top of the rock, and there made her garden. Wolves, bear, deer and moose were prevalent in considerable numbers, and the spot for the garden was chosen on account of its elevation in preference to the fertile land near the brook, later called Payson Brook which flows through



UP THE RIVER—BATH

A pitch of 500 acres was voted in 1767 to Harriman, and he owned all the land on which the village now stands. The abstract of title to all village property goes back to him, and the falls were long known as Harriman Falls. The first birth in town was that of his daughter, Mary; and the first death, that of his little son, two years of age, by accident. This little fellow was the first person buried in the village cemetery. The Harrimans camped near the two rivers; and there were four wigwams, occupied by red people, between their cabin and the Wild Ammonoosuc.

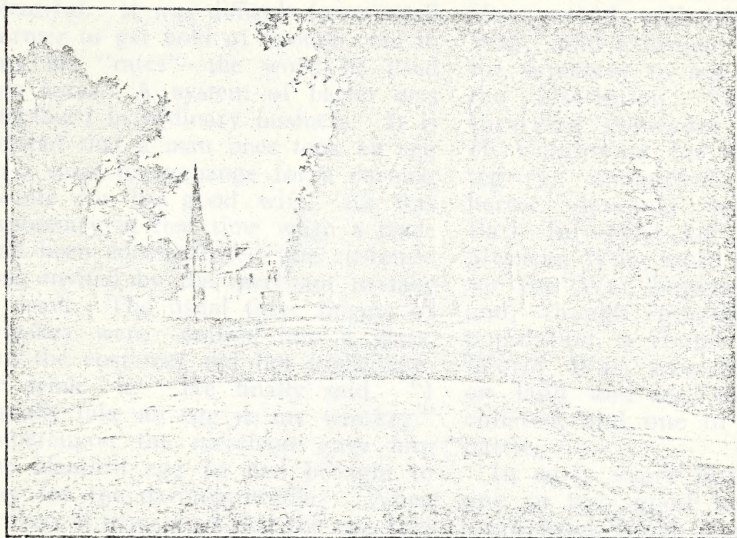
the meadow. Mercy later married a man by the name of Carr, and died at Corinth, Vermont in 1847 at the age of eighty-nine. Eighty-nine! Another link in the chain of evidence that gardening is conducive to longevity.

The Harrimans lived in Bath but two years, when they removed to Chester, New Hampshire. The removal was due to Mrs. Harriman's dread of Indians. She was a brave woman; but when, in the absence of her husband who had gone to procure provisions, four savages, decorated with paint, invaded the privacy of her bedroom where she was

sleeping with her young children; and when she was obliged to rise from her couch at night to hurl torches of blazing pine knots among the wolves to drive them from her cabin, she decided that she preferred to live where there were more white people.

Mercy was as courageous as her mother. Seeing some Indians approaching, both parents being absent, she hastened the younger

Bath has not always been the quiet little hamlet it now is. In its period of greatest prosperity, from 1820 to 1850, it was the most important town in the North Country. Its prosperity was due to its fertile soil (it being one of the best agricultural towns in the state), its water power, central location, the integrity and energy of its inhabitants, and the large proportion of wealthy men. In 1830 its popula-



THE STREET—BATH

children into a kind of closet that was partitioned off by a blanket in one corner of the room, hid one of them in a barrel of feathers, another under a washtub, and herself retired under the bed with the baby—feeding it sugar and water to keep it quiet. The Indians came in, looked around; and, perceiving no one, took some tallow, and went off. Mrs. Harriman sometimes helped her husband in securing provisions. A young moose, swimming across the river, no sooner reached the shore than she seized it, cut its throat with a knife, and added meat to her larder.

tion was 1,626, nearly three times what it is now. In 1844 there were 380 names on the check list—not including women!

The first appropriation for a public school was in 1786, when it was voted to raise sixty bushels of wheat for the support of a teacher. In 1830 there were in all the public schools of the town 531 pupils. There are now 163.

For many years an academy was in a flourishing condition, which, in 1852, gave employment to nine instructors, and numbered one hundred students.

The three villages of the town—

the Upper, the Lower, and Swift-water—were centers of trade and business for miles around. Nor was activity wanting in other parts of the town. There were ten saw-mills, a brick yard, many starch factories, clothing, grist and clap-board mills; nail, whetstone, woolen and bedstead factories; and—*mirabile dictu*—two whiskey distilleries.

Money was not in early times plentiful. It was difficult for a small farmer to get hold of enough coin to pay his "rates"—the word he used for taxes. A system of barter was employed in ordinary business. It is related that a man once took an egg to a store to exchange for a darning needle for his good wife. As was customary at that time when a trade had been consummated, the customer was invited by the merchant to take a drink. The usual three fingers of whiskey were poured into a glass, but the customer did not immediately drink it. He finally said, "I usually take an egg in my whiskey." Whereupon the merchant gave him the identical egg he had brought to pay for the darning needle. When broken, it transpired that the egg held two yolks. Whereupon the customer said, "I think I ought to have two darning needles." Yankee acquisitiveness!

When the Revolutionary War broke out not less than forty-six men of the not yet organized town-ship enlisted, while the whole population was less than seventy families. In the military history of the town, the family of Bedel is most conspicuous, no less than eight of that name having entered the Revolutionary War; and three—father, son and grandson—were generals in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, respectively; and they were all men of extraordinary fidelity and bravery. Timothy, the eldest, raised four regiments for the Revolutionary

War, two of which he commanded and led to Canada; his son, Moody, accompanied his father in both expeditions to Canada, and later distinguished himself in the brilliant sortie at Fort Erie in the War of 1812; and the grandson, John, when a young man of twenty-five enlisted in the Mexican War. The last command of his mother to him as he bade her farewell was "not to return home shot in the back." John also served valiantly in the Civil War, and a bronze monument in the cemetery to his memory bears the inscription: "Erected by his surviving comrades of the 3rd N. H. Volunteers for his sterling integrity, undaunted courage, and heroic devotion to his country." Bath furnished her quota for the Mexican War; more than her quota for the War between the States; and, though greatly depleted in population, a round dozen for the World War, who fought bravely on land and sea, some of whom enlisted, and one of whom fell in battle.

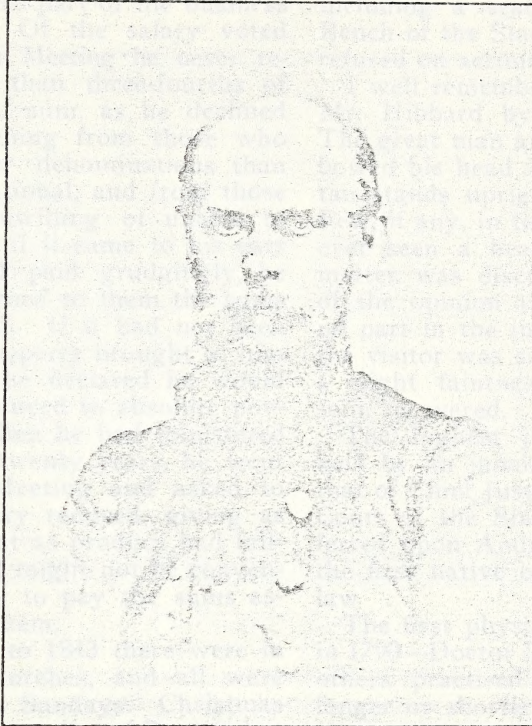
In early years Bath always had one or two good hotels; and the large brick hotel, built and owned by the Carletons, was long known as the best between Boston and Canada. In the hall connected with this hotel, were held long ago many refined dances, for which the musicians came from Boston in horse-drawn stage coaches, the journey occupying three days, and the price of a ticket to a dance was five dollars!

Less than three weeks after Bath was organized the town voted that four bushels of wheat a day be allowed a clergyman for his services. The first building for religious services was a shanty-like affair, which later burned down. The first meeting house was erected at West Bath, and completed in 1805. The site is now marked by a cairn of stones. The first sermon was

preached in this church by Rev. erend David Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland ministered to the church and people thirty-eight years, and resided here until his death in 1855.

Father Sutherland, as he was endearingly called, was a remarkable man. Though living in Puritan times, religion as exemplified by him, was never sad. He was a

State Legislature; before a small collection of rural people on a hillside; or in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia churches, where he sometimes preached, and to one of which he was earnestly entreated to minister permanently. He once preached before an audience of ten thousand people assembled to witness a hanging.



GENERAL JOHN BEDEL

man of winning personality. He had a kind heart and the charity that thinketh no evil. The prominent traits of his character were humility, benevolence and sympathy. His sermons, though extemporaneous, were adapted to an audience which greatly varied. He acquitted himself equally well before his own church people; before the General Association; before the

In New Hampshire imprisonment for debt was not abolished until 1841. In 1805 Russell Freeman who had been a Councilor in the state and speaker of the House of Representatives, was imprisoned in the Haverhill jail for debt. Two other men were confined in the same room for the same cause. Josiah Burnham, one of the debtors, a quarrelsome and brutal fellow,

enraged at the complaints made of his ravenous appetite and ungovernable passions, fell upon Mr. Freeman and his companion and murdered them both. He was tried, and hanged for the crime the following year. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Sutherland's services were sought.

At the time of Mr. Sutherland's ministry in Bath, the support of the church was part of the business of the town. Of the salary voted him in Town Meeting he never received more than three-fourths of the stipulated sum, as he declined to take anything from those who favored other denominations than the Congregational, and from those who were unwilling or unable to pay. Indeed if it came to his ears that any had paid grudgingly, he actually returned to them the sums they had paid. If it had not been for a small property brought to him by his wife, he declared he would have been reduced to absolute poverty. Yet when he had ministered in the town twenty years, he went into Town Meeting and asked to have his salary reduced, giving as his reason that as produce had fallen in value, it might not be convenient for many to pay the sums assessed upon them.

From 1833 to 1843 there were in Bath four churches, and all were well filled on Sundays. Christmas was ignored as a relic of Popery, but on Fast Days and Thanksgivings every human being went to church. This deep interest in religion had not wholly passed in my own childhood. It seems to me now that the atmosphere at that time was composed of three elements—religion, education, and oxygen with an immense difference in stress—ponderously on the first; a little less on the second; and none at all on the third, which was furnished by nature, and to which no thought was given.

The highest civil office held by an

inhabitant of Bath was that of Member of Congress, two men having served in the House of Representatives—Mr. James H. Johnson, two terms, and Mr. Harry Hibbard, three terms. Mr. Hibbard was a lawyer prominent in his profession, and an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce. Upon the accession of Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Hibbard was tendered several positions, including a seat on the Supreme Bench of the State—all of which he refused on account of ill health.

I well remember the visit paid to Mr. Hibbard by the ex-President. The great man attended church and bowed his head in prayer. A Puritan stands upright when he prays. Few, if any, in the little church had ever seen a head bowed, and the matter was discussed. Some were of the opinion that reverence held no part in the inclination, and that the visitor was simply overcome by a slight faintness from which he soon recovered.

The highest judicial office ever held by an inhabitant of Bath was that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State—an honor conferred upon Andrew Salter Woods, the first native of Bath to practice law.

The first physician came to Bath in 1790—Doctor Isaac Moore. Many others practised in the town for longer or shorter periods. Though all were successful, the most beloved and those who remained longest were Doctor John French, who came from Landaff in 1822; and William Child, a native of the town who died in 1918, aged eighty-four. Doctor Child served as surgeon in the Civil War, and witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln. Bath for many years was noted for the ability and number of its lawyers, at one time no less than thirteen dwelling within its limits.

The most prominent family in the village was that of Moses Paul

Payson. He came in 1798 and soon acquired a large and successful practice. Mr. Payson was polished, graceful, easy yet dignified in manner, a perfect presiding officer. He took great interest in town affairs and filled many offices—both low and high. His means were ample and he built first a large frame house for his dwelling, and later in 1810 the spacious brick house still known as the Payson Place. He

ous Judge Livermore of Holderness. Arthur came to Bath about 1840, lived in the town seventeen years, and afterward went to Ireland as consul. After the Livermores left the house was rented in sections to various people, and in the sixties it was bought by D. K. Jackman who occupied it as his home until his death in 1877. Mr. Jackman added greatly to the comfort and beauty of the house by putting in



THE PAYSON PLACE

was a classical scholar, and familiar with the buildings of antiquity. He knew the Parthenon, every line in which, by actual measurement, is a curve. The expression of his taste is seen in the beautiful arched doors and central windows, the curves in the facade, the stairway, and interior partitions. Mrs. Payson was a woman of great personal beauty, charming in manner, and a gracious hostess. Of their five children only one reached middle life, and no lineal descendants are now living.

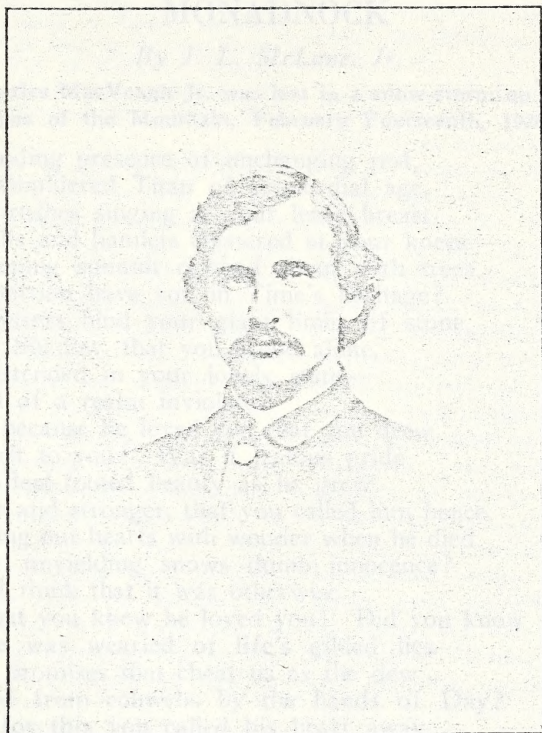
After the Paysons the next owner and occupant of the house was Arthur Livermore, son of the fam-

modern appliances, and building a porch around it. For nearly forty years after his family left it, the house was unoccupied. It has now been restored, and is used as a hotel.

Other interesting old buildings in Bath are the Brick Store, symmetrical in construction and formerly lighted by large windows, each containing sixty-four small square panes of glass, and the brick houses at The Upper Village in the English style of architecture. Two families prominent at The Upper Village for many years were the Hutchins and Goodall families. Of the former, Arthur Hutchins was conspicuous

in ability and character, beloved of all who knew him, and, when the news came that he had fallen in the Battle of the Wilderness, a young man with life all before him, it seemed as if the whole town went into mourning. Of the Goodall family, a son Francis Henry, received the rare Congressional medal

in whom all had unbounded confidence. Many had placed their entire accumulations in his hands, as Savings Banks had not been established. Thousands of dollars were thus lost directly, and thousands more indirectly, by diverting trade to other towns. Another cause of the deterioration of the town was the de-



ARTHUR HUTCHINS

of Honor for his bravery in carrying under fire from the field of battle at Fredericksburg, to a place of safety, a wounded comrade.*

Bath has been visited by many serious floods and fires, but the decadence of the town was due in great part to the financial failure of a business man in the village

*Mr. Goodall's career is described in the Granite Monthly for November, 1912.

population of the farms. The building of the railways made the fertile prairie land of the interior of our country easy of access, and family after family left their homes in Bath never to return. More than half a century ago, a party was held in Grinnell, Iowa, to which all the people that had once lived in Bath were invited. Over sixty individuals were present.

That business in Bath will ever

revive is not to be expected. But the beautiful sites for cottages on all the roads leading out from the village, the lovely views, the springs of pure water on almost every hillside, the easy accessibility of all points of interest in the White

Mountains, and the hospitality of the inhabitants, lead to a not unreasonable expectation that the township in the near future will be the summer home of many people of moderate means.

MONADNOCK

By J. L. McLane, Jr.

(Charles MacVeagh Jr. was lost in a snow-storm on the slopes of the Mountain, February Fourteenth, 1920.)

Oh brooding presence of unchanging rest,
 Broad-shouldered Titan of primordial age,
 With thrushes singing at your leafy breast
 And hills and hamlets clustered at your knees—
 Slow-sloping summit cloaked about with trees,
 What portion have you in Time's heritage?
 What fetters bind your giant limbs of stone,
 Sinister Shadow, that you brood alone,
 All unattended in your lonely state—
 Sentinel of a realm inviolate?
 Was it because he loved you that you drew
 His spirit to you? Was it jealous pride
 Of his fleet-footed beauty as he grew
 Sweeter and stronger, that you called him hence,
 Wounding our hearts with wonder when he died
 In your unyielding snows dumb innocence?
 I cannot think that it was otherwise
 Than that you knew he loved you! Did you know
 That he was wearied of life's gilded lies—
 Earth's promises that cheat us as the dew
 Gathered from cobwebs by the hands of Day?
 Surely for this you called his heart away
 Up to the slopes he loved, the heights he knew
 Could bring him healing!— For his hurt heart found
 In that last silence, that white hush of snow,
 A way to further, finer life.....Profound,
 Dark to my searching eyes your shadows grow:
 An ultimate enigma that will stay
 Sure with his love, until Death calls away
 A heart less noble and a soul less clear
 Into those starry, pathless realms he entered without fear.

SNOW

By Charles Nevvers Holmes

[Mr. Holmes, a Massachusetts man of New Hampshire ancestry, is a long-time contributor whose reading has led him into unusual by-ways whence he has extracted much of the curious interest which this paper reflects. His allusion to the great storm of 1717 reminds us that it suggested to Cotton Mather the thought of the thaw which must follow. There resulted a lecture on the text, "He sendeth forth His Word, and melteth them." Mather noted a heavy snowfall on February 24 as well as on the earlier date. Even as late as March 7, Mather entered in his diary that business still had "an uncommon Stop upon it." Editor.]

A large part of the 1,700,000,000 people dwelling upon this little planet, which we call Earth, have never seen any snow; but a large part of the citizens dwelling in the United States have beheld snow, more or less of it. Indeed, winter's white mantle covers only about one-third of the 58,000,000 square miles of our world's land surface, varying greatly, of course, according to the seasons. In continental United States, snow sometimes falls in regions where it is unexpected, and the amount of snow-fall is different from year to year. Recently nature has been most prolific in snow storms, but we should remember that there is a record of a snow-fall during February 19 to 24, 1717, which had a depth of five to six feet.

Within the United States, the average annual fall of snow varies from ten to thirty feet in the West, and from eight feet in the East to no snow in the farthest South. However, even in tropical regions snow may exist upon high mountains; for example, not far from the equator, there is perpetual snow at a height of about 18,000 feet (about three, and four tenth miles). In the Himalaya Mountains this snow-line approximates, on the north side, 20,000 feet, whereas in the Rocky Mountains it approximates 11,000 feet. In Iceland,

near the Arctic Circle, the mountains are covered with perpetual snow at a height of about 3,000 feet, while, further north, the snow-line starts at about sea-level. In the northern hemisphere, snow has been seen to fall as far south as Canton, China (latitude 23°), whereas, in the southern hemisphere, it has fallen as far north as Sydney, Australia (latitude 34°).

As we well know, a cubic foot of snow will not yield, when melted, a cubic foot of water. Water, when frozen, expands in volume; for example, an iceberg is larger than an equal amount of water. Snow owing to the lightness of its structure, contains much less water than is contained by an equal amount of ice. As an illustration, seven or eight inches of very wet snow are equal to about an inch of rain, but it would require two or three feet of very dry snow to equal an inch of rain-fall. However, the average snow storm consists of about one-tenth water. That is to say, a snowfall of two feet is equal to a rainfall of about two and four-tenths inches. In other words, under usual conditions, a snow fall of two feet over the whole of continental United States, excluding Alaska and including southern regions where such a snow-fall is impossible, or an area of about three million square miles, would approximate a snow volume of 169 trillion cubic feet. That is, a snowfall of two feet would be equal to a cubical block ten miles in each dimension. If this huge cubical block could be placed beside Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, it would loom more than four miles above Mt. Everest's summit.

Respecting the extraordinary snow storm of 1717, to which reference has already been made, the *Boston News Letter* (February 25th) published the following: "Besides sever-

al snows we had a great one on Monday the 18th current and on Wednesday the 20th it began to snow about noon and continued snowing till Friday the 22d, so that the snow lies in some parts of the streets about six foot high." With regard to this storm the Rev. John Cotton wrote to his father (February 27), "I went to Boston, & by reason of the late great & very deep snow I was detained there till yesterday. I got with difficulty to the ferry on Friday, but couldn't get over: went back to Mr. Belcher's where I lodged. Tried again the next day. Many of us went over the ferry, & held a council at Charlestown, & having heard of the great difficulty of a butcher, who was foundered, dug out, &c., we were quite discouraged: went back & lodged with abundance of heartiness at Mr. Belcher's. Mr. White & I trudged thro' up to the South, where I knew Mr. Colman was to preach in the forenoon, when he designed to give the separate character of Mr. Pemberton (who died February 13th). I ordered my horse over the ferry to Boston yesterday, designing to try Roxbury way—but was so discouraged by gentlemen in town, especially by the Governor, with whom I dined, that I was going to put up my horse and tarry till Thursday, and as I was going to do it I met Capt. Prentice, Stowell, &c., come down on purpose to break the way & conduct me home—which they kindly did and safely, last night."

This snowfall of six feet was indeed extraordinary, but it should be compared with the depth of snow that overtook Mr. and Mrs. Donner, who endeavored to reach California, in 1846. They had journeyed as far as the Sierra Nevada Mountains when a heavy snow storm descended upon them. Their fate is thus described by an old-time guide-book, Crofutt's Trans-continental Tourist: "During the night, the threatened storm burst over them in all its

fury. The old pines swayed and bent before the blast, bearing destruction and death on its snow-laden wings. The snow fell heavily and fast, as it can fall in those mountains. In the morning the terror-stricken emigrants beheld one vast expanse of snow, and the large white flakes falling thick and fast. Still there was hope. Some of the cattle and their horses remained. They could leave the wagons, and with the horses they might possibly cross the mountains.

"The balance of the party placed the children on the horses, and bade Mr. and Mrs. Donner a last good-by; and, after a long and perilous battle with the storm, they succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching the valleys, where the danger was at an end. The storm continued, almost without intermission, for several weeks, and those who had crossed the Summit knew that an attempt to reach the imprisoned party would be futile, until the spring sun should melt away the icy barrier.

"Early in the spring a party of brave men started from the valley to bring out the prisoners, expecting to find them alive and well, for it was supposed that they had provisions enough to last them through the winter. After a desperate effort, which required weeks of toil and exposure, the party succeeded in scaling the mountains, and came to the camp of the Donners." However, this rescue party arrived too late. Both Mr. and Mrs. Donner had perished. There is one very interesting fact concerning this early tragedy of the West. The Donners had cut down some trees near their camp, and, of course, the heights of the resulting tree stumps indicated the depth of snow when these trees were cut. "Some of them are twenty feet in height."

In Dr. Hartwig's "The Polar World," published long ago, there is considerable information respecting snow. He writes, "Snow protects in an admirable manner the vegetation

of the higher latitudes against the cold of the long winter season. For snow is so bad a conductor of heat, that in mid-winter in the high latitude of 50° 50' (Rensselaer Bay), while the surface temperature was as low as -30°, Kane found at two feet deep a temperature of -8°, at four feet +2°, and at eight feet +26°, or no more than six degrees below the freezing-point of water. Thus covered by a warm crystal snow-mantle, the northern plants pass the long winter in a comparatively mild temperature, high enough to maintain their life, while, without, icy blasts—capable of converting mercury into a solid body—howl over the naked wilderness; and as the first snow-falls are more cellular and less condensed than the nearly impalpable powder of winter, Kane justly observes that no 'eider-down in the cradle of an infant is tucked in more kindly than the sleeping dress of winter about the feeble plant-life of the Arctic zone.' Thanks to this protection, and to the influence of a sun which for months circles above the horizon, even Washington, Grinnell Land and Spitzbergen are able to boast of flowers.

"It is impossible to form any thing like a correct estimate of the quantity of snow which annually falls in the highest latitudes. So much is certain that it can not be small, to judge by the violence and swelling of the rivers in spring. The summits of the hills, and the declivities exposed to the reigning winds, are constantly deprived of snow, which, however, fills up the bottom of the valleys to a considerable height. Great was Midden-

dorff's astonishment, while travelling over the tundra at the end of winter, to find it covered with no more than two inches, or at the very utmost half a foot, of snow; the dried stems of the Arctic plants everywhere peeping forth above its surface. This was the natural consequence of the north-easterly storms, which, sweeping over the naked plain, carry the snow along with them, and form the snow-waves, the compass of the northern namads.

"It is extremely probable that, on advancing towards the pole, the fall of snow gradually diminishes, as in the Alps, where its quantity likewise decreases on ascending above a certain height."

Not only scientists but also poets have described the snow. In conclusion, it seems fitting to quote from Whittier's "Snow-bound."

"Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line
posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!"

A GASOLINE TAX FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Winthrop Wadleigh

[This voluntary contribution from a Dartmouth undergraduate is welcomed as showing that some of our students take an interest in current problems.—Editor.]

The present tax system in New Hampshire is being subjected to a great deal of investigation and criticism. The tax situation, to the minds of many, seems to be unjust in many respects, and agitation for a change will be in order when the State Legislature convenes at Concord in January.

A tax committee of three members was appointed by the Farm Bureau last spring to investigate the situation. Recently the committee reported on its findings. Among the many practical suggestions they made, a tax on gasoline seemed the most acceptable and the most likely to be favored by the legislature.

According to this plan, a tax of probably one or two cents would be levied on each gallon of gasoline sold to motorists in New Hampshire. The revenue thus obtained would go into the coffers of the State for the maintenance of highways. On account of this increased revenue the cost of registration could be lowered. This plan, I think, has three definite advantages.

In the first place, the foreign cars would pay something toward the maintenance of the highways. During the summer, the roads of New Hampshire are crowded with tourists travelling in the state. They wear out the roads to a marked degree, yet contribute little to their upkeep. Such a condition is obviously unjust to the tax payers who are forced to

pay for the roads the tourists wear out. A gasoline tax would render the situation much more equitable.

The second advantage is that the owner of a heavy car or truck would contribute much more than the owner of a light one. The heavy cars wear the roads out more, burn more gas, and this will force the habitual driver taxes. The heavy trucks to a large extent are responsible for the poor condition of the roads and a gasoline tax would force their owners to contribute their share towards the repairing of the damage they do.

The third advantage is that car owners who only drive a comparatively few miles in a season will not have to contribute more than their due share of taxes. As it is now, they pay just as much as though they drive every day in the year. With the registration fee reduced, they will pay more nearly in proportion to the distance they drive and this will force the habitual driver to pay his share toward the maintenance of highways. At the present time, it costs more to put a car on the road in New Hampshire than any other state, and the reduction of the registration fee will make it cheaper for the occasional driver, but more expensive for the habitual driver. This obviously renders the situation much more just.

A gasoline tax has been tried out in other states, Connecticut for example. It has worked successfully there. No reason can be given why it will not work successfully in New Hampshire also. A high degree of probability exists that it will. It certainly should be given a trial.

THE SPENCE HOUSE PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

*By Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral (S. C.), U. S. Navy
(Retired)*

In view of the coming tercentenary it would seem well that the recent erroneous identification of the "Joseph Whipple House" as the "Spence House," Portsmouth (a house of special historic note), which was printed and widely circulated, should be corrected for the general information of our present and absent sons and daughters.

Lot No. 30, "Lower Glebe Lands," at the N. E. corner of State and Chestnut streets, Portsmouth, N. H., is marked on the ancient "Glebe" record:

"M. Nelson, 1709."

"J. Whipple, 1788 and 1823."

Lot No. 39, "Lower Glebe Lands," Portsmouth, N. H., at the S. W. corner of State and Fleet streets, is marked on the same ancient record:

"J. Booth, 1709."

"J. Sherburne, 1730."

"Robt. Trail, 1799."

"Keith Spence (Spence), 1788."

"Mrs. Spence (Spence), 1823."

(Gurney's "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," Portsmouth, 1902, page 150. Also "Historical Calendar of Portsmouth, published by the Box Club of the North church, Portsmouth, N. H., Miss Frances A. Mathes and Mr. Charles A. Haslett, editors," Portsmouth, 1907, page 20.)

Mary Whipple, daughter of Captain William Whipple, senior, and his wife, Mary Cutt, and sister of General William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in 1730, married Robert Trail, born in the Orkney Islands, a distinguished merchant of Portsmouth, Comptroller of the Port until the Revolution, and afterward Collector of the island of Bermuda; and resided in this house then and

now standing at the southwest corner of State and Fleet Streets, old No. 82, new No. 340 State Street. She survived her husband and died 3d October, 1791, age 61 years.

Robert and Mary (Whipple) Trail had three children, Robert, William and Mary. Robert and William went to Europe where they settled, and Mary married Keith Spence, Esquire, a merchant from Scotland who settled in Portsmouth—parents of Captain Robert Trail Spence, United States Navy, and grandparents of the late Commodore Charles Whipple Pickering, United States Navy of Portsmouth, and of James Russell Lowell, the distinguished essayist and poet, United States Minister to Spain and England.

Keith Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., purser, U. S. Navy, 1800-1805, "a gentleman justly held in high estimation for his probity, intelligence, and nice sense of honor," "was the bosom friend and mentor of Decatur ("Goldsborough's Chronicle," Vol. 1, page 228.) He was Purser of the frigate Philadelphia, when that vessel was captured by the Tripolitans, 31st October, 1803 (Cooper, Vol. 1, page 225,) and was a prisoner in Tripoli during the attack of 7th August, 1804, in which his son distinguished himself. He died suddenly at New Orleans, and was buried there. Mrs. Spence survived her husband and died January 10, 1824, aged 69.

The stones of Mrs. Mary (Cutt) Whipple, Mrs. Trail and Mrs. Spence are in the North cemetery, Portsmouth, near that of their distinguished son, brother and uncle, General William Whipple, on the

rising ground near the center of the cemetery.

Robert Trail Spence, appointed Midshipman, United States Navy, 15th May, 1800, who distinguished himself in the attack on Tripoli, 7th August, 1804, as related in "Cooper's Naval History" died a Captain, United States Navy, 26th September, 1826. He took part in the defence of Baltimore, when attacked by the British in 1814, and was in command of the naval es-

tablishment at Baltimore for several years before his death, and is buried in Loudon Park cemetery, near that city.

Much additional information as to the Whipple and related families will be found in the "Presentation of Flags" and "Presentation of Portraits of Whipple and Farragut," included in the "Soldiers Memorial," Portsmouth, N. H., 1893-1921."

WILLOW TREE

By Alice Leigh

Willows, slender fingers swaying,
Tenuous, cleave the amber light;
Willows, long green fingers playing,
Tune phantom notes to wind-sweet night.

Rippling, skipping, softly dipping,
Rhythmic, pulsing, dulcet, fond—
(Where the singers? Who the singers,
To her witching notes respond?)

Willows, slender fingers weaving
Tapestry with cunning skill;
Willows, long green fingers tracing,
Leave strange patterns, weird and chill;

Warp of silken green and amber
Shot with dusky shadows blue;
Woof of silver bird-notes lacing
In and out through and through.

(Where shall hang her mystic carpet
When her weaving task is through?)
Willows, slender fingers weaving
Secret carpets for the dew.

Willows, slender fingers closing
Tighter, tighter round my heart;
Twining, twisting, turning, thrusting
Our two worlds so far apart—

(Are you near me? Can you hear me?
Can you see the willow spread
Silken shadows for the dancers,
Can you hear their spectral tread?)

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

The New Hampshire College last month offered fifteen reading courses by mail to those interested in agriculture and home economics. Any resident of New Hampshire may have this Extension Service free, either singly or as a member of a group study class. The courses offered are: Soils and Fertilizers; Farm Crops; Farm Stock; Orchard Management; Dairy Farming; Poultry Husbandry; Swine Husbandry; The Farm Wood Lot; Vegetable Gardening; Bee Keeping; Small Fruits; Farm Management; Feeding the Family; Clothing the Family; Household Management. Each course is based upon a simple, practicable textbook, supplemented by federal and state bulletins. Mr. J. C. Kendall of Durham is the director of the Extension Service.

Dartmouth College also is following up last year's extension course plans and has already engaged for a course in English literature for teachers and townspeople in Keene and in Brattleboro, Vermont. The system will probably be carried into other towns of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The election on November 7 developed into the most pronounced political overturn New Hampshire has seen in about half a century. Ten years ago Democratic success was due to a split in the Republican party. This year the Republicans were not disunited, nevertheless the Democrats elected the governor, one congressman and a clear majority in the lower branch of the Legislature. The Council remains Republican by four to one and the Senate by sixteen to eight. A peculiar situation, due to the constitutional rule that districts shall be divided in effect according

to wealth, gave the Democrats a majority of all the votes cast for councilors and senators, and allowed the Republicans to win a large majority of the seats.

The total vote for governor was: Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, Democrat, 72,834; Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, Republican, 61,528. A Republican majority of over 31,000 two years ago was thus turned into a Democratic majority of over 11,000. There are several causes assigned for the turnover—the issue as to the forty-eight hour work-week for women and children (which was not met by Mr. Goodnow's eleventh-hour declaration that he would approve a forty-eight-hour bill if passed by the Legislature), the unpopular poll tax for women, which the Democrats promised to abolish, the discontent in the cities affected by the textile, railroad and paper strikes (all those cities went Democratic without reference to their prior partisan leanings), the general apathy of the confident Republicans, coupled with the effective work of the not-too-hopeful Democrats, the agreement of the two debt-burdened state committees not to use money for advertising.

In the First Congressional District, William N. Rogers, Democrat, of Wakefield, won by over 6,000 from John Scammon, Republican, of Exeter. In the Second District, Edward H. Wason, Republican, of Nashua, retained his seat by some over 3,500 majority over his fellow-townsmen, William H. Barry.

The defeat of G. Allen Putnam of Manchester leaves Benjamin H. Orr of Concord as the only avowed candidate for President of the Senate who escaped the Democratic landslide.

In view of the Democratic con-

trol of the House, all pre-election candidacies for Speaker and committee chairmanships pass by the board. Various suggestions have since election been made as to the speakership—William J. Ahern, for many years Democratic floor-leader and a skilled parliamentarian, former Senator Nathaniel E. Martin, former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens. There are those, however, who would keep Mr. Ahern for the floor leadership and the head of the Appropriations Committee, Mr. Martin for the Judiciary and Mr. Stevens for Ways and Means—places for which these gentlemen have special aptitude—and give the speakership to one of several other possibilities.

The situation resulting from divided control of the executive and legislative departments is likely to result in the inability of the Democrats to assume full responsibility. It is doubtful whether Governor Fred H. Brown will be able to affix his signature to a forty-eight-hour law, not because he lacks the will to do so, but because the Legislature may not give him the opportunity to. It is surmised that some Democrats from the farming districts may decline to vote for such a bill. On the other hand, some Republicans are personally favorable to such legislation and find nothing in their party platform to forbid them following their bent. Possibly the Legislature may adopt the Republican platform suggestion and appoint a special committee to investigate the whole subject.

With four Republican Councilors to check him, the incoming Governor will find it difficult to make the customary partisan appointments to various state offices and commissions. This may result, in the opinion of some observers, in the avoidance of "trading" and the appointment of officials on the basis

of proved worth. Perhaps most important of all the appointments will be that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the Honorable Frank N. Parsons, whose term expires by age limitation in 1924.

As the Democrats will have a majority in joint convention, the legislative election of Secretary of State and State Treasurer may result in the retirement of Messrs. Bean and Plummer. Enos K. Sawyer, President of the Senate in 1913 and a defeated candidate for the Council this year, is the most prominent candidate for Secretary of State, while George E. Farrand, State Treasurer during the Felker administration and just retired from the postmastership of Concord, is mentioned for return to his former place in the State House.

A well-attended meeting of the New Hampshire Civic Association in Manchester, on November 17, listened to an interesting discussion of the problem of New England railroad consolidation. Governor Albert O. Brown spoke briefly of the magnitude and seriousness of the question, but without committing himself to either suggestion that has been made—(1) the consolidation of all New England roads into one system and (2) the union of the northern and southern lines, respectively, with two of the great railways west of the Hudson. Prof. Cunningham of Harvard advocated the latter in an able speech. President Hustis of the Boston and Maine Railroad made some suggestions, and, while expressing the thought that consolidation was inevitable under the Transportation Act, doubted that now is the time for it. Professor William Z. Ripley sent an illuminating memorandum inclining to the all-New England group consolidation. A letter from President Todd of the Bangor

and Aroostook emphasized his well-known opposition to any consolidation. Altogether the meeting was most successful in getting before the Association the conflicting views and arguments bearing on what is perhaps the most vexed and momentous problem which New Hampshire faces.

Students of the vexing taxation problems of New Hampshire find little ground for hoping to redistribute the incidence of public burdens, or to bring under just taxation the intangibles which are now largely escaping, without constitutional amendment. It had been thought by most people impossible to alter the constitution without the delay of calling and holding a new convention. Governor Brown, the president of the 1918-1921 convention, has recently pointed out, however, that that convention adjourned last year to meet again at the call of the president. As president the Governor intimates that he would not assume, unadvised, the responsibility of reassembling that body, but apparently a request by the Legislature would have the effect of giving him warrant for doing so. Such a call, followed by prompt submission of an amendment to the people, might enable the voters to act upon the amendment next March, and thus open the way for legislation at the coming session of the General Court. Would the voters ratify an amendment? Citing their failure to do so twice in the last three years, some observers say "no." The more optimistic point out that much water has passed under the bridge during the last eighteen months, and place some reliance upon good organization to reverse former votes.

The strike situation, which we discussed last month, has cleared in part. The railroad shopmen are

still out, but President Hustis stated in mid-November that, as far as the railroad was concerned, it was already a closed book. Attempts, official and unofficial, to bring about a conference between the managers and the men have been so far fruitless. On the part of the managers the "everything normal" statement is said to have been used. The men, however, still claim that rolling-stock is not in condition to meet traffic demands and assert that the railroad has places for several hundred men which the strikers might fill. The attitude of the managers seems to be that, were this true (and they do not admit it), the return of strikers in considerable numbers would result in the new employees leaving—with the result that the strikers would win.

In the textile mills the last few weeks have apparently seen increasing activity, with more operatives at work and more looms running. After many rumors and denials of an impending breaking of the strike at Manchester, the most important happening for some time came with the statement on November 25 by Vice President Starr of the United Textile Workers that, with the Democratic victory at the polls, the forty-eight hour is assured. He then added to the strikers:

"With a full realization that my motives will be impugned by some, but with a deep and abiding conviction that I am doing what is right, I want to say further that I cannot find it in my heart to ask your devoted ranks to make further sacrifice and endure more suffering, more particularly as I know that the real and permanent victory for the 48-hour week is not to be won in the offices of the textile corporations but in the legislative halls of the state house."

Whether the strike, unwon in

forty-odd weeks by the customary tactics, has been won at the ballot-box, the early months of 1923 will determine. If so, a new strategy in industrial warfare will disclose possibilities. Following the state-

ment by Mr. Starr, the Amoskeag employes took a ballot and voted overwhelmingly to return to work. As fast as production can be resumed, the various departments of the mills are reopening.

A SONG OF HOPE

By Lyman S. Herrick

Each sunset has a sunrise,
Each midnight has a morn;
The day that April dieth,
That day the May is born.
The acorn in the darkness
Molds so that the oak may rise;
And by and by the worms that creep
Will all be butterflies.
There's no life lacks a love time,
No year's without a spring.
Every bird that builds a nest
Well knows a song to sing
That's full of hope, and takes life at it's best.

MARY, MOTHER

By Helen Adams Parker

Mary, Mother, smiling sweetly,
On your baby looking down;
Is your heart at rest completely,
Like the smooth fold of your gown?

Or does a dim foreboding
Of some trouble lurking near,
Press upon your mind, corroding—
Turning gladness into fear?

Mother Mary, keep on smiling;
The sad hour has not begun,
With a traitor's dark beguiling,
Which awaits your little son.

EDITORIAL

What is poetry? We do not attempt to say. Fundamentally we agree with the donor of the Brookes More prize, who stipulated that the prize should not be awarded for free verse. Sometimes we fall into the drift of the times, and publish contributions by the modernists. That is our journalistic sense—we reflect the days doings.

Last month one of our most valued contributors, now serenely contemplating the future, sent us "one more bit of verse." With it was a note. "I'm afraid I am too antiquated for the new order of things," she wrote, "but I am looking to it with much interest."

Free verse is an experiment. Youth likes to experiment, and the youngsters are trying the new form. They cannot be denied their fling, but will they succeed in making poetry? Like our old friend, we are interested to see. Meanwhile, with Mr. More, we confess to liking the old

form better—even though we be deemed fogies.

There is a beauty in form; there is a beauty in thought. To both beauties claim can be made by much of the "old" poetry—but not all of it. While some of the "new" poetry has beauty of form and some has beauty of thought, only a little escapes a strain of ugliness in both. Our layman's advice to the experimenters is, not to give over the experiment, but not to continue it unless they sweat, as the old school sweated, to make their verse yield beauty of both form and thought. One or two modernists have so far measureably done it, but the school as a whole has not yet succeeded. The modernist challenges the reader, but the reader is not yet won.

Mr. William Stanley Braitwaite this year names in his list of magazine verse "The Poet," by John Rollin Stuart, published by us in the April, 1922, number.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY, by Henry Harrison Metcalf. Published by the author at Concord, New Hampshire. \$1.00.

In this little volume of a few over one hundred pages, Mr. Metcalf seeks primarily to suggest what the Granite State has contributed to the development of the nation. While the aim is not to give the history of the state, the first quarter of the book is devoted to an outline of the principal events of our first century and a half. Then follows in brief compass, for the book is an evening's lecture somewhat amplified, a resume by states and professions of the activities of New Hampshire natives who have migrated to other states and there left an impress.

Inevitably the work is hardly more than a catalogue of the names of such sons and daughters of New Hampshire, with brief allusions to their principal claims to distinction. But it is a rather amazing catalogue which everybody interested in the state should read and keep for reference. New Hampshire's contribution has been larger and worthier than most of us imagine.

One cannot but admire the curiosity and industry which, in a long life of service to the state, Mr. Metcalf has exercised to catch and preserve this remarkable collection of names and facts. He has once more made us his debtor. Probably he alone had the equipment of knowledge and patience to do a work of

such untiring research and toil.

There are fourteen portraits of eminent natives of the state.

A. E.

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH, by Samuel S. Drury. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25

A title which might better define the book would be "Thoughtful Advice for Youth"; but this advice is given kindly, always with due regard for the opinions of the reader; and while not entirely free from preaching, it is preaching by one who understands the viewpoint of youth and is strongly sympathetic with it. The volume could be used to advantage as a text book by parents, teachers and big brothers and sisters, and will surely be welcomed by this class. One can readily understand, too, how such a book might be immensely popular with youth itself wherever Dr. Drury's own strong personality is recognized and felt. The chapter on "My Manners" might well be published in pamphlet form and thus made available for larger distribution to the youth of this generation.

ERNEST P. CONLON

LEGENDS AND DEEDS OF YESTERDAY, G. Waldo Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

Eighteen short tales, legendary and historical, are gathered in this little book. They belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and nearly all are of especial New Hampshire interest. Some are well-known, others are more obscure but of hardly less interest. They are good stories for any New Hampshire boy to know.

A. E.

INDIAN STORY HOUR, Rilma Marion Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

First published two years ago, this book is now being given a new and somewhat enlarged edition with over twenty illustrations. Intended primarily for supplementary reading by children of the third to fifth grades, it includes some over twenty-five fables based upon Indian ideas. "How the Rabbit Lost His Tail" and and other stories in which animals talk and act like human beings will interest and amuse the children.

Special prices are offered to schools.

A. E.

TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER

By A. A. D.

Love the house!
Mellow and old,
Shelter her from hurt and cold.
Love the house.

Careful hands made every part
From hand wrought lock with craftsman's art
To adz-hewn beams and massive frame,
Panelled wall and shuttered pane.
Built by love in years long past,
It withstood time and flood and blast
For it was founded on a rock—
Love the house,

Those who lived here bravely bore
 Sorrow when it crossed the door.
 Generously they shared
 All their laughter and their joys,
 Tenderly they cared
 For those who felt misfortune's shocks—
 Till an aroma sweet and fine,
 Like that of precious golden wine
 Stored for years in ancient crocks,
 Lingers round the house.

Love the garden!
 Love the peonies and phlox,
 Love the pinks and hollyhocks,
 Oh, love the garden!
 Bleeding-heart, youth-and-old-age,
 Lilacs, larkspur, mint and sage—
 Love the garden.
 Wormwood, bittersweet and rue,
 But heartsease, balsams grew here, too,
 So love the garden.

Love the fields!
 Sloping and broad
 With damp brown earth
 And sharp green grass,
 Oh, love them well until you know
 Where even weeds and wild fruits grow.
 They will yield
 More than grass and fruit and grain;
 A deeper wisdom you will gain
 Of frost and hail, vapours and snow,
 Blossoming trees, all things that grow.
 Cattle, beasts and creeping things,
 Flying clouds and stormy winds,
 All their secrets have to tell,
 So love the fields and love them well.

ANODYNE

By Francis Wayne MacVeagh

Over the curve of the world
 Day's galleon sails away.
 The sunset's banners are furled,
 The Twilight gray
 Walks in the blossoming orchards
 That crown the cliffs of the bay.

Gulls in the upper air
 Gleam and wheel as the stars;
 Waves breathe a drowsy prayer
 For ease of earth's aching scars.
 Down in the harbor the moon
 Stands mazed 'mid a thousand spars.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HENRY COLE QUINBY

Henry Cole Quinby, son of Henry B. Quinby, former governor of New Hampshire, died on October 23, at his home in New York City, where he was one of the best known of the younger members of the bar. He was born at Lakeport on July 9, 1872, prepared for college at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, was graduated from Harvard in 1894 and then took the course at the Harvard Law School. He was given the master's degree by Bowdoin College in 1916.

Soon after the completion of his law course, he entered upon practice in New York, and was for a number of years associated with the late Joseph H. Choate. During the war he was an active member of the American Defense Society. For six years he was secretary of the Union League Club, and was one of its vice-presidents when he died.

Mr. Quinby was of literary tastes, a collector of rare books and manuscripts, and the compiler of his family genealogy. He was governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants of New York State; president of the New Hampshire Society, secretary of the Grant Monument Association, and a member of the Harvard and Amateur Comedy Clubs and of the city and state bar associations.

The funeral services were held at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church and were in charge of the rector, the Reverend Leighton Parks. Large delegations attended from all of the organizations with which Mr. Quinby was associated, and they included many of the most prominent men in public and professional life.

Mr. Quinby leaves a wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Florence Cole.

WALTER IRVING BLANCHARD

Dr. Walter Irving Blanchard, widely known physician, died at his Farmington home on October 31, his sixtieth birthday. He was the son of Amos and Frances Adelaide (Morse) Blanchard and was born in Concord, where he was educated in the public schools and prepared for college. After graduation from Dartmouth in 1884, he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

Following his medical training, Dr. Blanchard was for six years an interne at Bellevue Hospital in New York. He practised for twenty-one years in Boston, but had been back in his native state for some time. He was a member of the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachu-

setts Medical Societies and of the American Medical Association. As a physician and citizen he was much loved.

Any notice of Dr. Blanchard would be incomplete without reference to his patriotic record during the World War. He early volunteered for the Red Cross medical service, in which he held a responsible position at Newport News. During the last of the "war drives" he performed excellent service as a speaker, in New Hampshire, where the fervor of his utterance commanded a warm response from his audiences.

Dr. Blanchard is survived by a widow, by one son, Agnew Blanchard of Washington, District of Columbia, and a brother, Mark Blanchard of Holbrook, Massachusetts.

DR. EDWIN G. ANNABLE

The death occurred on Nov. 11, 1922, at his home in Concord of Dr. Edwin Guilford Annable, for twenty-eight years in medical practice in the Capital City and the oldest of Concord's active practitioners. He continued his work in his profession up to the day before he was seized by the illness that ended his life after a duration of a week.

Edwin G. Annable was born on a farm in Newport, Province of Quebec, Dec. 2, 1840, but his father, Jacob Merrill Annable, and his mother, Eunice (Dean) Annable, were both New Englanders by birth who had moved into Canada to take up agricultural work. At the age of twenty, Edwin Annable returned to the country of his ancestors and established himself in Concord, where he was employed for some years by the old Prescott Organ Company and attained great skill as a cabinet worker. In 1877, he began to read medicine in the Concord office of the late Dr. George Cook, pursuing his studies at Dartmouth Medical College and the University of Vermont. He received his degree from the latter institution in June, 1880, and began the practice of medicine at Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, as a partner of Dr. Silas Cummings. This partnership continued three years until the death of Doctor Cummings and the practice was maintained by Dr. Annable two years longer, when he removed to Norwich, Vermont. Here, he ministered to the population of a wide territory in Vermont and New Hampshire, but in 1894 he came back to Concord, where he maintained his medical practice to the last, serving patients not only in the city but in all the nearby towns and some who came to him from places forty and fifty miles away.

On June 9, 1863, he married Louisa Maria Farwell, daughter of Hon. William Farwell, long crown land agent at Robinson, P. Q. Had he lived until next June, their sixtieth wedding anniversary would have been observed. Besides his wife, Dr. Annable's survivors are his son, Rev. Edwin W. Annable of Worthington, Minniscota, three daughters, Mrs. Henry E. Roberts of Winchester, Massachusetts, Mrs. Curtis A. Chamberlin of East Concord, Mrs. Edward J. Parshley of Concord, two sisters, who live in California, twelve grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

He was a member of the South Congregational Church and Rumford Lodge of Odd Fellows of Concord, besides city and state medical societies.

E. J. P.

CHARLES UPHAM BELL

Charles Upham Bell died suddenly at his home in Andover, Massachusetts, on November 11. Judge Bell was born in Exeter February 24, 1843, the son of James and Judith A. (Upham) Bell. His ancestry, both paternal and maternal, was of great distinction. A note on the Bell family will be found in the October number of this magazine.

After studying at Kimball Union and Phillips Exeter Academies, Judge Bell attended Bowdoin College, whence he was graduated in 1863 and from which he was in later years the recipient of the honorary master's and doctor's degrees. His legal studies were pursued in the office of his cousin, the Honorable Charles H. Bell, at Exeter and at the Harvard Law School.

Admitted to the bar in 1866, he practised in Exeter until 1871, when he removed to Lawrence, where he was a member successively of the firms of White and Bell, Bell and Sherman and Bell and Eaton. He was elevated to the Massachusetts Superior Court by Governor Wolcott in 1898 and remained on the bench until his resignation in 1917. Since then he has from time to time presided over sessions in Essex County and was expecting to do so again during the week following his death.

Judge Bell, while in Lawrence, served as a member of the Common Council, and was City Solicitor from 1892 to 1898. In 1888, he was a presidential elector. For many years he was actively associated with the business of the Exeter Machine Works.

Judge Bell served in the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers near the close of the Civil War. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, of the Sons of the American Revolution, of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and of the Grand Army of the Republic. He had been an overseer of Bowdoin College.

Judge Bell was twice married— first in 1872 to Helen M. Pitman of Laconia, who died in 1888 leaving four children, second to Elizabeth W. Pitman of Laconia who died six years ago.

He is survived by one son, Joseph P. Bell, a lawyer of Boston, and by three daughters, Mrs. George H. Driver of Lansford, Pennsylvania, and the Misses Alice L. and Mary W. Bell of Andover.

WILLIAM A. WHITNEY

There died at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, on November 13, William A. Whitney. Although born in Boston fifty-nine years ago, the son of Justin and Jane (Taylor) Whitney, Mr. Whitney was essentially a New Hampshire man. After his education in the Boston public schools and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1887) and one year spent in water works construction in Maine, Mr. Whitney joined his uncle, John T. Emerson of Claremont, in the formation of the Emerson Paper Company. After supervising the construction of the company's mills at Sunapee, he was connected with their management until the sale of the plant a few years ago.

In 1891, he married Miss Shirley L. Robertson, daughter of John E. Robertson of Concord. Until his removal to Sunapee seven years ago, Mr. Whitney resided in Claremont, where he was for many years vestryman and warden of Trinity Church. At Sunapee he was active in the work of St. James's Church in the summer and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the winter. He was president of the Sunapee Board of Trade, secretary and treasurer of the Lake Sunapee Yacht Club, trustee of the Sunapee Library and a member of the building committee for the new library. He was one of the most interested and active members of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Mr. Whitney is survived by his widow and by one son, John Robertson Whitney of Boston.

